

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

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# MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXI

Toronto April 1911

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## The Party Bolter---Clifford Sifton

By

H. W. Anderson

NO scenario has matched it—that tense, absorbing epilogue, staged in Canada's Parliament! The argumentative artillery of a master was in play. There was no rhetorical conjury, no drapery of language, no emotion. It was a series of swift-spoken, clear-cut sentences, each standing out in naked boldness. And, behind all, was the potent, compelling personality of the man.

He stood in his accustomed place. The surroundings were all familiar. He reasoned with his old characteristic analytical tenacity. But things were askew. The men who were wont to cheer were silent; while the scoffers had stayed to praise.

One can imagine the strange thoughts, passing with kaleidoscope vividness across the man's mind as he delivered his message. The friends of a life-time, the colleagues of twenty-three years of pregnant political experience, the men who had fought with him, and for him, in a myriad and more tight skirmishes—those little sudden-life-or-death affairs in the Public Accounts committee—these now sat stoical, disappointed, unresponsive. To left, his old chief, who had recognized his services with many an envied honor, moved a chair the better to see and hear, resting the distinguished head upon a tired hand. But the face was set, the lines a little tightly drawn. There was no light in the eyes which never left him; there was no fleeting smile about the lips which never parted. And, over yonder, in the ranks of the Philistines, where for two decades he had been reviled and denounced, were passions of sympathetic and enthusiastic approval.

A black and white portrait of Mr. Clifford Sifton, a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and bow tie, framed in an oval. The portrait is set within a larger rectangular frame with decorative corner elements.

MR. CLIFFORD SIFTON

CLIFFORD SIFTON, they say, was a unit in the outstanding trinity which dominated the new Government of big men which took office following the general election of 1896. J. Israel Tarte, the "Master of the Administration," and Clifford Sifton, the "Napoleon of the West," were two dynamic personalities who loomed large in the public eye. With them was associated Wilfrid Laurier, the negligible, soft-spoken and altogether likable "Figurehead." But how often the sagacious public misses its guess. Sometimes one wonders whether Canada yet understands and appreciates the clear-visioned, quiet, masterful mind back of the dilettante; whether she yet realizes that it is more than the charm of personality, the winsome manner, and the grace of gesture, which makes this French-Canadian idolized by his followers and respected by his opponents; whether she yet notes the delicate persistence with which his fingers unerringly seeks the pulse-beats of her people.

So the public were once more wrong. Even Father Time deceived them. The two younger men, each strong enough and wilful enough, to go his own way, "bolted"—curiously on the same problem of tariff—and their senior has remained, still at the head of his party, still in the confidence of the country.

But perhaps the immediate future will help the political economist and the practical politician to solve a perennial enigma. Does the party make the man, or the man make the party? The Grim Reaper called her ardent "Master of the Administration" in the hey-day. His part is history. But the forceful "Napoleon of the West" is a man of to-day. There are those who say he made the West; others who claim that the West made him—that he knew it, recognized its opportunities, and went to work to develop them. He has a larger order now.



CLIFFORD SIFTON will not fold his arms. He will not "let well enough alone." He is not that kind. Two years ago he declared himself out of party politics. He has come back. He is not communicative. Those who have associated with him dub him Sifton the Silent—the Sphinx. But the hundreds who thronged the galleries of the House of Commons the other afternoon, who witnessed the personal and political drama in which he occupied the centre of the stage, know that the curtain has not fallen upon the last act. It was the epilogue of the story started in 1896: it was the prologue of—what?

The Napoleon of the West has come to the East. He has steeped the radicalism of the practical prairies in the conservatism of the commercial metropolis. He is in the prime of life. He has remarkable attainments. He has health, he has money, he has ambition—and he has the Big Idea.

What, then, of the Sifton of To-morrow?

## "The End of the Road"

By

Charles Shirley

I LEFT him standing in the door of his studio in Little Pierre Street, Montreal, waving his head, so to speak, and talking away to me and to himself, about 'escaping.'

An hour before, I had dropped into his studio to tell him where I was going and where to send the next picture. I had told him that I was off on my annual tour of the Province on my motor-cycle.

He said he wished me a nice trip, and that sort of thing, then right away he began to talk about wanting to 'escape.'

"Escape!" I said, "Escape from what?"

"From this place," he answered, "from wearing bow ties and velvet coats and getting my thumb sore from carrying a palette. I want to forget that there ever was such a thing as Art' or studios or Bohemianism or anything else like that. I'd like to have a good steady job at something regular. I'd like to be commercial. If I could be a wholesale grocer, like you are, Mr. Smith, I'd be tickled to death."

That put me on the defensive and I told him it wasn't so easy to be a wholesale grocer as he thought it was. I told him that I believed a man had to be a genius to be a wholesale grocer just the same as he'd have to be a genius to be a painter or a musician. Of course, I knew that was wrong, but I had to stick up for the wholesale grocers. Dreeks—, that was his name.

—answered by apologizing and asking me to give him a job as a clerk, calling in-voices in the warehouse, but I fancied he had no head for figures, and I told him 'No.'

Dreeks should have been thankful that he could paint. I couldn't. Yet I always wanted to, — always wanted to paint or be a musician or a poet, but I couldn't

manage it, couldn't hold a pencil, couldn't tell one tune from another. I always wanted to be something artistic, but the only thing that was any good for me was the wholesale grocery business.

Long after I thought I had forgotten all about wanting to paint I met Dreeks. It must have been at a time that he had had a streak of hard luck. He was just out of the art school. I bought seventeen of his paintings at one sitting. He seemed a nice fellow and I took an interest in him. He was trying to paint landscapes when I discovered him but I persuaded him that cats were better, —pretty kittens playing with balls of yarn or trying to get their heads into milk jugs. So he took to cats and I bought almost all he could turn out. At first he used to wear tweeds but I got him to wear a flowing tie and a velvet coat. It looked more artistic. So he did, and kept on painting and I kept on getting what he painted and everything seemed right and proper until he said this about wanting to 'escape.'

Once before he had thrown down his brushes and declared that he was not good for anything.

"Why not?" I asked him. "Aren't you getting on?"

"No."

"What?"

"No. You know it too, Smith. You know very well that you're the only person that buys my work and you wouldn't buy them if you really knew—I mean it's out of kindness—don't you see that I see, Smith?"

I rode away. I little thought that I was going to lead Smith into the very path of 'escape.' I didn't count on getting mixed up with what I did get mixed up in, or maybe I wouldn't have gone

## II.

Now I always thought that I knew Quebec like a book. But didn't, else I should not have stumbled on the queer little road that I found. I thought that I knew every town and village and cure and blacksmith clear from the St. Lawrence down to the United States, and even some in Vermont. But I didn't.

I got lost. The roads were smooth and the engine was working nicely. Birds were making noises in the trees and brooks and things were babbling and moving and everything looked nice in the sunlight. I probably got to thinking too much about the beauties of nature and I just kept on following the road, expecting to reach the next village where I had a branch store, pretty soon. But as it came along to the end of the afternoon I saw that I didn't seem to be getting any nearer where I should be and I was afraid I'd get caught by the dusk before I got to shelter. So I put on a little more spark and must have been traveling fully five miles an hour—my rule is four miles an hour on country roads—when I came to the top of the big hill which fell away abruptly into a valley on the other side. It was a new hill to me. When I looked around I saw that the whole country was new to me, and when I looked down the hill I saw a village I had never seen before. It was buried in shadows, almost up to the eaves of the houses. Little wisps of white wood-smoke were streaking up toward the sky. I heard children crying and a dog barking and before I got down the hill a bell started to ring, somewhere out of sight.

I left the machine at the inn and went to find the cure. He was an old, old man with white hair. He evidently didn't approve of a man of my years wearing gaiters and goggles, but I didn't care. I wanted to know where I was.

"What village is this?" I said.  
"This is 'The End of the Road,'" he said, only the name of the village was in French.

"End of the Road?" I said. "That's a queer name. Never heard of your village before. Are you perfectly sure father, because your village looks a little bit like some other places I've been." I thought he might be bluffing me and I just took

the precaution of letting him know that I was no stranger in Quebec.

"No, M'sieu," he replied, gravely, "This is it. This place is called The End of the Road. But excuse me, M'sieu," it is vapours—You will be very welcome. The Church is just near—"

"No thanks," I said, "I'm a Christian Scientist Father. No harm meant, but I never could understand your service and besides my machine needs fixing. Something's wrong with her."

He smiled and bowed and I smiled and bowed, though I am fat and I guessed that we would like one another if we had time. Something about him made me think I could, perhaps, make him a Christian Scientist. But I tried afterward, and it wasn't any use. He had gone.

My engine compelled me to stay at 'The End of the Road.' I found out that I had lost a part and that I would have to wait in the village 'till it came, by mail. This gave me an opportunity to learn why the village was called what it was—because it really was at 'the end' of a blind road. It also gave me an opportunity to try the doctrine of Reverend Mary Baker E. on the padre, but as soon as I saw how the padre's feet felt with the goat I let up. He was grateful and said he had met very few men that were as reasonable. That pleased me and I said he was the first priest I ever had a sensible word out of. So we were both pleased, and he brought out the scheme, and made me acquainted with Alede. If the scheme had worked it would have made Dreeks and the padre and Alede and me, famous—mostly Dreeks and Alede. But it didn't.

The cure and I were sitting in the gallery of the inn one evening when the little French-Canadian girl passed. She was a pretty little thing and I thought to myself right away that she had what I call an artistic temperament.

"Who is she?" I asked, leaning over to the cure, as she passed.

"Sh!" he said. "Her name is Alede, Alede Robitaille."

"Pretty name!" I commented, sipping my toddy and telling the cure to hurry with his so't we could have another before we went to bed, "Pretty name, Father. How'd you say it again? Alede Rob—or—"

"Robitaille."

"Nice name. Who is she?"

"Ah," said the cure, sipping his, and assuming a large air of mystery, "That's it. That's it. To-day she is to-day! Nothing but pretty little Alede Robitaille, an orphan who owns a little grocery store—but to-morrow! Ah!"

"Groceries!" I exclaimed, "Groceries!"

"Yes. It is her little property and she keeps the shop with an old uncle of hers. Her mother died last month—"

"But what's the scheme?" I asked, getting impatient.

The cure paused, as though he hated to disclose the secret. It nettled me. I urged him again. Finally he let it out.

"Painting," he said.

"Painting?"

"Yes, M'sieu, I have no eye for art. I am, in fact, color blind, but I tell you, sir—I tell you we have a little genius in the village. All she needs is education. All she needs is a little chance to study and practice and—"

"And she wants to?"

"Oh, I think so. She draws birds and trees and animals—"

"Any cats?" I demanded.

"Cats? oh, oui!"

"Ever talk about escaping?"

"Ere—escaping? How M'sieu?"

"Oh, never mind Father," I returned, "but I'd like to come in on the scheme."

His face shone with eagerness. "Do," he cried.

"Then I shall educate her. I shall send her to school. I shall send her to Paris. She shall become a great artist and then we—"

"Then she will be the pride of the village, and cast honor on your name," he replied, very nicely. "Good! If M'sieu could undertake it—"

"His face grew a little grave. "It would cost—perhaps three thousand dollars—M'sieu."

"That does not matter so long as she paints," I said. "Art for Art's sake."

"M'sieu! then, is—well-to-do?"

I was rather glad he thought I was poor, so that he could surprise him.

"Father," I said as gravely as possible, "have you ever heard of Rooney's Biscuits?"

"Rooney's Biscuits! Oui! You do not say, M'sieu, that you—that YOU are—Rooney's?"

"Biscuits and wholesome groceries," I said, proudly. "That ought to be enough

to educate little Alede Rob—"

"Robitaille."

"Quite so. I shall send at once for Dreeks."

So I did.

## III.

"Dreeks," I asked, when he arrived, "did you bring your brushes and paints and things?"

"Yes, of course," he said, rather drily. "You wired me to, so I brought them."

"Fine!"

I took him down and introduced him to my friend the cure. The cure and I wanted to talk 'Art' right away, but Dreeks seemed to be feeling in an uncommunicative mood. As he and I walked back to the inn he asked me all sorts of questions about the girl I wanted him to coach, and about her work. I could see he thought she was probably an ordinary little creature with only mediocre ability. But I told him she was good; I had seen some little sketches she had done; I promised to take him down and show him his prospective pupil and her work in the morning. The cure was to come too.

So, in the morning we went. The cure called for us and he and I talked about Art and the high calling of the studio life till I thought Dreeks looked bored. Once he broke in impatiently with a question wanting to know if I had ever heard of the hundreds of artists that had failed, that had been spoiled for useful citizenship by being encouraged in a work for which they had only a very little talent.

The cure and I admitted that we had not.

"Well," snarled Dreeks, "there are hundreds of 'em, hundreds! Some starve to death. Some few sensible ones get good positions in lithographing houses or advertising agencies. But others go to swell the ranks of the unemployed, and who's to blame?"

"Who?" we asked, both at once.

But Dreeks had suddenly decided that he wouldn't tell us. He stopped up short and left me and the cure wondering who he meant.

Alede Robitaille's late mother's grocery shop was not at all up-to-date. It was poorly lighted and understocked and had none of the appurtenances of a real grocery. But Dreeks became suddenly anim-

ated, when he saw it—called it quaint and picture-que and other things.

We introduced her to Drecks and I noticed that Drecks seemed awkward for the first time in our acquaintance. His air of boredom had changed. He was interested. I was sure that he saw the girl was a genius. Inside, the cure made her bring out her drawings. She didn't seem to want to. She said she only did it for amusement. Drecks looked at her sharply when she said that, and he didn't seem enthusiastic about the drawings. However, it was agreed that he should remain in the village and give her drawing lessons.

#### IV.

One day I went with them on their sketching trip, as I usually did, and when they found something simple enough for beginners, they went to work, he guiding her hand sometimes, while I, having spread my duster on the ground, took a nap. But this day I was only half asleep when I heard a funny little laugh. It was Alede. I had always thought her very quiet before, and I was surprised, but it was a pretty laugh, like music, a little, and I kept on sleeping.

"Next week," I heard him say, "Next week you are to leave for Montreal. What is to become of the little store?"

She sighed. "It is to be sold for me," she said, sadly.

"And—and—" I heard him say, "do you really want to point, to make pictures."

"Why, of course, M'sieu'."

"Honestly, Miss Robitaille?"

She did not answer. I wanted to cough or open my eyes, because I snuffled rain.

"Or don't you sometimes think," I went on the villain Drecks, "how good it is to live here in this pretty village, where you are said to be quite wealthy and where you have everything—"

"I would rather have the village," said the girl.

"Then why do you want to learn to paint?"

"Because they want me to. They give me every chance to learn. They think I might honor the village."

They stepped and I waked.

The rest happened suddenly.

He and she went sketching one morning. They did not return by noon. The cure and I in our afternoon walk over the usual sketching grounds saw nothing of them, but we said nothing to each other. But when there was still no trace of them after supper we began to look at one another guiltily.

We telephoned to the next village and the next, and the next, but there was no word of the missing pair until, having called up a third place the local priest answered.

"Hello," I demanded, "have you seen anything of—"

Suddenly my own cure clutched me by the arm and pointed at that which caused me to hang up the receiver.

"Drecks," I said calmly, "Is that you?"

"Daughter, is it you? Is it Alede?" murmured the cure.

"Yes."

They stood side by side before us. The girl was coloring to the brows. Drecks was evidently awaiting for a chance to talk.

"Mr. Smith," he said. "We ran away to-day and were married by Father—"

"But your career!" wailed the cure.

"Your futures as artists!"

"We are not artists," replied Drecks.

"It was time that Alede and I were honest about it. We are not needed in Art. We should always be struggling in a race we are unfitted for. It would not be fair, nor wise. My father was a storekeeper. I was raised in an Ontario village. He turned me out when I insisted on learning to paint. Yesterday, I received word that he had died and that he has left his earthly possessions to me—provided that I give up Art. I have therefore, cast my lot in the grocery business. I shall put up the money to make a really big store of Alede's little place. I shall have enough, I think, Mr. Smith, to pay you back for your many kindnesses, if you can wait for the settling of the estate—"

I told him to hold his tongue. I felt disappointed, and yet—there is need for good grocers in this country. The cure was content that Alede was back again. So then the cure and I ordered a little supper for them and in the morning I went down to the little store and made a list of the things they would need. I mailed the order to my firm in Montreal.

## The Seriousness of Modern War

By

Captain C Frederick Hamilton

IN this country we seldom have any real discussion of war. War is unpopular, and the general tendency, when the subject comes up is to devote ourselves exclusively to one aspect of it, and to spend our whole time in assertions that War is a dreadful thing, that it is a relic of past conditions of society, that it should be abolished, and so on. Very often persons who do not discuss the subject in this manner are assumed to approve of war, to like it, to wish for it, and are denounced as militarists, as survivors of feudal savagery. This does not seem to me altogether intelligent. Disliking war, denouncing war, hoping for the abolition of war, will not necessarily avert war. It takes two to keep the peace even more than it takes two to make a quarrel, and if a nation which dislikes war runs foul of a nation which is ready to resort to it on occasion, it is difficult to see how fighting can be avoided, except by the unpleasant process known as lying down. To confine our discussion of war to a denunciation of it is akin to confining our discussion of tuberculosis to speeches deploring its effects. We must study tuberculosis to find a remedy; and we must study war as well as dislike it.

It is my purpose in what follows to discuss war as it is understood in Europe and in Japan. Its modern aspects are not understood on the continent of America, where attention tends to fasten upon the physical sufferings of the actual combatants. But war as understood in Europe and in Japan presents certain other aspects than this.

One remarkable circumstance forces itself upon our attention. Within the last half century or so war—grand war, the warfare of modern states—has greatly changed its nature. It has become far

less frequent, and also far less brutal; but it has become infinitely more serious.

One cause of this is the great increase in the complexity of our life. There doubtless are among my readers those who can remember the time when each rural district of Canada was nearly self-supporting and self-sufficient; the farmers grew their own food, spun their own wool, wore their own cloth; the flour was ground, the wagons and buggies were made in the neighborhood. The dependence of each community upon the outside world was slight. That condition existed in Canada in the early Nineteenth Century; it existed all over the world in the centuries before the Nineteenth.

Compare with that the situation of the modern Englishman. If he is well-to-do, his income probably comes to him as the result of investments; in simpler language, because men are working with his money on Canadian railways, in South African diamond mines, in Australian gold mines, in the wheatfields of Argentina, on river steamboats on the Volga, in the oil fields of the Caspian Sea—English money is earning money for its owner all over the world. If he is poor, the business in which he earns his living probably depends on markets in other parts of the world. He eats bread baked from flour which is made from a mixture of wheat grown, say, in Canada and in India. He wears tweeds made from wool grown in Australia. He wears other clothing made from cotton grown in the United States and yet other clothing from linen made in Ireland. His sugar is made in Germany or Jamaica; his boots perhaps began life in South Africa; and so on over an amazing list. In short, this man's life is knit up with the whole outside world. Whereas, the farmer of fifty or

sixty years ago was very little concerned with the world outside of his own farm and his own neighborhood.

Under the older state of affairs, one part of a country could suffer very severely and the rest not be greatly injured. In fact, in earlier centuries to injure a man you had to kill some member of his family, burn his house or barn, destroy or steal his livestock, or trample down his crops. You had to get at him. A country was like some of those inferior forms of life which are not greatly immolated by the loss of a limb.

At present a general smash in Canada would mean that a great many people in England would lose heavily, because we could not pay the interest on the hundreds of millions which Englishmen have lent us. If India were to lapse into barbarism Englishmen's pockets would suffer greatly, partly because the \$2,500,000,000 they have invested there would be lost, partly because a valuable market would disappear. In short, individuals, communities and nations now live a very complex life. That means that it has become very easy to hurt communities and nations. For instance—in 1907, the harvest of Western Canada was rather poor, and Eastern Canada, a thousand miles away, suffered keenly. You do not need now to get at a man to hurt him; if you interfere with a business on the other side of the globe you inflict privation and hardship upon him. A nation now is like a highly organized creature, which may die of a gangrene in some limb remote from the seat of life.

In a word, the march of progress has made it easier to hurt a nation. But there is another circumstance to consider. It also is possible for a nation to put forth greater efforts than were formerly possible; and great efforts, of course, are exhausting.

Of all the inventions of the Nineteenth Century surely that of organization is not the least wonderful. The most impressive thing about a great railway system, to some of us at least, is not the locomotive, or the big bridge, but the head office, which so plans that every man's work dovetails into the work of every other. At the same time, the head office could not exist but for the men distributed over thousands of miles, and the material in-

ventions, such as that of the steam-engine and the telegraph. Our whole life for the past hundred years has been a matter of progress in material inventions and in the organization which is made possible and profitable by material inventions. To the single trader has succeeded the partnership, to the firm has succeeded the company, to the company has succeeded the corporation, and the trust is swallowing up the corporation; and it is the improvement in transportation, it is the march of material invention, which have made it worth while to develop along the line of that art of working men in union which we call organization.

Let us see now how in former days a lack of certain material inventions which we now enjoy and a lack of organization worked together to produce a certain kind of inconclusive war, which did not inflict really severe blows on an adversary and which did not demand exhausting efforts on the part of the country waging it. In the time of Frederick the Great firearms were so imperfect that it was necessary to train a man for two or three years to enable him to get full value out of his musket. Again, if a government wished to move its soldiers from one frontier to another, they had to walk; and to walk on bad roads. If the government wished to fight in a given region, it knew that its army would soon eat up all the food to be found in it, and that trade was small in volume and slow in movement; thus it had slowly to accumulate magazines of supplies and stores; and these articles had to be moved by heavy wagons over bad roads if no navigable river or stretch of seas were available. Obviously, operations were bound to be tedious, to require much time, to exact a certain degree of leisure. Observe now how these physical conditions acted on policy. First, when it was such a long business to turn a man into a soldier it seemed wasteful to part with him when he was trained; so that men were enlisted for the full term of their working life. Thus the only way to expand an army was to enlist and train raw recruits; so that it was slow work to increase an army, and expensive work as well, as the men had to be kept for a long time before they were useful. Then financial conditions asserted their control; it has been ascertained that the

standing army which a country can support in peace time is limited to about one per cent. of the total population. Thus conditions drove countries to the use of small armies of professional soldiers, who were maintained by a civil population which was not trained to arms. Accordingly war resolved themselves into long, tedious struggles between small professional armies while the bulk of the population of the country attended to their ordinary business, and paid taxes to hire and support these mercenary soldiers. When the war raged in a particular district of the country the people were treated very barbarously, but the people of the adjoining districts were not greatly affected. The civilian inhabitants generally would have to pay very heavy taxes, some aspects of their business would suffer, and some of their young men would be enlisted and sent to the war. But with these deductions their ordinary life would go on much as in peace time. For them war would mean some trouble, some expense, but no overpowering change in their routine.

It is this sort of limited liability war which people who live on this continent picture to themselves. They think of the hardships of the men who happen to be soldiers and who suffer wounds, sickness or privation. They think of the cruelties inflicted on the civil inhabitants who happen to live in the theatre of hostilities. But modern war has advanced far beyond this stage.

At the present time firearms are so perfect that it is possible for a man to learn the use of them in a few months, so that he can be a soldier without withdrawing himself from the pursuits of industry. Then, advances in transportation have made it possible to move masses of men with rapidity and to feed them with certainty. The tediousness has disappeared from those operations of war which lead up to the actual fighting, which formerly occupied so much time. These material facts have made possible that triumph of organization implied in universal service. In a country employing this method of preparation practically all the able-bodied men of the nation undergo in their youth a comparatively brief period of training; they then are dismissed to follow their vocations as civilian inhabi-

tants. Thus when war breaks out the peace-army is instantly and vastly augmented, not by the slow addition of raw recruits who must be laboriously trained, but by the instantaneous calling out of masses of former soldiers who are termed reservists. I need not expatiate on the multitude of devices whereby the organization of the vast hosts thus created is made perfect; what is more important to notice is that to-day the European and Japanese civilian is a soldier as well. He no longer works to pay a professional soldier to do his fighting for him; he drops his business and marches away to the war; or rather, he takes a train to the war.

This organization of the manhood and resources of a nation is carried to extraordinary lengths in countries like Germany, Switzerland, France and Japan. When a war is declared the whole national energy is summoned forth and applied to its prosecution. Something very near the whole working population stops work, puts on the uniform, takes up the rifle. In Switzerland the men who are not to take part in the actual shooting are organized into working companies, to perform the various operations, from building roads to baking bread or driving teams, which the army will require. In Germany there are 85,000,000 inhabitants. There are about 13 million men old enough to vote. Of these great numbers must be too old, i.e., 40 or over, and many more must be too weak, for military service. Yet by the latest computation there are 5,200,000 men trained to arms and so organized as to be put into the field as fast as rooms can be made for them. German plans for a war with France are understood to contemplate the moving of a million men as the first line of the invasion—two or three men to every yard of the frontier. This vast number of men is to be on the frontier and ready to begin serious fighting in 20 days from the receipt of the order to mobilize. Thus out of every hundred adult German men eight would be actually in the firing line and 32 more under arms, ready to serve as reserves. The remaining 60 would include all the old, all the elderly, all the weaklings.

All this means that the modern European or Japanese State has at its com-

mand the means of putting forth an enormous effort. The South African War was a contest of the old type, waged by a comparatively small army of the old type; it was fought under enormously expensive conditions as to transportation, distance, etc.; there was some waste and carelessness in management; it lasted for nearly three years; and it cost about a billion dollars. If Germany were to go to war, she would have to provide six hundred million dollars in the first six weeks. The Austrian Minister for National defence recently stated, that 'If we assume a war lasting for six months and two millions of men called up, the cost would be about £180,000,000.' That is, very nearly what Great Britain spent in three years in a theatre of war 8,000 miles away, with a highly paid voluntary army. It is evident that the effort put forth by modern nations is stupendous.

But if the effort required is tremendous, the injury which can be suffered is enormous. The beaten country makes its effort, and loses; and in addition is hurt by the direct injuries inflicted. Let us make some comparisons. Louis XIV. kept France at war for nearly a third of a century. France some thirty years later was able to indulge in a series of wars, one of which lasted for seven years. The American Revolutionary War lasted for eight years. The French Republic and Empire kept Europe in a turmoil for nearly 25 years. Yet France, to consider her alone, soon after Waterloo was a great and powerful country, and during the middle of the nineteenth century she was the leading continental power in Europe. Evidently, her long series of wars had failed to exhaust her. But mark the difference. In 1870 she collided with a power organized on this modern principle. She was defeated under the new principle of unlimited liability. That was forty years ago. That one defeat has changed her from her old high-spirited, impatient self to a nation of a cautious, one had almost said humble, temper. Suppose that President Taft were to send word to the Canadian Government that he objected to the policy pursued by, say, Mr. Fielding; that Mr. Fielding must be ejected from the Ministry. That was what Germany did to France a very few years ago. M. Delcasse was too effective a servant of his

country to suit Germany, and Germany demanded his dismissal. And dismissed he was. The defeat of 1870 permanently lowered the vitality, the national spirit of France. A few months of war in 1870 hurt more than 25 years of war between 1790 and 1815.

What were the injuries which so depressed the spirit of this great and gallant nation? Putting aside the losses in human life, the money cost to France was over \$2,600,000,000; and she lost two rich provinces as well, their resources and prosperity henceforward augmenting the trade of a rival nation.

This, then, is the meaning of the seriousness of modern war. A country must consider two facts:—

1. To fight with success it must drop its entire ordinary business and turn its whole energy to fighting. Its ordinary life must stand still.

2. If beaten it can be made to suffer enormously.

Then, you exclaim, war is so expensive, so serious, that nations dare wage it no longer. Stop a moment. Suppose your nation wins? And suppose it is resolute enough, or pitiless enough, to reap the full advantage of victory?

It does not necessarily hurt a man to make an unusual and severe exertion, provided that it is not too violent, does not last too long, and is followed by suitable relaxation. I may add, provided that he attains some object which yields him satisfaction. The same may be true of a nation. The military expenses of Germany in the Franco-German war were \$370,000,000; but she obtained an indemnity of a billion dollars and two rich provinces; it has been calculated that she actually made a profit of about \$800,000,000 over and above her military expenses. Thus the accounts of the two countries stand:

Germany:—Monetary gain, \$800,000,000; territorial gain, Alsace and Lorraine.

France:—Monetary loss, \$2,600,000,000; territorial loss, Alsace and Lorraine. I omit all reference to losses of human life, and I omit all reference to the national exultation on the one side and the anguish of spirit suffered on the other. I may add that Germany at first demanded an indemnity of \$2,500,000,000 instead

of \$1,000,000,000; and that had Bismarck fully realised the wealth of France and her power of recuperation, it is probable that he would have insisted on his original demand. His purpose was to crush France, to obliterate her.

But there is more. Modern Germany dates her material prosperity from that war, and from the political changes which it caused. In that prosperity the average man, the German workman, has had some share. Here is the average consumption of staple foods per head in Germany at two significant dates: 1880, when the order of things destroyed by the victory of 1870 was about to pass away; and 1907, when the New Germany made possible by the war was in the full stride of its energy:—

1880	Meat .....	84½	lbs.
	Grain and potatoes	1282	"
	Total .....	1846½	"
1907	Meat .....	88	"
	Grain and potatoes	2286½	"
	Total .....	2379½	"

Thus the average German to-day eats half a ton more of good food in the year than he did in the seventies.

To sum up. War until forty or fifty years ago was a sort of limited liability affair. It has become a matter of unlimited liability. It has become democratic, an affair of the entire nation. The nation puts its whole weight into it, it is utterly ruined if defeated, and hopes to prosper if victorious. The effort is greater, the stake is greater. That is why modern war is serious.

## THE WANDERER'S SONG

I have sojourned in various Lands,  
 Forgotten with many wiled Men;  
 Cooped up in Cities, or scorchèd on the sands,  
 In forest, or free on the fen;  
 I've found every time that the wild is the best,  
 That Jungle is better than Town,  
 That you live out your Life with far less of a zest  
 With the White than you do with the Brown.  
 There in the edge of the Jungle—the calm  
 Dim places invite to the shade.  
 The warm light is tempered and under the palm  
 Filters through with a tinge of the jade;  
 Murmuring Life's running wild all around,  
 Half subdued 'neath the sun's scorching torch;  
 Such perfection of peacefulness only is found  
 In some old Cathedral's shadowy porch.

—G. T. Batty.



AN ESKIMO STEAMER TOWING A WHITE MAN'S WHALE BOAT ON THE PEACE RIVER

## A Cabinet Minister's Canoe Trip

How Honorable Frank Oliver Sought to Learn a Little More About His Constituency

By Madge Macbeth

TO prove that the far north, which for years has been so grossly libelled by the sensational novelists, is perfectly livable and devoid of the blugginess, endless snowy wastes, trackless fields of blinding snow, deathless terror, etc., etc., the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, last summer, made a two months' trip into it. He travelled 700 miles within the Arctic Circle and says he greatly enjoyed himself; that as far as the conditions of the country went, he did not realize half the time, that he was approximately 5,000 miles from Ottawa.

"Of course," said the Minister, "the further north you go, the clearer the tim-

ber belt is to the sea level; so, that by the time you reach MacPherson, for instance, if you walk on a slight elevation, you are above the timber belt amongst nothing but scrubby brush. I missed trees, but except for that even in the very far north, everything in the way of scenery was perfect."

Mr. Oliver left Athabasca Landing, Alberta, in June, traveled down the Athabasca in a canoe to Grand Rapids where a scow was waiting for the party and in this they went on to McMurray. From here they went by canoe again to Chipewyan and then on Mr. Colin Fraser's steamer to Smith's Landing. To save time the



HOW FRANK OLIVER AND HIS COMPANIONS STARTING ON A SIXTY MILE PORTAGE FROM PORT MACPHERSON—JULY 2ND, 1912.

16 mile portage at Smith's Landing was traveled in a democrat. Messrs. Hislop and Nagle's steamer was then used until Ft. Resolution was reached, after which the Roman Catholic Mission boat took Mr. Oliver's party to the Arctic Red River—that is, across a portion of the Great Slave Lake and down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Red River, the mission's most northerly settlement. The H. B. C.'s little launch "Ariel" was waiting at this point to convey the party to MacPherson, on the Peel River.

Mr. Oliver laughingly corrected the writer a number of times for saying "up" the Mackenzie—it certainly looks "up" on the map—but the Minister said "down" north, and stuck to it!

At MacPherson there was a sixty mile portage to travel; this was commenced on July 2nd, just four weeks after leaving Athabasca Landing—more than 1,850 miles away!

At the Belf River—La Prieres House, the party once more took to canoes, running down stream to the Porcupine and thence to the Yukon. At Fort Yukon they embarked on a steamer for Dawson, then (by steamer—The Selkirk) up to

Whitehorse, here taking the train to Skagway, and another boat from there to Vancouver.

With the 20th century avidity for harrowing details, the writer wanted to know something of the hardships of the trip.

"There were none," laughed Mr. Oliver. "It was a very tame and unseasonal affair. Supplies met us at given points, steamers took us where canoes could be dispensed with, the mosquitoes, which are always more or less bad in the north, were very much 'less bad' this season, Indians carried the packs at every portage and the weather was ideal."

"Wasn't it cold?—way up at MacPherson, Rampart House and about there?"

"The nights were cool, but the days were HOT! I have never felt the heat more than at noon in the Arctic Red River."

"And the midnight sun?"

"Well, I can't describe it," said Mr. Oliver. "Neither have I read what I call a good description of it—at least not one which tallies with the appearance of the sun to me. It did not look like the sun at all; the sky was wonderful, glowing with colors we never see, here. The sun





A SUMMER CAMP OF ESKIMOS ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER



THE BROAD BOSOM OF THE PORCUPINE RIVER



THIS IS A SNAP-SHOT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN TAKEN ON THE LA PIERRE PORTAGE



A VIEW ACROSS THE MACKENZIE RIVER TOWARD A HUDSON'S BAY POST



HOWLING DOG ROCK, ON THE PORCUPINE RIVER.

set, as the photos show, just above the horizon—certainly a most unusual and peculiar sight to the white men of the party."

The Porcupine River is famed for its canyon-like banks of steep rock; in many places they dip perpendicularly into the water leaving not even a foot path along the shore. The photo shown of Halfway Rock (midway between La Pierre House and Fort Yukon) has been mistaken for a

somewhat similar monument of nature farther on, called Howling Dog Rock. The reason for its naming is not a resemblance to a dog in the act of lifting up his woeful voice, but because the Indians who tracked\* their canoes up the river leaving the shore of a necessity and paddling around the sheer base of the rock, also left their dogs there. These

\*Tracked:—Pulled the canoes by harrowings themselves after the manner of a seal harvee.



DOWN THE PORCUPINE RIVER.

creatures as lazy as their masters collected in a howling mass until the canoes were well out of sight, when, being assured that there was nothing for it but to swim, they savagely plunged into the water and caught up with the Indians, later.

Mr. Oliver told a very amusing incident of his trip illustrating the one-ness of

ideas which will take possession of a man. It seems that he was to meet a party of gentlemen from Dawson, whom he had never met before, and to whom the Minister wished to show particular attention. They were traveling about six weeks in order to come up with Mr. Oliver and during that time had no communication with the world at large.



AN INDIAN CAMP AT FORT PROVIDENCE

"I was dubious," said Mr. Oliver frankly, "to find out what topics interested them particularly—relations with Japan, the Canadian Navy, Trusts—or what? It did not take me long to discover it—the one idea. They had thought of, talked

of nothing else—they wanted to think of, to talk of, nothing else. . . . Almost the first words spoken by the Dawson party were—

"Tell us—Who won the Jeffries-Johnson fight?"

## Through the Window

By

Will Irwin

Author of "The Confessions of a Con. Man," etc.

JULIA, the nurse said to the few visitors who inquired, was "struggling back to life." Julia herself, had she tried to formulate it, would hardly have called it that. It was no struggle; it was rather a growth. She had swung close to a certain nadir. At one time life had sunk so low that it was a choice with her—it had lain within her will—whether she should stay or go. She was to remember long afterward that she had made this decision lightly, as a thing of little difference. The horror of death, with its appurtenances of the grave and mould and decay—that had not entered into the calculation. Never again, in fact, was death to appear to her mind in that aspect. While she had sunk low, she had also risen to another plane of consciousness, wherein she knew how little, after all, the flesh mattered.

These reflections were not for now. If she had any emotion, any reflection, it was wonder—wonder when she gathered strength to lift what hand she had left, that it was she lying there, the content of so many little, tiny nerves and red blood-courses—wonder and a kind of contentment which was neither happiness nor misery.

It might have been morning, it might have been afternoon—at any rate, the sun was shining and the little night lamp was out—when she was aware of a voice. At first it flashed upon her that this was one of those voices, dim, dull, uncertain, which she had heard in the days when the springs of life were very low, when she had been making the decision. Not with dread, but with a certain weariness, she wondered if this were indeed the decision come to be made over again; if she had

to bestir herself to know whether she was to live on, or whether she was to let everything go and rest.

But this voice she perceived after a time, rang as though there were something behind it. It differed from those other voices. They had nothing at all behind them. And the speaker—she perceived this when she had straightened herself out a little and gained the ability to think—was saying things different in substance from the vague chatter of those other voices.

"Hello, little invalid!" said the Voice. Languidly, Julia tried to turn her head. She did succeed in turning her eyes. As far as her range of vision went, she could see nothing. The nurse, she remembered, had gone out a long time ago—or was it just now? At any rate, the nurse was gone. She made an effort to form her mouth for words, as a child sets his feet before taking one of his first, halting steps, and managed at last to speak in kind.

"Hello!" she said. The Voice was speaking on. "I'm across that little child-size passage in the next flat house. My window looks nearly into yours. I can't see you, because your bed is back-on to the window, but I know you're an invalid, and somehow I know you're small; so I say, 'Hello, little invalid!'"

Julia struggled to remember certain things which the nurse had said. She must obey orders. She wanted to obey them, but somehow it was pleasant to hear that cheery male voice with the ring to it, with the attack and resonance of life. So she made the effort again; it



seemed to her, when she was done, that she had delivered an oration of an hour.

"I am not allowed to talk," she said; then, after a pause: "Are you there? I like to hear you talk."

The voice came louder and stronger.

"Oh, yes, I am here. I've been—watching—you know, all this month. I don't know what you want me to talk about, but if you do want talk, there is where I live. First I'll tell you what I know about you. You have been sick for five weeks, and very sick, but you are better now. The doctor comes only every other day. Once he used to come every day; and one day—the time you went through the crisis—he came twice. I know that it is pneumonia, because I've had pneumonia myself, and I know the signs. I remember just how long it is before they let you talk, and I've waited until to-day."

"Now, don't you say a word. I'm doing the talking. Here I am, a young man—I'll say myself over like an advertisement for live stock—five feet eight inches tall, weight about a hundred and sixty, thirty years old, of a kind and docile disposition, and a liking for little sick girls. I've been a sick man myself—pneumonia does things to Californians. When you get better, so that you can talk, I'm going to trade symptoms with you."

"This is chapter one. Chapter two will come in the next talk, because you can't stand yet to hear the story of my life. It is too exciting. And the nurse will be back in a minute. I can always tell when she is entering, because she makes your door creak. Don't be afraid; I shall watch. Of course I am presuming that you want me to talk to you for another instalment. If you do, please say 'yes' and we'll stop for to-day."

To Julia's reduced mind, it came that the decision she was about to make was as momentous as the old decision whether she was to go or to stay. It seemed, indeed, of more moment. But she gathered together the fragments and fragments of the life which was creeping in, and answered, after fixing her mouth again:

"Yes."

"Good-bye for to-day, then, mysterious invalid." She heard the closing of a window.

Meditating on these things, digesting them, Julia fell asleep.

When she woke, it was night. She knew because the little lamp was burning, and Miss Tallant, that old, seasoned trained nurse who worked like a machine of low horse-power, was dozing in her chair at the foot of the bed. With Julia's motion, Miss Tallant roused herself; followed the almost insupportable business of drinking from a tiny glass, of holding a bulb syringe under her tongue. When the nurse had settled herself back in the chair again, Julia turned her head, arranged her mouth, and asked a question:

"Who lives across the window?" Julia waited a long time for the answer. It did not come. The nurse never even lifted her eyes at the question. Julia, with as much disappointment as her weakness left her power to feel, perceived it all. She was saying things without saying them, just as she had done away back in her nadir. Her vocal cords, it seemed, set themselves in the right form, her mind said the words over, and her voice ran through her throat; but some connection was lacking; some string uniting the dynamic power and the machinery of speech was untied. So, while she thought at first that she was speaking, there was no sound in it, and no one paid any attention. The voice across the window—she had made the owner of that voice hear. Why, she wondered? Why . . . Julia slept again.

Now it was day—without pain but also without sleep. It brought weary routine of annoying business with the doctor and bothersome things to drink. Less weary than all the yesterdays since she touched her nadir, it was also more sufferable because she was waiting for something. Each time that the nurse left, she felt in herself a shadow of expectation stronger than any emotion she had thought ever to feel again.

Now the nurse had gone, and expectation was fulfilled.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes." She could make sound of speech!

"It is six o'clock. I suspect that the nurse has gone to get her dinner, and I'm just in from—from my work. That is, I call it work. May I talk to you again? You have only to answer 'yes.'"

"Yes—please."

"Now, don't you waste strength on etiquette, though I don't know any word

I'd sooner have you waste breath on than that 'please.' First chapter from the thrilling story of my life. I'm a mining engineer from Nevada and California. That is, I call myself a mining engineer. I'll tell you into my secret. I'm a bluff. I'm really only a miner, selling mines in New York. In the West, you know, we say that when a man has tried everything else and failed, he goes to selling mines. But it is a little better than that. I really have a mine, and I've faith in it—found it myself. It's a low grade ore, and I need capital to develop it. The details of selling mines in New York won't interest you, I'm afraid; but maybe I can interest you by telling how I came to find it.

"I was very blue and discouraged last year when I started out on my last prospecting trip. I was grubstaked. You're an Eastern woman from your voice, so you won't know what grubstake means. The other man buys your burro—that's a small and especially virtuous kind of hiking and hunting and losing my beans and coffee. I had only half your claim.

"Well, anyway, it was up to me. I must strike something that fall or go back to the shovel or the yurdistick. The rest is three weeks of hiking and hunting and losing my beans and coffee. I had only three more days to go, and I'd camped away up high where there was a little fall of new snow on the ground.

"I was discouraged, and I was mad. I guess the burro caught it, because she behaved fearfully. I have it on my conscience that I beat her, though I'm usually kind—even to burros. I left her to rustle for herself while I cooked the last of the bacon.

"When I turned back to tie her for the night, I found she'd been in a bad temper too. She'd been pawing in the snow, as a burro or a horse always paws to relieve his feelings. It's the horse way of swearing. After I'd nearly jerked the neck off her to make her behave, I happened to look down and notice where she pawed. Gold quartz—trust a miner to know an outcropping! If any one will build a smelter up there to work it, we have a mountain of ore. So I'm grubstaked again—prospecting Wall Street, which is a blame sight colder than the Nevada mountains.

"But that won't interest you. You'll want to know what became of Magis, the

burro. That's the sad part of what I'm going to relate—good-bye." For the door had creaked to proclaim the entrance of Miss Tallant, the nurse. Julia saw her pass through her range of vision, heard her step over to the window, caught this said under her breath:

"They make too much noise over there."

Julia fell asleep hugging her secret.

Now she was counting days and distinguishing time, and wondering what had become of Magis, the burro. The poor little soft-nosed donkey that had a tragedy in her life! It was late afternoon, with the early street lights making shadows and reflections on her wall. The nurse had gone to the kitchen for her dinner.

"Awake?"

"Yes."

"In two or three days I'm going to let you talk. We were on the burro. Perhaps I shouldn't tell tragedies to anyone coming out of pneumonia, but I'm on the subject. Well you see, Magis—"

"That's a play," said Julia.

"Sure! But don't you talk. I named her after the play because she talked just like an actress I heard in it once. I guess I joshed her. Well, I felt grateful to Magis. She'd always had a hard life, feeding on sage-brush and cactus and thistles. I doubted if she'd ever in her life known the taste of a square meal. And you'll agree that a lot, a whole lot, was coming to her. All the way back, I pulled bran grass for her. And when we came into town, I saw the man who had grubstaked me and I arranged to fix Magis proper. I put her in a box stall. I had her fed on hay and oats and bran mash. It was too much for her. She died quite suddenly."

Julia could feel the tears starting. Had she thought she should ever weep again? But when he spoke once more, she found her unaccustomed muscles drawing themselves into a smile.

"I must say I have a record. I'm the only man, except those I invited to the spectacle, who ever saw a dead burro. We don't believe in the West that they die at all. They're such angels, the way they stand for everything and never complain, except by way of digging up mines for a fellow, that they're translated in clouds of glory, I think."

Julia, with the w-shan of the resurrected, knew that people and burros and all who have enjoyed the rapture and pain of being alive do not die; neither are they translated. It is just a change, much more glorious than any translation in trailing clouds of glory, but a change which one forgets when she is past the stage of the new resurrection. She herself would forget it; already she was beginning to forget. She must try to keep on remembering, so that she could tell the Voice.

Then he changed from Magda and her tragedy to pleasant things. He told of automobiles that streak across the desert, even Death Valley itself; of the Swede who owned the only spring on the edge of the valley and who came out, when your throat had become like old leather, and sold you a bottle of cooled beer for a dollar.

"And of all the dollars you spend in this here trot through life, you miss this one least," he said. Of his house he was going to build in Pasadena or Mill Valley—he hadn't decided which—when the company was formed and he had got rich; of starlit night above the High Sierra, where everything is very cold and white and clean; of camps in the desert with a hair rope about your bed, because a rattle-snake cannot cross hair.

And the door creaked and the nurse came.

Now, Julia found that her mouth could always be depended upon to make sounds when she tried to speak. The doctor said that she was doing very, very nicely. With this recrudescence of interest and strength, she took to listening for sounds from that dwelling under the screened window; she could hear something moving now and then; it seemed to her that she could distinguish two pairs of heavy, masculine feet. The day when she took to these observations, she was deeply disappointed to find that no voice spoke through the window, even when the nurse was out. But the faith of the new-resurrected was in her. She knew that it would come again.

The next night her faith was fulfilled. "I gave you a rest," he said after he had made sure that she was awake and listening. "Because to-night I'm going to let you say twelve words. I'm to ask questions, and you're to answer. Now, the first—one

word—will be your name. Mine is Frank, and you may call me by it, if you wish, as soon as you can afford breath. When we are sick, we are just little boys and girls again. So please let it be your first name. That wouldn't be etiquette with a coarse, Western stranger if you were well, but at present it's all right and proper. Now, playmate, name please."

"Julia."

"Eleven words left. What do you do for a living? Wait! I'll tell you what I know. You work at something, but you can afford a little flat of your own and you don't live with your people. You may teach, though from the little conversation I've had you don't sound to me like a teacher. Still, you're no plain salesgirl or stenographer, because you can afford a flat of your own. If you think I'm impudent to want to know about you, just say 'no,' but if you want to answer, one to three words will do. This is like calling at five dollars a syllable."

Julia considered the question and the answer, which loomed to her momentous.

"Head cloak saleswoman," she brought out at last.

"Eight words left. I am rather glad you aren't a teacher; that doesn't seem to me like doing anything, somehow. Now, to proceed. Have you any parents?"

"Mother." Then, thinking of the ingratitude she might impute to her, she added:

"Lives with married sister, Chicago."

"That shows how much breath people waste in this world. Here I know all about you, or all that has stirred up my heavy curiosity, and you've got two words left to spend as you want."

Julia needed three words. It seemed that she could not get along with any fewer. With the feeling that he was waiting intently over there, she pondered this. The suspense, and her inability to condense further, inspired her to take chances with the unlucky thirteen.

"Was Magda brown?" she asked.

No more had she said this than she felt how funny, how childishly funny, the question must be to him. But if he laughed, she should never like him so well again. She wouldn't like him not <sup>at</sup> laugh, either. The thing for him to do, if he were to live up to her ideal of him, was to be amused and to control it. <sup>She</sup>

was bathed in relief when she heard a change in his voice as though he had, in fact, conquered laughter. And he said:

"No, gray, with an especially pettable white nose. Now you've said more than enough—I'll have to subtract one word from your allowance to-morrow—and I won't take any more risks to-day with that nurse. She sounds like a tough old veteran with gray hair." He stopped suddenly on this, his tone changed, and "Good night," he said.

Always something to wonder about! If he could see the head of the bed, why couldn't he perceive that Miss Tallant, the nurse, had not gray hair, but faded red?

Nevertheless, she felt very much better. Listening to the voice was a stimulant, from which there was no reaction.

It came to be that the nurse stayed a very long time at her dinner, having announced that she might go out for a few minutes after she finished; and the Voice talked for an hour. He allowed her five whole sentences this time. He let her tell him that she had been four years in New York and had worked up from a salesgirl, that she was little and blonde, that she had caught pneumonia by taking too many chances with a late summer day which had turned out cold and raw; that she wouldn't let him take her to the hospital because she wanted to be sick right among her own things.

"That's a splendid recommendation for you," he said. She wanted to ask him what he meant, but she had already used up her five sentences. On his part, he span more yards of the mines and the plains and the mountains; all illuminated by his pleasant voice and his unexpected turns of expression. She was growing by now to perceive things; and she formulated to herself a certain strange quality in his voice. Under the cheery tone was a sadness—not sadness exactly, either, but rather a dullness. Otherwise, it was a voice which one might know anywhere. Long afterwards, she was to put into concrete thought her perception of an undeveloped stutter, hesitating hurr on the beginning of a sentence.

So it went on through days in which Julia ceased to drift back to life and became really to struggle—her will was in it. The nurse began to let her talk; the Voice, following, permitted her, in their dinner

time conversations, to speak whole sentences, paragraphs, pages. They knew enough about each other, it seemed; for now they had come to another stage of friendly intimacy and were talking, not facts and stories, but opinions and likings and ideals. He liked the same things she did, it appeared; further, he seemed often to understand her tastes before she spoke.

There came the time when Miss Tallant showed her the cards and messages of those who called from the store in the low period. Also, Miss Tallant let her have flowers—a great cluster of pink roses from the girls in her department. In two or three days she might have company; in a week, if she were good and obeyed orders, she might sit up.

She told all this to the Voice.

"See my flowers!" she added. "I had the nurse put them on the bureau so that you might see."

"So that I might—yes, it was good of you?" Why did he speak so low?

"But can you see them?" persisted Julia. "I tried to plan, but I can't just remember where your window comes."

"Oh, sure! You placed them all right." His tone was indifferent. A swift pique came over Julia. He was not taking interest!

"I don't believe you do. You are only trying to humor me. What color are they?"

"Well, I can see them, you know, but the light is very uncertain here—the glow is in the window and everything looks red. They appear—reddish."

Julia laughed a little.

"That's a man's word for pink—reddish!" But she was not wholly satisfied. Another dinner-time talk, and, "I am to have visitors to-morrow," she announced.

He paused a little time before he said: "That's jolly!"

"Well?" thought Julia. But he made no move in the direction toward which she was pointing.

"I suppose some of your friends from the store will come," he said instead.

"I suppose so."

"Fine, after a long sickness,—to see people again?"

Julia pondered. It was certainly bold—but she was an invalid—and she didn't care.

"It's only a step from your apartment to mine."

"Ah, why did you say that?" asked the Voice.

"Just because," responded Julia, and fell back on her pique. Some time elapsed before the Voice spoke.

"I haven't told you this, but now I must. I'm going away. I've known for some time, and I was getting ready to tell you to-day. I've—well, I haven't sold the mine, but things make it necessary for me to return to Nevada.

"Julia, little invalid," he went on, his voice catching, "let's have this for a fairy tale. I'm just an elf or a goblin or one of those things we used to read about when we were children. If I came to see you, I'd see you only once, and I shouldn't seem half so fine to you as I've been, just spinning yarns through the window. You're going to stay in New York, and I'm coming back—after a while. Then there'll be time for you to get used to me. You see, I'm not what you call an attractive man. I'm homely, and hiking out after mining prospects hasn't refined or handsomed me any. Shun't we leave it now for a fairy tale?"

Julia, an unexpected warmth in her cheeks, found breath to answer:

"Yes, if that's what you want."

"Then good-bye for now, little invalid. The fairy tale is over. The real world for you." And then, as the door squeaked to the coming of the nurse, a final

"Good-bye!"

Miss Tallant said next day that Julia wasn't doing nearly so well. She must not fret so; if she did, she shouldn't have any company. As it was, Miss Tallant (the doctor concurring) postponed that errand for two days.

But health and mending went along, as they do in spite of will when the tide of life really begins to run. That decision between going and staying lay with her no more. So in a week the blood was flowing, strength was back; they were moving her into a chair, teaching her to walk on feet which seemed rounded at the soles. On the first day out of bed, she looked over to the window across the narrow area. The curtains were drawn; yet she fancied that some one was moving inside. The new tenant, probably. Still, it all seemed very strange!

She was walking out now in the fine Indian summer weather; at length, on a specially warm day, she was permitted an excursion to the park, two blocks away. As she sat on a bench, watching the morning panorama, a little color came back into her cheeks and her heart. She found herself chatting with Miss Tallant, making comments on the children, the nurses, the waiting cabinmen, the bench loafers.

"A blind man," said Miss Tallant suddenly.

Julia looked up, interested. He was approaching, that blind man, led by an attendant. His was a case where pity grows from contrast. He was young, well-formed, strong of limb. His shoulders should have been straight; one felt the incongruity of their half pathetic stoop. His keen hawk face, with its broad, humorous mouth, had scarcely one of the lines graven by patience in action, which belong to blind faces.

A moment Julia studied him; and then, over mind and soul, came a weakness which had nothing to do with the weakness in her wasted body. It was like that weakness of soul in which she lay when she made the decision; and, as in that other weakness, she saw things not perceived of the senses. It came to her as a certainty.

This was the voice through the window!

So much the soul of Julia told her before proof came to her mind. He had drawn opposite to her now; and he was speaking to his attendant.

"Manson," said he, "if this is a popular corner of this park, you had better drop me here. I like to know they're about, if I can't see them." It was the Voice; no need of her soul to tell her that. The same dead undertone, now so pathetically comprehensible; the same little half-stutter as he started his sentence.

Manson sent his charge on the next bench.

Julia rose, so suddenly that Miss Tallant put out a hand to stop her. She rose with a new strength in all her body, and crossed over and sat down beside him and—

"Ah, I've found you!" she said. Over his face ran a current of expression—joy first and then a drop of all the lines in his face, so that it needed not his blue

glasses nor his stick to prove that he was blind.

"I'd been afraid you would!" he answered.

Miss Tallant had the perceptions of her craft.

"I'll be back in a minute—I want to go over to the drug-store—keep yourself wrapped up," she said.

"We'll excuse you for a half an hour, Manson," chimed in the blind man.

Alone now, she took his hand.

"Dear, brave friend!"

"I don't know if this is a sign—your finding me in spite of myself. Ah, little invalid, do you mind if I lead?"

"It must have been a good life, because you told it—but why did you think it necessary to lie to me?" She stopped, afraid of the answer, the only answer that her saying could call for. It came as she expected.

"Because what I felt wasn't square. I am blind. Perhaps I must always be blind. I didn't lie so much—it was true about the mine. I went blind afterward—too much snow. Manson told me of the sick girl across the passage—and at first I was just trying to amuse you. Dear girl, might I ask something?"

"Of course."

"When no one is looking, may I put my hand on your face for a minute?"

"Yes. Now!"

"It is a beautiful face. Ah, I am weak. You don't know what I want to say."

"Say it, Frank."

"Ah, no."

"Listen. You called me back. I shouldn't have gone on living. I should have sunk again. Do I not owe you that?"

"Owe me what?"

"My life, Frank."

"Dear love!"

"Dear love!"

## THE WONDER CHILD

There came a little queer boy,  
Ah, such a very deary boy,  
A cuddle close and neary boy;  
Into my heart one day.

He seemed a very eery boy,  
A strangely strange and leery boy;  
That heart was filled with feary joy  
Lest he should go away.

Sometimes he's such a cheery boy,  
A laughing loud and deary boy;  
'Tis then life smiles without alloy  
And Love's the time o' day.

But when he is a weary boy,  
A tired, forlorn and dreary boy,  
'Tis then I love my deary boy,  
Ah—more than I can say.

James P. Haveron.

# The Maritime Grievance and Senate Reform

By

Francis Asbury Carman

*Two problems in Canadian politics are forever vexing Parliament. One is "Senate Reform," the other, "The Maritime Grievance." The Senate is a load on the country's shoulders. The Maritime Provinces are always complaining—and rightly enough, no doubt—that they are getting less and less parliamentary representation.*

*In this article, Mr. Carman, who is the Parliamentary correspondent of the Montreal Star, suggests that both problems may be solved by merging the two and making a senatorship a provincial appointment, as in the United States, giving each province the same number of Senators.—The Editor.*

THE Maritime Provinces have failed in their effort to have their representation grievances removed by an amendment to the British North America Act. Their failure may be only temporary. But, whether it be only temporary or whether it be permanent, at least it is clear that the task of winning the consent of the other provinces to the remedy proposed is going to be no light one. And final failure is quite within the possibilities. Consequently, it is timely to ask now whether there is not another remedy.

As a citizen of one of the central provinces, I am quite ready to admit that the Maritime Provinces—and especially Prince Edward Island—have what looks very much like a grievance. But I wonder whether the citizens of the provinces down by the sea have realized how much of a grievance will be created, as regards the rest of the Dominion, by the removal of their grievance in the way which they propose.

It is true that at Confederation no one expected that the representation of the

Maritime Provinces in the House of Commons would fall off as it has. But that was merely part of the general failure to realize the growth of the west. It is true that Prince Edward Island refused to enter Confederation with less than six members in the lower chamber of Parliament, and that that demand was conceded. It is true that British Columbia, which does not seem likely to need it, has a constitution protection against ever having her representation cut down below the Confederation standard. But it is no less true and undeniable that Representation by Population—"Rep. by Pop."—as it was called in Upper Canada—was a central principle of the Confederation pact. No one thought of questioning that at the Quebec Conference, except some of the delegates from Prince Edward Island; and they were not unanimous. The delegates from the Canadas went into the Confederation negotiations with that very object in view. "There is no use in asking the Conference to depart from the principle laid down," declared Hon. (later Sir) A. T. Galt, one of the Canadian delegation,

The Prince Edward Island protest was condemned even by a representative of New Brunswick, which now joins with the island in the Gulf in its present proposal. "That is rather a singular ground of objection," said Hon. (later Sir) Leonard Tilley, "for they have objected to the basis of representation by population. Now it is fully understood at Charlottetown that those who came to the Conference expected representation by population."

The history of the grievance of the Maritime Provinces is soon told. At the date when they entered Confederation the three provinces were represented in the House of Commons as follows: New Brunswick, 16; Nova Scotia, 19; Prince Edward Island, 6. The census of 1881 brought only one change, an increase of two for Nova Scotia. Then came reaction. After the census of 1891 the representation of New Brunswick fell off to 14; Nova Scotia to 20; and Prince Edward Island to 5. Another decade brought a further reduction. After 1901 the three provinces stood: New Brunswick, 13; Nova Scotia, 18; and Prince Edward Island, 4. In the meantime, Quebec had, of course, remained stationary. Ontario increased from 82 in 1867 to 92 after 1891; but following the census of 1901 it fell off to 86.

There are two influences which have brought about this decline in Maritime Provinces representation. The first is the growth of Quebec, and the second the growth of the west. In both instances the Maritime Provinces argue that they have been dealt with in a manner that was not contemplated at the time of the Quebec Conference. In the first place, they claim that the Quebec of to-day is not the Quebec of Confederation. There was a rectification of the boundary in the eighties, and the Maritime contention is that this was an increase in the territory of Quebec. The importance of this argument lies in the fact that Quebec is the pivotal province as regards representation. Under the British North America Act, the unit of representation is obtained by dividing the population of Quebec by 65; and then the number of members allotted to any other province is obtained by dividing that unit of representation into the population of the province concerned. So it is claimed by the Maritime Provinces that

in calculating the population of Quebec, account should be taken only of the people who live in the territory recognized as Quebec at Confederation. On the other hand, Quebec replies that her territory has not been increased; that she really always owned the territory recognized as hers to-day, but that her right was merely determined by the rectification of the boundaries.

The second claim of the Maritime Provinces is that the population of the west should not be considered in allotting members of Parliament to the Maritime Provinces. As a further safeguard against reduction of representation from any province, it was provided in the B.N.A. Act that there should be no reduction unless the population of the province had fallen off in proportion to the population of "Canada" by five per cent. or more. The claim of the Maritime Provinces in this connection is that "Canada" should be interpreted as meaning the five original provinces which took part in the Quebec Conference.

Both these claims have been submitted to the courts. The courts, up to the Privy Council, have rejected them. The issue has been taken from the courts to the floor of Parliament and a request has been made for an amendment of the B.N.A. Act to make the Confederation figures of representation the minimum. The Dominion government has intimated that it would consent, provided the consent of the other provinces was obtained. Hence the inter-provincial conference, which has recently adjourned without reaching an agreement.

It goes without saying that to grant the request of the Maritime Provinces would mean an increase in the membership of the House of Commons. The House now has 221 members; if the Maritime Provinces had the same representation as on their entry into Confederation, it would number 226. But that is not all.

It would mean that a voter in New Brunswick or in Nova Scotia or in Prince Edward Island would count for more than one voter in Quebec or Ontario or any western province. Of course, there has always been, and probably will always be, a certain amount of inequality. An exact proportional allotment of members is impracticable. A small inequality will

pass unnoticed, but a large inequality is almost certain to produce discord. That is why it is necessary to examine carefully now just what the proposal of the Maritime Provinces means.

The future results will appear most clearly by taking the case of the smallest province, which is also the most active in supporting the proposal for a change. The relation which the population of Prince Edward Island bears to the population of the Dominion to-day is very likely to be the relation which the New Brunswick or Nova Scotia of 1960 will bear to the Dominion of that date.

Prince Edward Island has from the start and up to the last census had a larger representation in the House of Commons than it was entitled under "Rep. by Pop." During the Quebec Conference Mr. Galt stated that to give Prince Edward Island 6 members would give the value to 13,000 voters in Prince Edward Island as was given to 17,000 voters in the other provinces. When the Island did come in in 1873, the general unit of representation was 18,351, while each Prince Edward Island member represented only 15,804 people. The comparison for the last three censuses may be put in this table:

Census.	Unit of Rep.	Unit of Rep. in P. E. I.
1881.....	20,908	18,149
1891.....	22,900	21,816
1901.....	25,367	25,682

So that in the present Parliament Prince Edward Island is for the first time not treated more generously than a strict interpretation of the "Rep. by Pop." principle would allow. And if the were given her desired complement of six members, each one of these members would represent only 17,210 people, while a member from any of the other provinces represents 25,367. Or to put it another way, one person in Prince Edward Island would be worth as much as 1,474 persons, electorally speaking, in any of the central or western provinces.

Now, it doubtless is somewhat of a hardship to have only four members in a House of 221; and doubtless under the present arrangement the representation of Prince Edward Island would further decrease. But, on the other hand, would not the condition just sketched constitute a

real grievance on the part of the other provinces? If there were no other remedy, perhaps it might be necessary to put up with even so considerable a departure from the basic principle of Confederation.

But there is another remedy; a very obvious remedy. In fact, its obviousness is the chief objection that I fear in bringing it forward. It will be said at once: "Surely the Confederation Fathers must have considered that, and found it impracticable."

The other remedy is that, while "Rep. by Pop." is allowed its sweet will in the lower chamber of Parliament, the upper should be re-constituted on the basis of equal representation of the provinces. At the same time, the appointing power should be put into the hands of the provinces; and so our Senate would be made representative of something except past and present administrations, and our government would become more truly federal in character.

Now strangely enough this suggestion did not receive serious consideration at all at the Quebec or London Conference. There does not appear to have been any mention of equal provincial representation; but the principle of provincial appointment was advocated in London by Hon. W. P. Howland, one of the representatives of "Canada." Mr. Howland seems, however, to have stood alone. Why this was so, it is easy to gather from the speech with which Sir John Macdonald opened the Quebec conference. It is obvious from that speech that Sir John would have little use for the political expedients of the United States. He seems to have spoken of that country with a certain disdain. Now if the Fathers of Confederation had special ulterior reasons for unwillingness to take a leaf out of the American book of government, that is quite sufficient reason why we should not accept their decision in this point as final. That the suggested system is in vogue in the United States is no reason why it should appeal specially to us. But, if on careful and unbiased consideration, it suits our condition and the exigencies of our political situation, its American origin is no reason why we should refuse to adopt it. Of course, there are other objections which are certain to be made. Two of them I must refer to. The first is that,

as has happened in the United States, to give Senate appointments into the hands of the provinces would bring the federal parties into the provincial arena in self-defence. Doubtless it would, and doubtless that is not desirable from the point of view of ethereal politics. But, are our federal and provincial politics separate now? Let the last federal elections enver and the provincial elections which closely preceded them. Perhaps they are separate; but why then this free use of the name of "Leurier" by Sir Lomer Gouin, and why the pilgrimage of Whitney and Hazen and Roblin with the leader of the federal Opposition?

The other objection is the distinctly practical one that the Dominion government would never think of surrendering all the Senate patronage. I do not question that this might prove a serious obstacle, but one at times hears confessions from the professional politician which sound very much as if the patronage were a burden on occasion. Besides "patronage" is not in good odor in our avowed political morality, and it might prove an impolitic thing to appear to hang on to "the spoils."

But what would be the advantages? First would be the removal of the grievance of the Maritime Provinces. For, if each of them had the same weight in the Senate as one of the larger provinces, surely each would be content to take its natural position in a House which is based on representation by population.

Then, under such a re-arrangement the Senate would almost certainly occupy a

much stronger position in our governmental machinery than it does to-day, and an equal voice in its deliberations would enable a small province to exercise a strong check on any injustices on the part of the lower chamber. Moreover, it would enable us to substitute a Senate of weight and meaning for our present almost always useless and always meaningless chamber.

At present, the Senate is the butt of every corner wit. It is not a judicial revising chamber. It does not stand for any principle. It does not represent anything or anybody, unless it be the capitalist class or the governments which appointed its members. It occasionally kills a bad bill—but only if it happens to be at odds with the Government of the day, which must therefore be a government new from the people with an untarnished mandate. The proposed body would represent the provinces. It would have an independent opinion. It would probably be composed of strong men; for the provinces would take care to be well represented; and it would, therefore, be more useful as a revising body.

Such an arrangement would probably be less expensive, because less numerous; and finally—it would be logical. A Senate whose members are appointed by the provinces is the natural means of giving the provinces a voice in the federal government. And, though logic is not a necessity of successful political expedients; other things being equal, it should not be a hindrance to success. Besides, our present Senate, however illogical it may be, is not successful.

## GOODNESS

"Sometimes, with some people  
Goodness is what it isn't"

And Vice is what it is.

If Goodness were always a positive quality

Just as Vice is positive,

There would be fewer virtuous and more

"unredeemed."

—Said a man. But then he was a 'sinner.'



# The Hippopotamuses

By

O. Henry

I CAN see the artist bête the end of his pencil and frown when it comes to drawing his Easter picture; for his legitimate pictorial conceptions of figures pertinent to the festival are but four in number.

First comes Easter, pagan goddess of spring. Here his fancy may have free play. A beautiful maiden with decorative hair and the proper number of toes will fill the bill. Miss Clarice St. Vavasour, the well-known model, will pose for it in the "Lethergogallagher," or whatever it was that Trilby called it.

Second—The melancholy lady with up-turned eyes in a framework of lilies. This is magazine-covery, but reliable.

Third—Miss Manhattan in the Fifth Avenue Easter Sunday parade.

Fourth—Maggie Murphy with a new red feather in her old straw hat, happy and self-conscious, in the Grand Street turnout.

Of course, the rabbits do not count. Nor the Easter eggs, since the higher criticism has banished them.

The limited field of its pictorial possibilities proves that Easter, of all our festival days, is the most vague and shifting in our conception. It belongs to all religions, although the pagans invented it. Going back still further to the first spring, we can see Eve elbowing with pride a new green leaf from the tree *feru corio*.

Now, the object of this critical and learned preamble is to set forth the theories that Easter is neither a date, a season, a festival, a holiday nor an occasion. What it is you shall find out if you follow in the footsteps of Danny McCree.

Easter Sunday dawned as it should, bright and early, in its place on the calendar between Saturday and Monday. At

5.24 the sun rose, and at 10.30 Danny followed its example. He went into the kitchen and washed his face at the sink. His mother was frying bacon. She looked at his hard, smooth, knowing countenance as he juggled with the round cake of soap, and thought of his father when she first saw him stopping a hot grounder between second and third twenty-two years before on a vacant lot in Harlem, where the La Paloma apartment house now stands. In the front room of the flat Danny's father sat by an open window smoking his pipe, with his dishevelled gray hair tossed about by the breeze. He still clung to his pipe, although his sight had been taken from him two years before by a precocious blast of giant powder that went off without permission. Very few blind men care for smoking, for the reason that they cannot see the smoke. Now, could you enjoy having the news read to you from an evening newspaper unless you could see the colors of the headlines?

"'Tis Easter Day," said Mrs. McCree.

"Scramble mine," said Danny.

After breakfast he dressed himself in the Sabbath morning costume of the Canal Street importing house dray chaffeur—frock coat, striped trousers, patent leathers, gilded trace chain across front of vest, and wing collar, rolled-brim derby and butterfly bow from Schonstein's (between Fourteenth Street and Tony's fruit stand) Saturday night sale.

"You'll be goin' out this day, of course, Danny," said old man McCree, a little wistfully. "'Tis a kind of holiday, they say. Well, it's fine spring weather. I can feel it in the air."

"Why should I not be going out?" demanded Danny in his grumpy old tones. "Should I stay in? Am I as good

as a horse? One day of rest my team has a week. Who earns the money for the rent and the breakfast you've just eat, I'd like to know? Answer me that!"

"All right, lad," said the old man. "I'm not complainin'. While me two eyes was good there was nothin' better to my mind than a Sunday out. There's a smell of turf and burnin' brush comin' in the windy. I have me tobacco. A good fine day and rist to ye, lad. Times I wish your mother had larned to read, so I might hear the rest about the hippopotamus—but let that be."

"Now, what is this foolishness he talks of hippopotamuses?" asked Danny of his mother, as he passed through the kitchen. "Have you been taking him to the Zoo? And for what?"

"I have not," said Mr. McCree. "He sets by the windy all day. 'Tis little recreation a blind man among the poor gets at all. I'm thinkin' they wander in their minds at times. One day he talks of grease without stoppin' for the meet of an hour. I look to see if there's a lad burnin' in the fryin' pan. There's not. He says I do not understand. 'Tis weary days, Sundays, and holidays and all, for a blind man, Danny. There was no better nor stronger than him when he had his two eyes. 'Tis a fine day, son. Enjoy yourself agin' the mornin'. There will be cold supper at six."

"Have you heard any talk of a hippopotamus?" asked Danny of Mike, the janitor, as he went out the door downstairs.

"I have not," said Mike, pulling his shirt-sleeves higher. "But 'tis the only subject in the animal, natural and illegal his of outrages that I've not been complained to about these two days. See the landlord. Or else move out if ye like. Have ye hippopotamuses in the lease? No, then?"

"It was the old man who spoke of it," said Danny. "Likely there's nothing in it."

Danny walked up the street to the Avenue and then struck northward into the heart of the district where Easter—modern Easter, in new, bright raiment—leads the parade-march. Out of towering brown churches came the blithe music of anthems from the choirs. The broad sidewalks were moving parterres of living

flowers—so it seemed when your eye looked upon the Easter girl.

Gentlemen, frock-coated, silk-hatted, gardenised, sustained the background of the tradition. Children carried lilies in their hands. The windows of the brownstone mansions were packed with the most opulent creations of Flora, the sister of the Lady of the Lilies.

Around a corner, white-gloved, pink-gilted and tightly buttoned, walked Corrigan, the cop, shield to the curb. Danny knew him.

"Why, Corrigan," he asked, "is Easter? I know it comes the first time you're full after moon rises on the seventeenth of March—but why? Is it a proper and religious ceremony, or does the Governor appoint it out of politics?"

"'Tis an annual celebration," said Corrigan, with the judicial air of the Third Deputy Police Commissioner, "peculiar to New York. It extends up to Harlem. Sometimes they has the reserves out at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. In my opinion 'tis not political."

"Thanks," said Danny. "And say—did you ever hear a man complain of hippopotamuses? When not specially in drink, I mean."

"Nothing larger than sea turtles," said Corrigan, reflecting, "and there was wood alcohol in that."

Danny wandered. The double, heavy incumbency of enjoying simultaneously a Sunday and a festival day was his.

The sorrows of the hand-toilet fit him easily. They are worn so often that they hang with the picturesque lines of the best-tailor-made garments. That is why well-fed artists of pencil and pen find in the griefs of the common people their most striking models. But when the Philistine would disport himself, the grimaces of Melpomene, herself, attends upon his capers. Therefore, Danny set his jaw hard at Easter, and took his pleasure sadly.

The family entrance of Danny's cafe was feasible; so Danny vicied to the veranda season as far as a glass of beer. Seated in a dark, linoeum'd, humid back room, his heart and mind still groped after the mysterious meaning of the springtime jubilee.

"Say, Tim," he said to the waiter, "why do they have Easter?"

"Skiddee!" said Tim, closing a sophisticated eye. "Is that a new one? All right. Tony Pastor's for you last night, I guess. I give it up. What's the answer—six apples of a yard and a half?"

From Dugan's Danny turned back eastward. The April sun seemed to stir in him a vague feeling that he could not construe. He made a wrong diagnosis and decided that it was Katy Conlon.

A block from her house on Avenue A he met her going to church. They pumped hands on the corner.

"Geel but you look dampish and dressed up," said Katy. "What's wrong? Come away with me to church and be cheerful."

"What's doing at church?" asked Danny.

"Why, it's Easter Sunday. Silly! I waited till after eleven expectin' you might come around to go."

"What does this Easter stand for, Katy," asked Danny gloomily. "Nobody seems to know."

"Nobody so blind as you," said Katy with spirit. "You haven't even looked at my new hat. And skirt. Why, it's when all the girls put on new spring clothes. Silly! Are you coming to church with me?"

"I will," said Danny. "If this Easter is pulled off there, they ought to be able to give some excuse for it. Not that the hat ain't a beauty. The green roses are great."

At church the preacher did some expounding with no pounding. He spoke rapidly, for he was in a hurry to get home to his early Sabbath dinner; but he knew his business. There was one word that controlled his theme—resurrection. Not a new creation; but a new life arising out of the old. The congregation had heard it often before. But there was a wonderful bit, a combination of sweet peas and lavender, in the sixth pew from the pulpit. It attracted much attention.

After church Danny lingered on a corner while Katy waited, with pique in her sky-blue eyes.

"Are you coming along to the house?" she asked. "But don't mind me. I'll get there all right. You seem to be studyin' a lot about something. All right. Will I see you at any time specially, Mr. McCree?"

"I'll be around Wednesday night as usual," said Danny, turning and crossing the street.

Katy walked away with the green roses dangling indignantly. Danny stopped two blocks away. He stood still with his hands in his pockets, at the curb on the corner. His face was that of a graven image. Deep in his soul something stirred so small, so fine, so keen and leavening that his hard fibres did not recognize it. It was something more tender than the April day, more subtle than the call of the senses, purer and deeper-rooted than the love of woman—for had he not turned away from green roses and eyes that had kept him chained for a year? And Danny did not know what it was. The preacher, who was in a hurry to go to his dinner, had told him, but Danny had had no libretto with which to follow the drowsy intonation. But the preacher spoke the truth.

Suddenly Danny slapped his leg and gave forth a hoarse yell of delight.

"Hippopotamus!" he shouted to an elevated road pillar. "Well, how is that for a hum guess? Why, blast my sky-lights! I know what he was driving at now."

"Hippopotamus! Wouldn't that send you to the Bronx! It's been a year since he heard it, and he didn't miss it so very far. We quit at 469 B. C., and this comes next. Well, a wooden man wouldn't have guessed what he was trying to get out of him."

Danny caught a cross-town car and went up to the rear flat that his labor supported.

Old man McCree was still sitting by the window. His extinct pipe lay on the sill.

"Will that be you, lad?" he asked.

Danny flared into the rage of a strong man who is surprised at the outset of committing a good deed.

"Who pays the rent and buys the food that is eaten in this house?" he snapped, viciously. "Have I no right to come in?"

"Ye're a faithful lad," said old man McCree, with a sigh. "Is it evening yet?"

Danny reached up on a shelf and took down a thick book labeled in gilt letters, "The History of Greece." Dust was on it half an inch thick. He laid it on the table and found a place in it marked by a

strip of paper. And then he gave a short roar at the top of his voice, and said:

"Was it the hippopotamus you wanted to be read to about then?"

"Did I hear ye open the book?" said old man McCree. "Many and weary be the months since my lad has read it to me. I dinno; but I took a great likings to them Greeks. Ye left off at a place. 'Tis a fine day outside, lad. Be out and take rest from your work. I have gotten used to me chair by the windy and me pipe."

"Pel-Peloponnesus was the place where we left off, and not hippopotamus," said Danny. "The war began there. It kept something doing for thirty years. The headlines says that a guy named Philip of Macedon, in 335 B. C., got to be boss of Greece by getting the decision at the battle of Cher-Cheronea. I'll read it."

With his hand to his ear, rapt in the

Peloponnesian War, old man McCree sat for an hour, listening.

Then he got up and felt his way to the door of the kitchen. Mrs. McCree was slicing cold meat. She looked up. Tears were running from old man McCree's eyes.

"Do ye hear our lad readin' to me?" he said. "There is none finer in the land. My two eyes have come back to me again."

After supper he said to Danny: "'Tis a happy day, this Easter. And now ye will be off to see Katy in the evening. Well enough."

"Who pays the rent and buys the food that is eaten in this house?" said Danny, angrily. "Have I no right to stay in it? After supper there is yet to come the reading of the battle of Corinth, 146 B. C., when the kingdom, as they say, became an in-integral portion of the Roman Empire. Am I nothing in this house?"

## LOOSE ME, APRIL

Loose me, April, set me free,  
Soul and step, to comrades these!  
Bid you maple's quivering fire  
Touch the ash of old desire  
Into leaping flame again,  
Coursing through each stinging vein!  
Loose me, April! I would speed  
Blithely where thy footsteps lead:  
Chase the butterflies that pass,  
Golden shuttles through the grass:  
Race the ripples as they run,  
Lithe brown Arabs in the sun:  
Clamber where the dogwoods blow,  
Twinkling galaxies of snow:  
Or, all breathless, unawed,  
Pierce the moss-hung boudoir, where  
Beauty, by a ferny pool,  
Braids her tresses, dusky-cool.

—Hilton R. Greer.

# The March of the Motor Truck

By

J. T. Stirrett

IF a Red Indian could be spirited to Toronto from his native wilderness without coming in contact with civilization, and set down so that he could obtain a clear and unimpeded view of an approaching five-ton motor truck, he would probably depart at high speed for the Happy Hunting Grounds to spread the report that the devil was abroad in the form of an enchanted cabin which shrieked as it ran along the white man's trails. For that matter, it is doubtful if the Ontario pioneer of fifty years ago, accustomed as he was to carry grain on his back to the nearest mill (perhaps twenty miles away) would regard the newest modern carrier with equanimity. An inspired mass of cogs and wheels, rolling along with a five-ton load, weaving in and out of the traffic of a great city, impelled by no visible motive power, stopping or starting at the touch of a lever, would be regarded as a phenomenon in an age less crowded with marvellous inventions than this. But the wonder-acted progeny of the twentieth century merely glances at the laboring giant and curses him for not doing more and doing it faster.

The motor truck, so far as Canadian cities are concerned, is still an experiment. Not a scientific experiment, but an economic experiment. It has been demonstrated that motor trucks can be built, that they will run, and that they can be used for commercial purposes. It has not been proved conclusively, in Toronto at least, that they are more economical than trucks drawn by horses.

What type of motor truck will prevail ultimately? This question narrows down to a controversy between the supporters of gasoline and electricity. Trucks operated by electricity are of two kinds, lead stor-

age battery and Edison storage battery. Agents for these rival types of truck will overwhelm any inquirer with arguments for their own machine and against that of their rival. Flaming prospectuses, rows of figures, demonstrations, tests and cajolery without limit will be projected at the unwary one who betrays even the slightest curiosity. But after all is said and everything is done, the careful investigator must admit that in all this accumulation of persuasion hope predominates over achievement and theory over experience. They believe they have a good thing. Great is their faith and they deserve credit for it. Without plunging into this maelstrom of arguments, and without espousing the cause of any type, it is proposed in this article to examine the results of tests made by certain Toronto firms with both gasoline and electric trucks for the purpose of ascertaining their actual cost of operation and maintenance with that of the equipment they replaced.

At the time of writing, all of the motor trucks in Toronto are operated by gasoline or lead storage batteries. The Edison storage battery has not been used to equip trucks here yet, although plans are being made to introduce it, and a small number of light automobiles possess this means of locomotion.

A few months ago a big electrical firm in Toronto decided to replace some of their horse wagons with electric trucks. It was found that a 1,500 pound electric truck operated by a storage battery would displace two horses and two single rigs. The following comparison was prepared by the company from the records of the cost of operating their vehicles. The time unit in each case is one month:

## ELECTRIC TRUCK.

Washing, oiling, watering and polishing, per month, -	\$13.82
Current consumed at 5c. per kilowatt hour, per month, -	8.35
Driver at \$500.00 per annum -	41.67
	<u>\$63.84</u>

## HORSE TRUCKS.

Washing, oiling, watering and polishing, per month, say -	\$10.00
Horse feed, grooming, etc., at \$10.00 per month, each, -	20.00
Two drivers, at \$500.00 per annum -	83.33
	<u>\$113.33</u>

From the above figures it will be observed that, so far as operating expenses are concerned, the electric truck seems to be more economical than what it displaced. But the truck cost \$3,000, while the two horses and the two rigs cost only \$1,150. Interest on the capital invested must be taken into account; also depreciation. The interest on the cost of the truck at 6 per cent. would amount to \$15 per month; on the cost of the horses and rigs, \$5.75. Depreciation in the case of the former would be \$37.00 per month; in the latter, \$15. Tires for the electric truck would cost \$30 per month. The cost of repairs for the electric truck would be balanced by the cost of repairs for the wagons and harness and veterinary bills and shoeing for the horses. In both cases this item would cost about \$10 per month. Consequently the actual monthly cost of maintenance and operation would be: electric truck, \$155.34; horses and rigs, \$144.08.

"We prefer the electric truck," said the manager of the company, "because it will go 40 miles per day and can run all night if necessary. 15 miles per day is all we care to drive a horse on the city payments. Therefore we get 40 miles out of the truck and only 30 miles out of the two horse wagons."

"Why did you not buy gasoline trucks?" he was asked.

"We believe that the cost of operation per ton mile is less with an electric than with a gasoline truck," he replied. "The electric truck is more easily controlled amid heavy traffic. Also it can be operated by an unskilled driver, which saves the cost of a chauffeur."

A great Toronto store is trying the experiment of carting heavy goods with five-ton gasoline trucks. It has not been very successful but the partial failure is due largely to special conditions connected with the business. In a variety of goods it is evident that there will be differences in weight. A large box of ostrich feathers weighs only a few ounces while a case of bolts weighs hundreds of pounds. It was found that five tons of merchandise could not be loaded on a five-ton truck without piling the boxes and bales to a dangerous height. Consequently, each truck the company owned was running for a considerable part of the time at about half its carrying capacity but at its full operating cost.

"We find that, all things considered, a five-ton gasoline truck costs us nearly double the amount necessary to operate and maintain two teams and two wagons which it replaces in our business," said the manager, "but we think that this is partly the fault of the design of the truck. It is not suited to our class of work. We do not think that our experiment has been unsuccessful because it has assured us that motor trucks will ultimately replace horses. Better designs will be manufactured and provision will be made for all kinds of business. We prefer motor trucks because of their speed, carrying capacity and the ease with which they can be guided through heavy traffic."

Each of these trucks cost \$4,000 and replaced two teams and two lorries, valued at \$2,000. The following is the comparative statement:

## GASOLINE TRUCK.

Driver - - - - -	\$75.00
Gasoline - - - - -	30.00
Depreciation - - - - -	66.66
Interest - - - - -	20.00
Repairs - - - - -	40.00
Tires - - - - -	40.00
Total cost per month - - - -	<u>\$271.66</u>

## TEAMS AND LORRIES.

Two drivers - - - - -	\$100.00
Depreciation - - - - -	20.00
Interest - - - - -	10.00
Care of horses - - - - -	40.00
Repairs - - - - -	25.00
Total cost per month - - - -	<u>\$195.00</u>

The manager of the above firm was asked why he did not buy electric trucks.

"I think that they are still an experiment," he replied, "and we do not want to invest heavily until we are certain that the experiment will prove successful. We want to be assured that a storage battery truck can be built which will go through deep snow or up steep hills as readily as gasoline motors."

A Toronto brewing firm, finding that owing to increase of business they had to hire from six to ten teams daily, decided to purchase two five-ton electric trucks, propelled by lead storage batteries. Each truck cost \$5,500 and does the work of two two-horse trucks and one single truck, costing \$2,350. The manager of the company furnished the following comparative statement of the cost of maintenance and operation:

## ELECTRIC TRUCK.

Depreciation	-\$41.66
Driver	60.66
Assistant	52.00
Batteries	20.83
Repairs	25.00
Interest	50.00
Total cost per month	-\$277.65

## HORSE TRUCKS.

Depreciation	-\$21.66
Drivers	187.00
Assistants	104.00
Feed and care of horses	50.00
Repairs	25.00
Interest	11.75

Total cost per month - - - \$379.41

The balance in favor of the electric truck requires explanation. The company uses a high voltage of electricity in the processes of brewing during the day. This is available for other purposes at night when the machinery is shut down. As the company have to pay for this surplus power in any case it costs them nothing to charge the storage batteries of their trucks at night. At five cents per kilowatt hour the current consumed by the storage batteries of a five-ton truck would cost about \$10 per month. Consequently, the actual comparative cost of operation and maintenance in cases where power can not be secured in the inexpensive manner avail-

able to the brewing company, would be approximately: electric truck per month, \$377.65; horse trucks replaced by it, \$379.41.

"We are so well pleased with the two five-ton trucks that we are purchasing two more," said the manager of the company, "but these will be operated by gasoline. We want to keep a detailed account of the comparative cost of electricity and gasoline as applied to very heavy trucks. When we find out which is the more economical we shall probably do away with most of our horse trucks. We consider that our business lends itself peculiarly to the big motor truck. Liquor in kegs is compact and an enormous weight can be put into a small space. We want to move heavy loads quickly. In buying motor trucks we are following the example of cartage companies in the United States, where 10,000 were manufactured last year."

The light gasoline car is being used for fast delivery. A Toronto newspaper company recently bought three cars in order to get copies of its publications to the branch offices in the suburbs with all possible speed.

"Each car will do the work of two single horse delivery wagons and do it faster," said the circulation manager. "This form of delivery is more expensive than the old method but we gain speed, the great consideration with us. Consequently, we believe that motor car delivery for long runs is actually economical."

Each of his cars cost \$2,500, and the wagons they replaced cost \$300. His comparative statement was as follows:

## MOTOR CAR.

Driver (afternoons)	-\$30.00
Depreciation and repairs	41.66
Garage	30.00
Tires	50.00
Gasoline	13.00
Interest	12.50
Total per month	-\$177.16

## HORSES AND WAGONS.

Drivers (afternoons)	-\$80.00
Rent of horses	35.00
Depreciation	5.00
Interest	1.50
Repairs	2.50
Total per month	-\$104.00

Under certain conditions the motor truck covers itself with glory. Four of these are a long haul, a smooth road, few stops and a heavy compact load. Not long ago the City Engineer of Toronto wanted a quantity of stone moved from one part of the city to another. He was hiring teams at \$5 per day and could not get enough of them. In despair he applied to the street commissioner for assistance and obtained the loan of two great gasoline auto trucks. For several days these trucks did the work of sixteen teams, saving the city \$80 per day in team rent. They proved themselves immeasurably superior to horses as transporters of stone.

The Toronto experiments seem to indicate that, for commercial purposes, gasoline is more expensive than horse flesh. Figures, compiled by a company from tests made in Brooklyn, N.Y., show the contrary. Conditions in Toronto and Brooklyn are similar but by no means identical. Cold winters and heavy snow fall have to be considered. Frost affects gasoline engines and deep snow discourages the electric vehicle. A short time ago, one of the great gasoline auto trucks, used by the Street Commissioner of Toronto to haul garbage in the winter, took a load to the "dump" on a bitterly cold day. While the driver was unloading the truck the engine was idle for a few minutes, and the frost cracked a cylinder. Our streets in winter are generally bad, owing to the mingling of snow and mud during the frequent thaws. The pavements are not in as good repair as those in Brooklyn. Consequently, the stress on the machinery of a motor truck is greater in Toronto than in Brooklyn. Then there is the duty, which must be added to the capital cost of the truck if it is shipped from the United States. The Brooklyn tests, showing the difference between the cost of operating and maintaining a three-ton gasoline truck, costing \$4,335, and two and a half horse trucks, costing \$2,175, is as follows:

## MOTOR TRUCKS.

Driver	-\$75.00
Gasoline	29.00
Lubricating oil	4.00
Battery, storage of	2.00
Repairs	25.00
Tire maintenance	35.00

Interest	21.88
Depreciation	72.35
Painting	8.00

Total cost per month - - - \$288.93

## HORSE TRUCKS.

Drivers	-\$175.00
Cost of keeping horses	90.00
Shoeing horses	24.00
Repairing wagons	12.50
Repairing harness	5.00
Interest	10.83
Depreciation on horses	31.50
Depreciation on equipment	13.75

Total cost per month - - - \$362.58

This comparison is favored by the higher cost and maintenance of horses in Brooklyn. In Toronto, horses can be kept for \$10 per month, as against \$15 in Brooklyn. Also, drivers for horse trucks can be secured in Toronto at about \$55 per month, while in Brooklyn they receive \$70 per month.

Drawing conclusions from insufficient premises is a pastime in which shrewd business men seldom indulge. The majority of them keep their convictions in a flexible condition until they have the evidence and then they give a rigid decision. The rich firms are experimenting and the poor firms are watching them with hopeful hearts. It seems clear enough that, except in very special cases, motor trucks are at present more expensive than horse trucks. Even here, the investigator is on uncertain ground. In the test of the electric company the cost per mile in a month for the electric truck is 15 cents; for the horse wagons, 18.4 cents. Thus, while the horses and wagons appear to be more economical by the first figures, in reality they seem to be more expensive, provided that the tonnage carried remains a constant factor. Ultimately, the cost per ton mile for a long period will be the true comparative test of initial outlay, and the price of operation and maintenance. This cannot be obtained in Canadian cities, where motor trucks have been in use only a few months.

Motor trucks are superior to horses in speed, an important consideration with departmental stores and other firms desiring wide and frequent delivery. But in such business frequent stopping and start-

ing runs up the cost of operation so high that, at present, substitution for horses would be impractical.

Bone and sinew cannot match a machine. During the last few hours of a busy day the efficiency of delivery horses decreases almost to a minimum. But the big truck is not so rugged as the beast. The former is in the hands of the garage expert more frequently than the horse is under the care of the veterinary surgeon. The great virtues of the horse, in comparison with the truck, are his cheapness and his reliability. He can usually get home. The motor truck often refuses to return, and remains stranded at the other end of the route. Then another truck has to be

sent for it. If the second breaks down a faithful steed must be despatched to tow them both home.

When it is demonstrated that the motor truck is as cheap as the horse and has approximately the same degree of reliability, the horse must go. Business men believe that this time will come within the next few years. They are adjusting their affairs with a view to substituting motor trucks for horse trucks just as soon, or perhaps a little before, it is economical to do so.

As to whether gasoline or electricity will triumph, they will have to fight it out.



## A MAIDEN

Oh, if I were the velvet rose  
Upon the red rose vine,  
I'd climb to touch his window  
And make his casement fine.  
And if I were the little bird  
That tritters on the tree,  
All day I'd sing my love for him  
Till he should hearken me.  
But since I am a maiden  
I go with downcast eyes,  
And he will never hear the songs  
That he has turned to sighs.  
And since I am a maiden  
My love will never know  
That I could kiss him with a mouth  
More red than roses blow.

—Sarah Teardale

# The Peregrine Twins

By

Hulbert Footner

I HAVE written what follows at the request of the young people principally concerned in the story. All the names have been changed, of course, and five years have passed; and since no one found it out at the time, there is small chance at this late day of the events being brought home to the real actors; and if they should be, it is no great matter now.

I was walking up the Avenue from the office on a gorgeous afternoon in October, when Bob Vesey hailed me from a taxi, and, making his chauffeur come about, drew up beside me at the curb, and commanded me to jump in. I obeyed, not a little surprised and flattered. Vesey and I had been pals at college, but, upon graduating, had set sail upon different courses. We still hung out at the same club, and were continually meeting here and there, but we had long since ceased to be at all intimate. The gilded favorite of fortune, with his good looks, his high spirits, and his millions, could hardly be expected to have much in common with a plodder like me. But I had never ceased to be fond of him, and from my humble corner had enjoyed the spectacle of his gay and triumphant progress. He was not conspicuous for modesty after five years of this, and they said he carried things with a high hand—but how could anything different have been expected?

Bob lost no time in coming to the point: "Orford, you have a tungsten mine in Colorado, haven't you?"

"Merely a good prospect," I said.

"What's holding it back?"

"I need a good man to go out there," I said. "Can't go myself, and can't afford to hire the right kind."

He flicked his gloves on his knee with a touch of diffidence that seemed strange

in him. "Suppose I went in with you on the deal; would you—would you call me a good man to go out there?"

I stared. "What?" I exclaimed. "And leave all this?" I waved my hand over the splendid, passing show. The lovely ladies were singing out our cash with an eager kindness they did not display when I rode alone.

"Sure thing!" he said.

I suppose I continued to look incredulous.

"It's not just a case of sore head," he went on. "It's been stewing for a long time. 'All this,' as you call it, has got on my nerves. I'm sick of the empty bustle, the futile bumbling about from noon until sunrise. The Avenue and the Great White Way don't represent life. I want to get down to ticks."

"Good business!" I said encouragingly.

He looked at me frankly, almost shyly. "I'm going to keep at you till I prove I'm in earnest. Any way, I hope we can see more of each other. We've sort of drifted apart lately, but I've always admired you, Tom. You stand on your own bottom. Hope you don't think I'm balmy—talking like this. The fact is, I've had a change of heart, as they say. It's been coming on a long time, and something clinched it. I'll tell you some time."

"*Cherchez la femme*," I said to myself.

Bob was as good as his word, and during the next few days we saw a lot of each other. Frank and boyish as ever, he was for no half-measures, but gave me his confidence completely. He looked into tungsten, and offered to take a half-interest on the spot, but I wanted to hold off until I was sure this was more than a passing impulse. One learns to be indulgent with the rich.

It was about two weeks later that we met at the Underdunk cotillion, the first affair of the season, given to introduce some niece or another. We made our bows together, and once more it was made clear to me that my social quotations jumped twenty points when I was in company with Bob Vesey.

"Mr. Vesey, Mr. Orford, so good of you to come!" said Mrs. Underdunk, that superb matron—bracketing us to save time. "You must both come back to me by and by, for I want to introduce you to my niece, Miss Bushrod, of Virginia, who is going to turn all your heads! Beautiful, spirited, and distractingly unconventional—so look out for yourselves!"

With the usual insane smiles, we torked away from her large, playful forefinger, and Bob, slipping his arm through mine, led me downstairs again. He knew the house.

"The bright particular star of the evening is evidently late in rising," he said carelessly. "We'll have half an hour before the jumblee commences. Let's have some smoke and talk."

We found two padded chairs in the corner of the vast, dim billiard-room, and lit up.

"Still strong for the higher things of life?" I queried, facetiously.

"Still leery of me, I see," he returned. He drew his chair closer to mine. "Look here, Tom, I'm going to tell you what happened to me last month," he said impulsively. "You're the only one I care to have know about it."

"Fire away!" I said, more pleased with his confidence than I would show. His story follows.

I went up to Wanaque in August to spend a month with my family. As a matter of fact, I stayed only three days, and they are all sore on me—but that's where the story comes in. I was motoring over to Tuxedo to play polo when it happened. Do you know that country? Rather decent roads. I burst a tire half way up a long hill over the Ramapo Mountains, and was stalled for an hour. God-forsaken country; hills, stones and scrub—no house in miles. Well, there I sat, smoking, and cursing my luck, and raving Trudeau while he worked—he's

my mechanic, and he gets a heap more out of life on his twenty-five per than I do on my twenty-five hundred—when suddenly I heard a woman's voice below.

It was one of those rich mezos that draw the very heart out of your breast, and the song was a teasing, dreamy Southern lullaby—'pon my word, Tom, it made a shiver of delight run up and down my spine. I looked over my shoulder and saw an old white horse drawing a shabby wagon, like a grocer's delivery, come slowly around a bend in the road. The song was suddenly called in. You can imagine how eagerly I waited for the outfit to come up.

Presently I made out that two youngsters sat on the seat—boy and girl. They looked very much alike, both slim, dark, and ardent; brother and sister undoubtedly, and probably twins; but while he was only a boy, she was woman complete—and such a woman! By Gad! when she raised her eyes they shone like two fireflies in the dusk, and her mouth was the most perfect shape of red in the world. She carried a three-seasons-old hat like a crown, and wore a Gad print dress like a blooming creation. It was her eyes that got you; brave, defiant, and clear; they were the eyes of a youngster who would dare anything.

As they drove by, she glanced at me with perfect candor and blankness, while the boy kept his eyes self-consciously in front of him. The wagon had a dingy white canvas top without any lettering, and different-shaped bundles stuck out behind, as if the young couple were moving. The horse was a good horse, and well fed, but old. I can see the outfit now!

Have you ever had a perfectly insane impulse, and given way to it? Probably not. You must remember I was sitting there absolutely disgusted with the world as I found it when this lovely young creature with the celestial voice came along in her old clothes, giving off the joy of living like a radiator in a frosty room. Without a second thought, I grabbed my suitcase—I was going to stay to dinner and dance—and hopped out on the road. "When you get her blown up, take the car back," I said to Trudeau. "I'll walk. It's only a few miles."

I overtook the grocer's wagon before it got to the top of the hill. As I came

alongside, the girl looked at me sideways with a little twinkle. I suppose I made a comical figure, walking along in my polo togs, with a white blanket coat over all, but I didn't care, because I saw that she liked me—you can't mistake that look. It kept up my nerve.

"How do you do?" I said, lifting my cap to Brother. "I am Robert Vesey. I'm on my way to Tuxedo to play polo, and my car has broken down. Will you give me a lift?"

The boy pulled up. He was inclined to be suspicious of me, but was perfectly polite. "We are going to New City," he said; "but we can put you half way along your road."

He insisted on giving up his place to me, while he sat on the footboard, with his foot on the shafts. He was diffident and ill at ease, but the girl beside me made friends instantly, like a fearless, well-bred child.

"We have heard of you, Mr. Robert Vesey," she said, a little mockingly.

"In the newspapers," added her brother.

"You mustn't believe all you read," I said, a bit anxiously.

She laughed. "I'm glad to have had a look at you," she said.

In order to change the subject, I remarked about the song I had heard.

"Did you like it?" she asked carelessly.

I begged her to go on with it, and without any fuss she lifted her breast, and poured out those warm, velvety tones, while I sat beside her, quite foolish with delight.

"Join in the chorus, Pon," she said, prodding her brother.

He had a boyish baritone, not quite past the ready stage, but fresh and true.

"Do you sing?" she asked me abruptly, when she had come to the end.

I saw it was as sure a way as any to win their hearts, and I promptly gave them the Mermidi, and taught them the rollicking chorus. I followed it up by teaching them the piece we sang at college, and long before the old white horse reached the fork of the roads we were singing and laughing together like three old chums. The boy forgot his diffidence, and, climbing astride the old horse, faced us and beat time. The woods rang with our foot-

ish laughter—hers was like a peal of golden bells, Tom. I tell you there is nothing to break the ice like singing together.

I suppose it's because I'm a kid at heart myself that I know how to win them. Any way, when we got to the dividing of the roads, they made no secret of their regret. To delay the moment of parting, they asked me to share their lunch, and down we sat in the grass, and ate bread and jelly, ginger-naps and apples. Never tasted anything so good in my life.

You can imagine I was full of curiosity concerning my charming young friends—who and what they were—but on this subject they were mum. They seemed like our kind right enough, but, then, there were the shabby old clothes to account for, and, besides, you could hardly imagine any of our youngsters being allowed to gyp it on the roads, however they might want to. Finally, part of the secret came out.

"That Mermidi song would be a good thing to work in when we strike the seaside," remarked the girl.

"Work in?" I queried.

"We haven't introduced ourselves, have we?" she said, with her provoking smile.

"We're the Peregrines' traveling show: moving pictures, plantation melodies, and palmistry. We show in New City to-night, Haverstraw Wednesday, Tompkins Cove Thursday, Highland Falls Friday, and Cornwall on Saturday—just the little places."

That was kind of a knockout blow, Tom. The thought of such a jolly, wandering life was in itself maddeningly attractive at that moment—and then to be with her all day! 'Pon my word, for a moment I was, as the story-tellers say, dumb with longing. Then I had insane impulse number two. I should have hesitated before trying it on with sophisticated grown-ups, but youngsters have open minds.

"Take me with you," I stammered. The boy looked startled, the girl demure.

"You have to play polo this afternoon," said she.

"It was only a practice game—they can get a dozen in my place," I said. "I can telephone or wire from the first town."

"Would you come in those clothes?" she asked testingly.

"Sure thing!" I said. "It would call attention to the show."

She laughed.

"I have evening clothes in the bag, that I could wear at the concert," I added. "I'll sing, and take tickets, and work the picture machine. I'll travel ahead of the show and make arrangements. You simply can't get along without me."

The boy turned me down flat. It was his sister he was thinking of, I could see, and I respected him for it. Nevertheless, I was determined to go. I wheedled and cajoled and made him laugh. He was a manly kid, but he was no match for one so much older. No one can resist me when my heart is set on a thing. I beat him down with my good humor, and he began to weaken at last.

"We make very little," he objected, with a frown.

"Good heavens! I don't want to make anything!" I cried.

"If you did come, we should insist on your taking your share," he said stiffly.

I saw it would be useless to press that point. "Very well," I said; "but not a whole third, for you are supplying the outfit. I'll take one-fifth, and you two-fifths each."

"Let me consult with my sister," he said.

I jumped up and left them together. I had no doubts about what she would say, for I thought she was pretty strong for me. Ye gods! what a delightful time I was prouising myself on the road! Presently there called me back, and I saw that it was all right. I was engaged for a week's trial, and we hit the trail for New City, with much laughter and song.

Well, Tom, I made good at the very first stand. My solo tour alone created a sensation in that humble village, and a crowd followed me whenever I stopped out-of-doors. At night we'd have had to hang out S. R. O. signs—only there wasn't any. It was the mood they had taken in anywhere, they said.

The program opened with the pictures, and I made myself useful clanking rag off the ivories. Before that, it seems, they had had only a hanjo. Then came the

musical numbers. Oh, you should have seen that precious pair of kids tipped back in their chairs on the little stage, strumming banjos, and crooning their lary, darky songs! (The boy wore a tight dress-suit of the vintage of 1870 or thereabouts, and the girl had on a muslin dress with red ribbons, almost as old-fashioned, but mighty becoming. With-out the awful hat she had worn in the cart, she looked doubly adorable. I closed the hall with the Mermaid, and afterwards Peggy, in a gypsy make-up, threw the yokels' palms for a quarter a throw. Did I tell you her brother called her Peggy?

The only blot on our enjoyment was the hotel. All village hotels are much alike. However, when we set out in the early sunshine, that was all forgotten. The finest thing was camping at noon. On this day we chose the summit of a grassy hill, with half of Rockland County spread at our feet, in a hazy green panorama. I built a fire, and Peggy baked scones in a frying-pan before it. How sweet it was to lie in the grass and watch her bustling about! She was conscious of my admiring eyes, and a little confused, but she liked it.

Pen and I were the best of friends, too. The nicest thing about those youngsters was the implicit way in which, having once taken me into partnership, they trusted me. Surely that was the best defense their inexperience could have had, for none but an out-and-out ruffian could have dreamed of betraying their confidence. At the same time, when I realized the extent of their innocence, I was glad it was I that was looking after them, instead of some of the men I knew.

That was my life for three delightful weeks. Business was uniformly good. In Haverstraw, particularly, we did so well that I arranged to play a return date, and we opened an account in the local bank. The jumps between villages were short, so we loafed all day on the road, footing it for the most part, and lingering in our noonday camps. Often we got innocent-ly drunk on fresh air and sunshine, and on drowsy stretches of road would give ourselves up to foolishness, singing at the top of our lungs, and laughing just for the sake of laughing. Other times we be-

came as serious, and evolved weighty theories of life over the camp-fire.

It seemed to me that I found something I had lost for years; that I had not really lived before since I was a kid. And to read the papers you'd think that Mrs. Oonderdonk's cotillion represented the quintessence of life. What a delusion! Give me the woods and the green fields and my wilful Peggy to make love to—all the while making believe not to. I was just drifting; I felt sure I had only to hold up my finger and she would come to me, but I held off; it was such fun to tease her by pretending I didn't care.

In one way my young friends were as reticent as they were frank in another. Tempt them as I might with confidence of my own, I never got anything about their antecedents from them in return. I did not even succeed in learning their name. Whenever I addressed Peggy as Miss Peregrine, she merely showed all her beautiful white teeth in a provoking smile. I made up my mind they must have come of first-rate old stock, which had dropped out of the race. There are lots like that—salt of the earth, you know, but poor and obscure, and no longer able to keep up appearances.

Meanwhile the weather continued fine, and the young September moon began to come out o' nights. In one village, which shall be nameless, we finally reached the limit in the way of a hotel. One sniff was enough for Peggy.

"I will not sleep in such a beery, sawdusty, stale-cloppy hole, and that's flat!" she announced.

"There's no help for it," said Pen.

"The stores are still open," said Peggy. "You can buy blankets. We'll camp out, and I'll cook for you. I'll sleep in the wagon, and you two can roll up by the fire."

"Bravo!" I cried. I was thinking of the moonlight.

But when I saw how genuinely distressed young Pen was at the idea, I had not the heart to encourage her any further. I left them to have it out between them—sacredly hoping that she would get her way. It was a hotly-contested battle—they were very much alike, and evenly matched—but in the end the blankets were bought. Then my conscience did

reproach me for not having thrown the weight of my influence on his side. It was a barren-scurum thing to do; but, as you have guessed, we were all slightly mad by this time, and no longer able to see things straight. And, really, the prospect of camping out with Peggy was so enchanting, I had not the strength of mind to oppose it. Any way, the proprieties were duly observed so long as her brother was along—at least, that was what I told myself.

Having won the first engagement, Peggy followed up her advantage, and for three nights running we camped out. Oh, Tom, what nights—the happiest of my life! Once we pitched at the edge of a meadow, with a grove of pine trees behind us; once with a little river making a pleasant song beyond the fire, and once on top of a hill, with a whole sea of moonlight beneath us. It was so fine we could not bear to go to bed; only Pen, who, like most boys of his age, was a good sleeper, would always drop off after supper, leaving Peggy and me to talk by the fire.

There she would sit with a coat thrown over her shoulder, her arms around her knees, and the firelight rosy on her face. I suddenly found that unexpected forces were at work within me; that I was being pulled up by the very roots. I lost my serene feeling of mastery; I was now she who had me on the run. In the midst of our slang and laughter, a terrible hunger for her would strike me dumb. I forgot about the difference in our positions. I only wanted her.

And she was clever, Tom! One night I said, "Peggy, I'm getting sentimental."

"Don't, Bob!" she said. "I hate taffy!" She had made an effort to keep up the forms, but on the road together as we had been, it was impossible. It was "Peggy" and "Bob" by this time.

"I'm the taffy, and you're the fire," I said. "If they put me near you, I must begin to bubble."

"Well, don't boil over, or you'll get burnt," she said calmly; "and burnt taffy has a horrid smell!"

The last night was the camp on the hill. You should have heard the crickets and the katydids and the whip-poor-wills, and all the little bugs and birds in their symphony concert. Peggy seemed gent-

ler this night, and I felt more sure of myself, and able to lord it over her again. We were disputing about her palmistry stunt; she never could be got to admit that there was any faking in it.

"Dare you to read mine," I said, holding it out.

"Can't see it," she said evasively. "The fire flickers so."

I put on a hardwood stick that presently made a clear, bright flame. "Now try!" I said.

She still shook her head. "I don't like to read the hands of people I know. I confuse what I know about them in other ways, with what I see in their hands."

"I don't care," I said. "Tell me what you know about me, however you've learned it."

She looked at me oddly. "Do you want the truth?" she asked.

"Go as far as you like," I said.

She bent her head over my hand. She did not take it in here, as I hoped she would. There was something remote and inscrutable in her face; I had the feeling that some goddess had dropped down from her star to tell me my fate—but, goddess or not, I meant to pay her with a kiss.

This is the gist of what she told me, Tom: "I see good fortune—health, wealth and many friends. A greater capacity for receiving friendship is indicated, than for returning it. This is the hand of a dabbler in life, of one who has never been obliged to form a steady purpose and to stick to it. Many amiable qualities are shown, but the directing Will is absent. Vanity is strong—the insidious kind of vanity that affects to despise the flattery it thrives upon."

You see, I have not spared myself, Tom, in telling you. But fancy the darling of a girl of nineteen to tell me that to my face! And I thought she was in love with me! It was like an icy shower, and I shivered under it. Then the reaction set in, and I tingled all over. I was furious, but she met my eyes unflinchingly.

"It's true," she said.

In my heart I loved her a hundred times more for her courage. She was no longer a pretty youngster to be indulged, but the one woman in the world for me. I braced my shoulders.

"Give me credit for taking it like a man," I said.

She looked at me in a startled way. "Don't you hate me for telling you?" she asked.

I shook my head. "I think you're the pluckiest woman I ever met," I said. And then—well, with all the eloquence I could muster, I asked her to marry me.

She turned me down, Tom. She said, "I would never marry the kind of man who takes women for granted."

"I've had my lesson," I said. "No danger of that now."

"There's another reason—more important," she said. "I will never marry outside of my own position in life."

I'll spare you the rest of it. I expect I acted a good deal like the spoiled child who is denied the moon. She never wavered; the best she would say was that if we ever met as perfect equals, I might ask her again.

That's the end of the story. I left them next morning. But the lesson I learned is still strongly before me. That's why I'm going to Colorado to work.

When Bob finished his story, we sat smoking in silence. We had the big billiard-room entirely to ourselves now. There was nothing I could say that would improve the situation, so I simply clapped him on the shoulder to show my sympathy.

Presently little Jennison came bustling up to us, puffing out his cheeks like a chipmunk. In our hearts we cursed him.

"Been looking all over the house for you," he said importantly. "Mrs. Onderdonk asked me to bring you to her—you and Orford."

"Come on, let's get it over with," Bob whispered; and we went upstairs.

The debonair had her back to us as we entered the room. It was a slim and beautiful back, and on the top of it poised a little, black-wreathed head as graceful as a flower. She was clad in a wonderful arrangement of dark blue and silver. As Mrs. Onderdonk spoke our names, the girl turned with a dazzling smile—not for me!

Bob's hands dropped to his sides, and he went perfectly white—then crimson.

"You?" he stammered.

She dropped him a funny little curtsy.

"Mr. Vesey and I are old friends," she said to Mrs. Onderdonk.

As they walked away together, I heard Bob say, "You witch! did you know all the time that you would meet me here?"

She said, "I decline to answer."

I had no more speech with Bob during the evening, though, Heaven knows, I heard of nothing else. His devotion to the beautiful Miss Bushrod furnished sensational matter to the wagging tongues. Towards morning, as I was getting my things in the dressing-room, I ran into him.



## AT THE LAST

At last; the doctor drops my nerveless hand, And turns to face the group about the bed.

Simple the words and very low the voice,

I can just catch the whispered phrase, "He's dead."

A woman shrieks; is hurried from the room—

I scarcely knew her and am moved to grin—

Save that the lips and eyes do not respond

In this vague vastness I am floating in.

The momentary hush is broke with words;

The preacher mumbles out some pretty prayer.

I feel, not see, a presence close beside,

And her soft hands are lost among my hair.

So this is death that I have pondered on

In puny terror through the little years;

Here nothing comes to break the perfect rest,

Save the dear music of a woman's tears.

—James P. Haveron.



## Himself

By Helen E. Williams

SOMEbody, from the other car, pushed open the door, and for a moment there came to him a whiff of spring.

"Without are the wind and the wallflowers,  
The leaves, and the nests, and the rain,  
And in all of them God is making  
His beautiful purpose plain.

But I wait in a horror of strangeness,  
A tool on his workshop floor....."

Who was it who had said that? He knew. And yet in the six full years of his professional life he, Paul Henneker, had thought that *he* knew. People had said so. "We always like to have Dr. Henneker because he *understands*." That was what they said. That was what was generally felt. And now he knew. He had wondered a little several times. Once he had thought, "If I was not immune to the ills wherewith flesh is heir to I could persuade myself—"  
It had got no farther than that. He had always been so well. All his life. And then his being a doctor. If he had not been a doctor—well, there was no use going into that now. What was that in Ramsey Bridge? That place where Hugh taunts Denton, when his turn comes to be worked off? "See the luncheon when it comes to himself?" Yes, it was another story then—another story.

He had felt so particularly well that day in March—the irony of it!—that he had, just for the sport of the thing, snowshoed over to his diphtheria

cases on the cross-road. His horse had been up all the night before with the roads—well, what roads were in the Township in March—But he could have done it easily. If he had—no, there was no earthly use going into that either.

He remembered that when the more distant hills began to blur with the oncoming storm he had exulted. He loved the wind in his face, the taste of snow on his lips, the need to exert himself to reach his destination, get his work done, and be back home again before the early darkness should be upon him. Even on the way back, when he knew he could do it easily, he had pressed forward as if impelled by some unseen hand, driven by some sinister fate. Perhaps if he had gone more slowly he would have seen that the snowed over ditch into which he fell was only snowed over. He saw it plainly enough afterward, when he crawled out with a broken ankle. Somehow, after hours of painful effort, he had dragged himself to the roadside where, still later, he was picked up by a farmer and taken home on his sledge in a comatose condition. But even then, he remembered, he had thought it was only a matter of a broken ankle and perhaps grip—nothing like *this*. Good God! How could he? This meant—death.

The train was going more slowly now. They had begun the incline. There was none of that mad, joyous speeding, that sensation as of rushing along with life itself, such as there had been in the valley. One sensed readjustment, a settling down, all energy, as it were, subverted into just going. After the poetry of life, the prose. Yes. They were climbing. Through the window he could begin to look down on little amber streams threading the gorges, could see mayflowers dance themselves down to the very car windows. A purer air crept into the car, an air that chilled by the suggestiveness of its very purity.

In past years he had sent many of his patients up here. He recalled one case in particular. He was seeing a young fellow, whose meteoric career at McGill was temporarily interrupted, off at the Windsor station. His own words came back to him. "You've

got to fight it, up and down, first and last, and all the time between while. A losing battle, you say? No good trying? Tell that to somebody else. You've played football. You used to be a crackerjack at hockey. Did you play less hard when the game was 'dud against you? Not on your life you didn't! And you're not going to now. You're going up there, and you're going to win out." And now here he was coming himself.

The train strained forward. Now it took them through deep tunnels, where the yellow sunlight was quite shut out. Now it bore them across picturesque ravines. Now through a midnight of sombre pines. But always it carried them upward. Late in the afternoon it stopped.

They were there.

With an effort Dr. Henneker rose. He reached up for his hat and overcoat. As he lifted his grip his eye fell on the foreign hotel labels with which it was bespattered. There would soon be another. He waited until the hectic-looking man and the girl with the grievous cough had passed, and then followed out in their wake. He was expected at the Sanitarium, but had not looked to be met by anything but the public conveyance. So when the man he had singled out from the platform as one of his own profession came forward and shook hands cordially, he was a little surprised, and still more so at his words.

"Dr. Pierce, of course. Just come this way, Dr. Pierce. We will send your things on up and set out at once. Your train was quite half an hour late, and there's little enough time to lose. I had a bad moment just now before I saw you. I have heard of your close shaves, and thought that this time you ran it a bit too close. Mighty good thing you didn't! We should have lost the woman, for I could never have operated alone."

He stopped out of breath, and Dr. Henneker, who had been trying in vain to speak, seized this opportunity to get in a word edgewise.

"I think there must be some mistake," he began, "I am—"

"Yes, I remember. You touched on that in your letter. You thought our diagnosis at fault, at least incomplete. You thought the root of the trouble lay deeper, that we should operate for cancer as well as—but we won't go into that now. Excuse me, I'll see that your things are sent up, and then—"

He was not gone long, but long enough for Dr. Henneker to think to a purpose and arrive at some sort of a decision.

"See here," he said, when the other had joined him, "I'd like to know just where I stand, Dr.—or —."

"McCowan," filled in his companion, adding, with a smile, "the stories I have heard of your memory are not far out of the way, I see."

"Um. No. Now about this operation, Dr. McCowan. You say that it is serious. Can't you get in another doctor? I came, but the truth is I'm a bit seedy—touch of grip, you understand?—and if you could call in someone else I'd rather not—"

"Heavens, man! this isn't a time to think of yourself! It's a matter of life or death, I tell you. In the city I suppose you look at these things differently," he went on more mildly, "you pick and choose, so to speak. Now, with us a life is a life."

"I've come to realize that," Henneker said quietly. "But I'm game," he added, a light coming into his eyes, "only I wish you run through the case again with me. You went over it fairly minutely before, I suppose, but, well, you know my failing."

"Oh, all right. Just as you say. We can talk as we go along. Hope you don't mind a little climbing? The house is off the main road and we save time that we can't well afford to lose by taking this short cut."

And so they started out. If Dr. Henneker did not always keep up with him, if on the steeper grades he was overtaken by fits of violent coughing, his companion was too pre-occupied with the subject

in hand to pay much attention. Though after one of these spasms he did say, "George, but you *have* got a cough."

"Come on like this sometimes," gasped Henneker. "I do myself proud when I really get torted."

"I should think you did! But to go back to what you were saying—" And once more they engaged in a discussion which lasted until they reached their destination.

Of all the multifold divisions and subdivisions of his profession the thing that Paul Henneker loved best of all to do was surgery. For the rest he had the born physician's inherent liking. For surgery he had something more. It absorbed him. It lifted him above himself. For the time he was as one inspired. He did everything right for the simple reason that he could not do it wrong. Dr. McCowan, watching him that afternoon, was filled with envy. He held his peace, however, until, everything well over, they had left behind them a thankful household and were again climbing hills. Then his thought found utterance.

"You had it in you to do a masterly piece of work like that," he exploded, "and yet you were fussed about coming! If there had been any alternative would have denied yourself the joy of your art—for it was a joy. I could see that."

"Yes. It was a joy. And I used to think it was a little thing to be able, allowed, to do one's work! *Little!* What more could a man possibly ask?" Then abruptly, in an altered voice, "is it much further to the Sanitarium?"

"We are just there. Of course you will stay over the night?"

"I—Yes. Over the night."

"We are full up now," continued the other. "Which reminds me. We were expecting a patient from down your way. You didn't happen to see anything of him, did you?"

Receiving no reply he turned and saw that his companion was swaying as he stood, saw that the

handkerchief that he held pressed to his lips was stained with a crimson something that deepened while he looked. Too horrified even to speak he took him by the arm and half supported, half carried him the remaining few steps to the Sanitarium. As they entered an attendant came forward to meet them.

"Dr. Pierce telephoned that he missed his train and there was no other to-night, and he wanted to know if it would be too late if he came up to-morrow?"

"Missed his train! Then who the deuce is this?" A glint of humor for an instant shined in Henneker's eyes.

"The patient," he coughed.

They got him to bed. They did everything they could. But everything, in this case, was not enough. Hemorrhage followed hemorrhage. Before morning he died. Once, between paroxysms, feeling the doctor's troubled eyes upon him, he smiled.

"Don't look so reproachful, McCowan."

"It was a reckless thing to do," fulminated the doctor, "a heastly, heroic thing!"

Henneker did not reply at once. He seemed to be thinking.

"No. Not reckless," he said reflectively, "I was bound to be snuffed out sooner or later. And not heroic, for I'm not that sort of chap. I don't much expect I can make you understand. But it was just sheer hankering to have it all of some use. That was what cut me up. I couldn't see the use of it.—What makes you look so queer?" he broke off to ask.

"Nothing. I was just thinking of something George Eliot wrote about 'the greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have been a hero.' Somehow you made me think of it."



# The Business Problems of the Day

By

George W. Perkins

*Mr. Perkins is generally regarded as one of the ablest business men of the age. He was for many years senior partner with J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, from which he retired a few years ago. He is chairman of the finance committee of the great U. S. Steel Corporation; president of the International Harvester Co., and a director of many other industrial corporations. He is now devoting much of his time to the larger commercial problems of the day.*

THE business men of the United States and Canada have been deeply concerned for a number of years—and this concern has been growing rather than lessening—over two problems: first: The relations between capital and labor; second: The relations between business and government.

Many of us believe that we have reached a point where the agitation that has been going on in connection with both of these problems must abate and some practical solution be found, or serious results will follow. It is comparatively easy to point out trouble, to locate defects, to prophesy disaster. It is quite another thing to point out a safe and sane way out of trouble, correct the defects, and avoid the disaster. It is so easy to tear down; it is so difficult to build up.

I, for one, believe that our statesmen and politicians have not sufficiently studied the causes underlying our present troubles; and you would not take, with much hope of satisfactory or permanent relief, the prescription of a physician who had not first carefully and thoroughly diagnosed the cause of your illness.

Our lawmakers, in both the nation and the state, have vied with one another for a number of years in enacting legislation the tendency of which has been to restrict,

contract and limit the business men's activities. During these very same years our inventors have vied with one another (and with unprecedented success) in placing in the hands of business men various instruments which broaden and expand the business man's activities. The clashing of these two great forces is largely responsible for present conditions. While laws have been enacted, having as their purpose the prevention of business getting together, we have had the uses of steam and electricity so perfected that the business world has been irresistibly drawn together; and the attempts of man to make laws that will nullify conditions that have come about through the conquest of the mysteries of nature, will never succeed.

Electricity in the hands of man has been the creator of our modern corporations. It is the mind, not the body, that does business, and electricity has emancipated the mind from the body and given it wings. If a lot of good people will think a little more, if they will be logical, they will have to conclude that even a literal enforcement of the anti-trust laws would not accomplish their desires. What they really want, in order to actually attain their ends, is a new law making it a penal offence to use steam or electricity.

Just a simple little law like that would be one certain way of solving our present problems.

One would think, from the political teachings of the last ten years and the laws enacted during that time, that we were confronted with a new order of man, full of evil purpose, and that, having been endowed by the Almighty with almost superhuman mental powers, he was in a fair way to accomplish his evil purpose. What are the facts? Simply these: That what has happened, has happened through evolution. The great business combinations of the day have come about naturally and solely because of the inventions of our time that are applicable to business uses. There is not a man in this assembly who will not realize, if he will stop to think a moment, that his father, had he been five times as able as he was, could not have begun to accomplish in business what his son can accomplish today, for the simple and sole reason that he had not the machinery with which to supplement his mental ability. Our forefathers had no stenographers, no typewriting machines; they had not the telegraph, the telephone, the 20th Century Limited, nor the ocean greyhound.

The first crying requisite for doing business is inter-communication. It is by this means that you get a customer, and the more readily you can get at your customer and the larger the number of customers you can readily get at, the more business you can do. In the day of the stage coach and all the lack of inter-communication that went with that period, it was utterly impossible for any one man or group of men to do a large business. There can be no possible question about that. To-day a man in any line of business, resident at any given point, has only to have the desire to quote a price on his wares to almost any point in the civilized world and he can do it in the morning and have his answer by night. Thus, inter-communication has developed by leaps and bounds from a radius of a few miles to a distance only bounded by the circumference of the earth; and it is a striking fact that our business concerns have just about kept pace in their growth and development with the growth and development of inter-communication.

Only a few days ago the news was heralded that a man had perfected an invention by which a number of people could talk over one telephone wire at the same time without interrupting one another, and that this invention was to be patented, not for the benefit of any one man or corporation, but for the free use of the people of the United States.

If what I have said thus far is sound, is correct, it proves that we are living in an essentially "get together" age. The more closely people are thrown together and the larger the number of people who are thrown closely together, the more imperative it becomes that they learn how to get on together; for if they do not get on together and there is trouble, that trouble will be more serious and will affect more people than if a small community had failed to get on together and trouble had broken out.

With our social and business world drawn so closely together by hands of steel and streams of electricity, we must look for the solution of our problems to ways and means that will enable us to get on together; for we are not going backwards, we are not going to abandon the wireless and the 20th Century Limited; we are going on even to the practical navigation of the air, if that be possible.

Some of us who believe that these conditions are practical and not theoretical ones—conditions that will change only in that they will become more pronounced in their tendencies, have been taking a look ahead for the welfare of our country and the coming generations and have been forced to the conclusion that the day of ruthless competition has served its purpose and that we must, with all possible expedition, get away from it to a more humane method of doing business. Ruthless competition by ox-team could never be very serious, but ruthless competition by electricity means bankruptcy. Competition at best means the success of one, the failure of another; it means cruelly low wages at one time; with the public paying the bills at another time; it means uncertainty always.

It is said for competition that it prevents monopoly and that monopoly would mean fleecing the public all the time. This is the crux of the question. Compe-

tion that competes, that is real, that is earnest, under present conditions of life would be too destructive to be tolerated. Monopoly, complete and unrestrained, under private ownership or management, would alike be intolerable under present conditions of life. Some other method must be found, and it would seem to lie through the medium of co-operation. By co-operation I mean a system of doing business by which all parties interested will enjoy the benefits of the business; and I believe we have reached a stage of development in this country where we can safely undertake the organization of our business fabric along these lines.

The millennium has not yet arrived, but no thoughtful man will deny that there has been a great awakening of the business conscience in recent years. The old motto, "Honesty is the best policy," in place of being more or less a beautiful sentiment, is coming to be more of a practical reality. The day has come when to be honest means not technically, legally honest, but broadly, humanely honest—honest in thought, in purpose, in act. Men are still selfish, and this must be seriously reckoned with in calculating what he will do in his relationship with his fellows. There is, however, such a thing as enlightened selfishness and such a thing as enlightened selfishness. I believe that with the awakening of the business conscience is coming what might be called an enlightened selfishness—by which I mean a realization that for one's own best pecuniary interests the methods of the past cannot be the methods of the future; that as we are living in a "get together" age we must do business on a "live and let live" basis, and that one's own selfish interest makes the doing of business on a co-operative basis more profitable in the long run than on the basis of ruthless competition.

But just as surely as you cannot have competition unless it competes, so just as surely you can only have co-operation that co-operates. I mean by this, co-operation in any given line of business will fail unless it is co-operation between labor and capital, between capital and consumer, between company and government. Co-operation between labor and capital cannot be effected by the mere

paying of wages and by the giving of gratuities or voluntary rewards at the end of the year. The great educational systems fostered by the state and wealthy individuals, have made tremendous strides in the last quarter of a century in developing the independent thinker among the masses, with the result that the question between capital and labor to-day is not so much the amount of wage a man should be paid as it is whether that wage is a fair proportion of the earnings of the business. The closer the world is drawn together and the better people know each other, the better they understand each other, and the more impossible it is to adopt and pursue secretive methods—to obtain for any one branch of a business unfair and improper profits; and one of the things that inter-communication has done has been to sound the death knell of secretive methods. More and more is public opinion demanding full, open and honest accounting from business concerns, and the more far-sighted business concerns that adopted such methods a few years ago are having less trouble with their labor and the public than other concerns, because both their labor and the public know what the profits of the business are and what percentage of it labor is receiving in wages.

Practical experience in recent years in certain large industrial companies has shown that a fair wage, supplemented by a profit-sharing plan, will go a very long way toward promoting harmony between capital and labor. By profit-sharing I do not mean bonuses or gratuities, but rather a definite statement made to an organization at the beginning of a year as to what is expected of it, and that, if such expectations are realized, certain extra compensation will be paid, and paid, not in cash that can be immediately spent, but put in some security that represents an investment in the business in which the man is working. Most profit-sharing plans have failed because they did not in point of fact make a partner out of the worker.

Broadly speaking, I believe that an industrial company should be organized in the following manner, viz.: The remuneration of brain workers and hand workers should be paid their regular compensation for earning the interest on the lend-

ed debt and dividends on preferred stock. If, by successful management, they earn more than this it would, under modern arrangements, go to what are known as common stockholders; and at this point the organization of brain workers and hand workers should share with the common stockholders in the profits made for the common stockholders, and share on a definitely stated basis, varying according to conditions in different lines of business. Where this has been tried it has been eminently successful, and as the question is simply one of handling human nature, what can be done in one line of business in this way can be done in another.

As regards the relations of business to the government, I again believe that publicity, full and frank, will go a very long way toward correcting any evils that exist and preventing any that may threaten. Each day it becomes more and more apparent that all questions in this country must be settled at the bar of public opinion. If our laws regulating large business concerns provide for proper and complete publicity, so that the labor of a concern would know what was being done, so that governmental authorities would know what was being done, so that stockholders would know what was being done, and the public, which was being served, would know what was being done, many of our present difficulties would disappear; and in place of this being an element of weakness to any given business concern, it would be an element of strength, for, under such conditions, a set of managers operating a given business, if they were able enough mentally to be successful managers, would soon come to realize that they could only succeed by being fair to one and all.

I believe, further, that there is more safety to the public and to labor in having very large business enterprises than in having small or medium-sized ones; for the larger the undertaking is the more generally it is observed and the more thoroughly its affairs are scrutinized. Then, too, the large concern provides more steady employment for labor and minimizes to almost nothing the chance of financial collapse and failure. Of course, proper precautions must be taken to prevent the very results that might come from unre-

stricted monopoly, and this can surely be accomplished by frank and full publicity, with proper supervision and regulation by federal authority.

Business men have pretty generally fought for years the idea that business should in any way be interfered with by the state. In my judgment this has been a mistake. If we are to have huge business concerns we can only have them because the capital is provided by the public—thus making them semi-public institutions; and the manager of any such concern should fully realize this fact and appreciate that he is a trustee in the broadest sense of the term. Our large business concerns are popularly called "trusts," and in one sense of the word it is more aptly applied to them than many of us in the past have taken thought to realize; for the managers are entrusted with the public's funds for investment, are entrusted with the public's labor to manage, are entrusted with a substantial percentage of a given commodity which is to be supplied to the public; and if they discharge their trusteeship in a broad, statesmanlike manner, with fairness and equity to all interests, the good rather than the harm they can do is almost incalculable.

It is high time that we abandoned the false notion that corporations do things. A corporation is an inanimate object; it can do nothing; it can neither commit a crime nor render a benefit. It is the manager of the corporation, the human being, who thinks, who acts; he commits the crime or renders the benefit. Let us get straight on this question as regards corporations. For years we have thought straight on this question in the matter of National banks. If a law is violated or a crime committed in a National bank, federal authority immediately seizes the man who did it and punishes him. The bank is not harmed; on the contrary, everything is done to protect the bank and its depositors and stockholders. This is the only practical, sane view to take of corporations and their managers. The day has come when we need statesmanship in business.

It will be impossible to work out any system by which the great business concerns can be supervised or regulated by states or provinces, because we have too

many states, and the methods being different in various states, would make a situation too complicated to be workable. But federal regulation is feasible, and if we unite and work for it now we may be able to reverse it; whereas, if we continue in our fight against it much longer, the increasing tide may sweep the question down to either government ownership or socialism.

One important reason why business men have feared regulation of business by the government has been that such regulation would be performed by inexperienced men—those without business training, and who would have no practical knowledge of the great problems involved. I have for a long time believed that what Americans should have at Washington is a Business Court, to which our great business problems could go for final adjustment when they could not be settled otherwise. We now have at Washington a Supreme Court, in which is referred the final settlement of our legal questions. This Court is composed, of course, of lawyers only, and it is the dream of every young man who enters the law that he may some day be called to the Supreme Court bench. If such a call comes, it matters not how lucrative his practice, he always drops it for the honor conferred. Why not have a similar goal for our business men? Why not have a court for business questions on which no man could sit who had not had a business training, with an honorable record? This would surely come to be regarded by business men in the same way that the Supreme Court is regarded by lawyers. The supervision of business by such a body of men, who had reached such a court in such a way would unquestionably be fair and equitable to business, fair and equitable to the public. Furthermore, it would not take out of business that invaluable asset, individual initiative. It would leave

the every-day management of business untrammelled and allow men free scope to devise ways and means to improve, enlarge and develop our domestic and foreign commerce. We could then move on to the organization of business into large units, confident that many of the trials and tribulations of competition were behind us, and that monopoly would not oppress us. And in the organizing of large bodies of men in each line of trade we would have the great advantage of the emulation which comes from the rivalry with one another of a great body of men working together in one calling. Emulation of this sort is just as stimulating as competition and much more uplifting—doing good rather than harm. Then, too, the business that employs 50,000 men is never at a loss for a good man to put into a place made vacant; it has so many men to pick and choose from.

I have presented in this paper a side of the case that I do not believe has been very generally considered—a view of it which I firmly believe should be considered—considered by the business men of this country in each and every community. The discussion of recent years, growing out of changing business methods, has been carried on almost wholly by politicians, newspapers and magazine writers; and while it has been the business man's problem he has taken practically no part in the discussion; his side has been presented sparingly, timidly, if at all. This is no way to settle a great and burning question in a great and free country such as ours. The time has come for business men to take a hand in these questions, to think them out, to decide as to the best course for our country to take, and then champion that course to the full measure of their ability. If this is done in each community, and done honestly and fearlessly, we can trust to the good sense of our people to render a sane verdict.

## The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Chiswick"

### BOOK III.

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#### CHAPTER II. (Continued).

OH, the weariness of that waiting! In my longing for Berna I had worked myself up into a state that bordered on distraction. It seemed as if a cloud was in my brain, obscuring me at all times. I felt I must question this man, though it raised my gorge even to speak of her in his presence. In that atmosphere of corruption the thought of the girl was intolerably sweet, as of a ray of sunshine penetrating a noisome dungeon.

It was in the young morn when the game broke up. The outside air was clear as washed gold; within it was foul and fetid as a drunkard's breath. Men with pinched and pallid faces came out and inhaled the breeze which was buoyant as champagne. Beneath the perfect blue of the spring sky the river seemed a shimmer of violet, and the banks dipped down with the green of chrysopras.

Already a boy was sweeping up the dirty, nicotine-frescoed sidewalk from the floor. (It was his perquisite, and from the god he panned out he ultimately made enough to put him through college.) Then the inner door opened and Black Jack appeared.

#### CHAPTER III

He was worn and weary. Around his sombre eyes were chocolate-coloured hollows. His thick raven hair was disordered. He had lost heavily, and, bidding a curt good-bye to the others, he strode off. In a moment I had followed and overtaken him.

"Mr. Locasto."

He turned and gave me a stare from his brooding eyes. They were vacant as those of a dope-fiend, vacant with fatigue.

"Jack Locasto's my name," he answered carelessly.

I walked alongside him.

"Well, sir," I said, "my name's Mel-drum, Athol Meldrum."

"Oh, I don't care what the devil your name is," he broke in petulantly. "Don't bother me just now. I'm tired."

"So am I," I said, "damned tired; but it won't hurt you to listen to my name."

"Well, Mr. Athol Meldrum, good-day."

His voice was cold, his manner galling in its indifference, and a sudden anger glowed in me.

"Hold on," I said; "just a moment. You can very easily do me an immense favor. Listen to me."

"Well, what do you want," he demanded roughly; "work?"

"No," I said, "I just want a scrap of information. I came into the country with some Jews the name of Winklestein. I've lost track of them and I think you may be able to tell me where they are."

He was all attention now. He turned half round and scrutinized me with deliberate intensity. Then, like a flash, his rough manner changed. He was the polished gentleman now, the San Francisco club-bouncer, the man of the world. He repeated the stibble on his chin; his eyes were bland, his voice smooth as cream.

"Winklestein," he echoed reflectively, "Winklestein; seems to me I do remember the name, but for the life of me I can't recall where."



He was watching me like a cat, and pretending to think hard.

"Was there a girl with them?"

"Yes," I said eagerly, "a young girl."

"A young girl, ah!" He seemed to reflect hard again. "Well, my friend, I'm afraid I can't help you. I remember noticing the party on the way in, but what became of them I can't think. I don't usually bother about that kind of people. Well, good-night, or good-morning rather. This is my hotel."

He had half entered when he paused and turned to me. His face was urbane, his voice suave to sweetness; but it seemed to me there was a subtle mockery in his tone.

"I say, if I should hear anything of them, I'll let you know. Your name? Alasd MacInn—all right, I'll let you know. Good-bye."

He was gone and I had failed. I cursed myself for a fool. The man had baffled me. Nay, even I had hurt myself by giving him an inkling of my search. Berna seemed further away from me than ever. Hence I went, discouraged and despairful.

Then I began to argue with myself. He must know where they were, and if he really had designs on the girl and was keeping her in hiding my interview with him would alarm him. He would take the first opportunity of warning the Winkleskins. When would he do it? That very night in all likelihood. So I reasoned; and I resolved to watch.

I stationed myself in a saloon from where I could command a view of his hotel, and there I waited. I think I must have waited the place for three hours, but I know it was a fearful business, and I was heart-sick of it. Duggally, I stuck to my post. I was beginning to think he must have cracked me, when suddenly coming forth alone from the hotel, I saw my man.

It was about midnight, neither light nor dark, but rather an absence of either quality, and the northern sky was wan and ominous. In the crowded street I saw *Locato's*, but not topping all others, so that I had no difficulty in shadowing him. Once he stopped to speak to a woman, once to light a cigar; then he suddenly turned up a side street that ran through the red-light district.

He was walking swiftly and he took a path that skirted the swamp behind the town. I had now no doubt of his mission, and my heart began to beat with excitement. The little path led up the hill, now clothed with fresh foliage and dotted with cabins. Once I saw him pause and look round. I had barely time to dodge behind some bushes, and feared for a moment he had seen me. But no! on he went again faster than ever.

I knew now I had divined his errand. He was at too great pains to cover his tracks. The trail had plunged among a maze of slender cotton-woods, and twisted so that I was sore troubled to keep him in view. Always he increased his gait and I followed him breathlessly. There were few cabins hereabouts; it was a lonely place to be so near to town, very quiet and thickly screened from sight. Suddenly he seemed to disappear, and, fearing my pursuit was going to be futile, I rushed forward.

I came to a dead stop. There was no one to be seen. He had vanished completely. The trail climbed steeply up, twisty as a corkscrew. These cursed poplars, how densely they grew. Blindly I lumbered forward. Then I came to a place where the trail forked. Panting for breath I hesitated which way to take, and it was in that moment of hesitation that a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Where away, my young friend?" It was *Locato's*. His face was *Mephistophelean*, his voice edged with irony. "I was startled, I admit, but I tried to put a good face on it."

"Hello," I said; "I'm just taking a stroll."

His black eyes pierced me, his black brows met savagely. The heavy jaw shot forward, and for a moment the man, menacing and terrible, seemed to tower above me.

"You lie!" like explosive steam came the words, and wolf-like his lips parted, showing his powerful teeth. "You lie!" he reiterated. "You followed me. Didn't I see you from the hotel? Didn't I determine to decoy you away? Oh, you fool! you fool who are you that would pit your weakness against my strength, your simplicity against my cunning?"

You would try to cross me, would you? You would champion damsels in distress? You pretty fool, you simpleton, you meddler—"

Suddenly, without warning, he struck me full on the face, a blinding, staggering blow that brought me to my knees as falls a pole-axed steer. I was stunned, swaying weakly, trying vainly to get on my feet. I stretched out my clenched hands to him. Then he struck me again, a bitter, felling blow.

I was completely at his mercy now and he showed me none. He was like a fiend. Rage seemed to rend him. Time and again he kicked me, brutally, relentlessly, on the ribs, on the chest, on the head. Was the man going to do me to death? I shielded my head. I meaned in agony. Would he never stop? Then I became unconscious, knowing that he was still kicking me, and wondering if I would ever open my eyes again.

#### CHAPTER IV

"Long live the cold-fet tribe! Long live the sore-heads!"

It was the Prodigal who spoke. "This outfit buying's got gold-mining beaten to a standstill. Here I've been three weeks in the burg and got over ten thousand dollars' worth of grub cached away. Every pound of it will net me a hundred per cent. profit. I'm beginning to look on myself as a second John D. Rockefeller."

"You're a confounded robber," I said. "You're working a cinch-game. What's your first name? Isaac?"

He turned the hecon he was frowning and smiled gayly.

"Short away, all you like, old sport. So long as I get the mon you can call me any old name you please."

He was very spritely and elate, but I was in no sort of mood to share in his buoyancy. Physically I had fully recovered from my terrible man-handling, but in spirit I still writhed at the outrage of it. And the worst was I could do nothing. The law could not help me, for there were no witnesses to the assault. I could never cope with this man in bodily strength. Way was I not a stalwart? If I had been as tall and strong as Garry, for instance. True, I might shoot; but there the Police would take a hand in the

game, and I would lose out badly. There seemed to be nothing for it but to wait and pray for some means of retaliation.

Yet how bitterly I brooded over the business. At times there was even black murder in my heart. I planned schemes of revenge, grinding my teeth in impatient rage the while; and my feelings were complicated by that awful gnawing hunger for Berna that never left me. It was a perfect agony of heart, a panic-fear, a craving so intense that at times I felt I would go distracted with the pain of it.

Perhaps I am a poor sort of being. I have often wondered. I either feel intensely, or I am quite indifferent. I am a prey to my emotions, a martyr to my moods. Apart from my great love for Berna it seemed to me as if nothing mattered. All through these stormy years it was like that—nothing else mattered. And now that I am nearing the end of my life I can see that nothing else has ever mattered. Everything that has happened appealed to me in its relation to her. It seemed to me as if I saw all the world through the medium of my love for her, and that all beauty, all truth, all good was but a setting for this girl of mine.

"Come on," said Jim; "let's go for a walk in the town."

The "Modern Gomorrah" he called it, and he was never tired of expatiating on its iniquity.

"See that man there?" he said, pointing to a grey-haired pedestrian, who was talking to an emphatic blonde. "That man's a lawyer. He's got a lovely home in Los Angeles, an' three of the sweetest girls you ever saw. A young fellow needed to have his credentials O. K.'d by the Purity Committee before he came butting round that man's home. Now he's off to buy wine for Daisy of the Deadline."

The grey-haired man had turned into a saloon with his companion.

"Yes, that's Dawson for you. We're so far from home. The good old moralities don't apply here. The hoary old Yukon won't tell on us. We've been a Sunday school Superintendent for ten years. For fifty more we've passed up the forbidden fruit. Every one else is helping themselves. Wonder what it tastes like? Wine is flowing like water. Money's the cheapest thing in sight. Cut

lose, drink up. The orchestra's a-goin'! Get your partners for a nice juicy two-step. Come on, boys!"

He was particularly bitter, and it really seemed in that general lesson of the moral fibre that civilization was only a make-shift, a veneer of hypocrisy.

"Why should we marvel," I said, "at man's brutality, when but an moon ago we all were apes?"

Just then we met the Jam-wagon. He had washed down from the creeks that very day. Physically he looked supreme. He was berry-brown, lean, muscular and as full of suppressed energy as an unsprung bear-trap. Financially he was well belleted. Mentally and morally he was in the state of a volcano before an eruption.

You could see in the quick breathing, in the restlessness of this man, a pent-up energy that clamoured to exhaust itself in violence and debauch. His fierce blue eyes were wild and roving, his lips twitched nervously. He was an stamium; of the race of those white-toddyed ferocious seakings that drank dead and died in the din of battle. He must live in the white light of excitement, or sink in the gloom of despair. I could see his fine nostrils quiver like those of a charger that scents the smoke of battle, and I realized that he should have been a soldier still, a leader of forlorn hopes, a partner of desperate hazards.

As we walked along, Jim did most of the talking in his favorite morality vein. The Jam-wagon puffed silently at his briar pipe, while I, very listless and down-hearted, thought largely of my own troubles. Then, in the middle of the block, where most of the music-halls were situated, suddenly we met Locasto.

When I saw him my heart gave a painful leap, and I think my face must have gone as white as paper. I had thought much over this meeting, and had dreaded it. There are things which no man can overlook, and, if it meant death to me, I must again try conclusions with the brute.

He was accompanied by a little bald-headed Jew named Swinehart, and we were almost abreast of them when I stepped forward and arrested them. My teeth were clenched; I was all a-quiver with passion; my heart beat violently.

For a moment I stood there, confronting him in speechless excitement.

He was dressed in that miner's strutting in which he always looked so costume. From his big Stetson to his high boots he was typically the big, strong man of Alaska, the Conqueror of the Wild. But his mouth was grim as granite, and his black eyes hard and repellent as those of a toad.

"Oh, you coward!" I cried. "You vile, filthy coward!"

He was looking down on me from his imperious height, very coolly, very cynically.

"Who are you?" he drawled; "I don't know you."

"Liar as well as coward," I panted. "Liar to your teeth. Brute, coward, liar—"

"Here, get out of my way," he snarled; "I've got to teach you a lesson."

Once more before I could guard he landed on me with that terrible right-arm swing, and down I went as if a sledge-hammer had struck me. But instantly I was on my feet, a thing of blind passion, of desperate fight. I made one rush to throw myself on this human tower of brawn and muscle, when some one pinioned me from behind. It was Jim.

"Easy, boy," he was saying; "you can't fight this big fellow."

Swinehart was looking on curiously. With wonderful quickness a crowd had collected, all avidly eager for a fight. Above them towered the fierce, domineering figure of Locasto. There was a breathless pause, then, at the psychological moment, the Jam-wagon intervened.

The smouldering fire in his eye had brightened into a fierce joy; his twitching mouth was now grim and stern as a prison door. For days he had been fighting a dim intangible foe. Here at last was something human and definite. He advanced to Locasto.

"Why don't you strike some one nearer your own size?" he demanded. His voice was tense, yet ever so quiet.

Locasto flinched at him a look of surprise, measuring him from head to foot.

"You're a brute," went on the Jam-wagon evenly; "a cowardly brute."

Black Jack's face grew dark and terrible. His eyes glinted sparks of fire.

"See here, Englishman," he said, "this isn't your scrum. What are you bunting in about?"

"It isn't," said the Jam-wagon, and I could see the flame of fight brighten joyously in him. "It isn't, but I'll soon make it mine. There!"

Quick as a flash he dealt the other a blow on the cheek, an open-handed blow that stung like a whip-lash.

"Now fight me, you coward."

There and then Locasto seemed about to spring on his challenge. With hands clenched and teeth bared, he half bent as if for a charge. Then, suddenly, he straightened up.

"All right," he said softly; "Swinehart, can we have the Opera House?"

"Yes, I guess so. We can clear away the benches."

"Then tell the crowd to come along; we'll give them a free show."

I think there must have been five hundred men around that ring. A big Australian pugilist was umpire. Some one suggested gloves, but Locasto would not hear of it.

"No," he said, "I want to mark the run of a dog so his mother will never know him again."

He had become frankly brutal, and prepared for the fray exultantly. Both men fought in their underclothing.

Stripped down, the Jam-wagon was seen to be much the smaller man, not only in height, but in breadth and weight. Yet he was a beautiful figure of a fighter, clean, well-poised, firm-limbed, with a body that seemed to taper from the shoulders down. His fair hair glistened; his eyes were wary and cool, his lips set tightly. In the person of this living adversary he was fighting an unseen one vastly more dread and terrific.

Locasto looked almost too massive. His muscles bulged out. The veins in his forearms were cord-like. His great chest looked as broad as a door. His legs were statuette in their size and strength. In that camp of strong men probably he was the most powerful.

And nowhere in the world could a fight have been awaited with greater zest. These men, miners, gamblers, adventurers of all kinds, pushed and struggled for a place. A great joy surged through them at the

thought of the approaching combat. Keen-eyed, hard-breathing, a thrill with expectation, the crowd packed closer and closer. Outside, people were clamouring for admission. They climbed on the stage, and into the boxes. They hung over the galleries. All told, there must have been a thousand in the house.

As the two men stood up they were like the ideal Greek athlete compared with the heavy-muscled Roman gladiator. "Three to one on Locasto," some one shouted. Then a great hush came over the house, so that it might have been empty and deserted. Time was called. The fight began.

## CHAPTER V

With one tiger-rush Locasto threw himself on his man. There was no preliminary fiddling here; they were out for blood, and the sooner they wallowed in it the better. Right and left he struck with mighty swings that would have felled an ox, but the Jam-wagon was too quick for him. Twice he ducked in time to avoid a furious blow, and, before Locasto could recover, he had hopped out of reach. The big man's fist swished through the empty air. He almost overbalanced with the force of his effort, but he swung round quickly, and there was the Jam-wagon, cool and watchful, awaiting his next attack.

Locasto's face grew fendish in its sinister wrath; he shot forth a foul imprecation, and once more he hurled himself resistlessly on his foe. This time I thought my champion must go down, but no! With a dexterity that seemed marvellous, he dodged, ducked and side-stepped; and once more Locasto's blows went wide and short. Cheers began to go up from the throng. "Even money on the little fellow," sang out a voice with the flat twang of a banjo.

Locasto glared round on the crowd. He was accustomed to lord it over these men, and the jeers graded him like banderilloes good a bull. Again and again he repeated his tremendous rushes, only to find his powerful arms winnowing the empty air, only to see his agile antagonist smiling at him in mockery from the centre of the ring. Not one of his sledgehammer smashes reached their mark, and the round closed without a blow having landed.



From the mob of onlookers a chorus of derisive cheers went up. The little man with the banjo voice was holding up a poke of dust. "Even money on the little one." A hum of eager conversation broke forth.

I was at the ring-side. At the beginning I had been in an agony of fear for the Jam-wagon. Looking at the two men, it seemed as if he could hardly hope to escape terrible punishment at the hands of one so massively powerful, and every blow inflicted on him would have been like one inflicted on myself. But now I took heart and looked forward to the fight with less anxiety.

Again time was called, and Locasto sprang up, seemingly quite refreshed by his rest. Once more he plunged after his man, but now I could see his rushes were more under control, his smashing blows better timed, his fierce jabs more shrewdly delivered. Again I began to quake for the Jam-wagon, but he showed a wonderful quickness in his footwork, weaving in and out, his hands swinging at his sides, a smile of mockery on his lips. He was deft as a dancing-master; he twinkled like a gleam of light amid that savage thrash of blows; he was as cool as if he were boxing in the school gymnasium.

"Who is he?" those at the ring-side began to whisper. Time and again it seemed as if he were cornered, but in a marvellous way he wormed himself free. I held my breath as he evaded blow after blow, some of which seemed to miss him by a mere hair's breadth. He was taking chances, I thought, so narrowly did he permit the blows to miss him. I was all keyed up, on edge with excitement, eager for my man to strike, to show he was not a mere ring-factician. But the Jam-wagon bided his time.

And so the round ended, and it was evident that the crowd was of the same opinion as myself. "Why don't he mix up a little?" said one. "Give him time," said another. "He's all right: there's some class to that work."

Locasto came up for the third round looking sobered, subdued, grimly determined. Evidently he had made up his mind to force his opponent out of his evasive tactics. He was wary as a cat. He went cautiously. Yet again he assumed the aggressive, gradually working the

Jam-wagon into a corner. Now he had him; a collision was inevitable; there was no means of escape for my friend; that huge bulk, with its swinging, flail-like arms, menaced him hopelessly.

Suddenly Locasto closed in. He swooped down on the Jam-wagon. He had him. He shortened his right arm for a jab like the crash of a pile-driver. The arm shot out, but once again the Jam-wagon was not there. He ducked quickly, and Locasto's great fist brushed his hair.

Then, like a lightning, the two came to a clinch. Now, thought I, it's all off with the Jam-wagon. I saw Locasto's eye dilate with ferocious joy. He had the other in his giant-arms; now he could crash him in a mighty hug, the hug of a grizzly, crush him like an egg-shell. But, quick as the snap of a trap, the Jam-wagon had pinioned his arms at the elbow, so that he was helpless. For a moment he held him, then, suddenly releasing his arms, he caught him round the body, shook him with a mighty side-heave, gave him the cross-buttock, and, before he could strike a single blow, threw him in the air and dashed him to the ground.

"Time!" called the umpire. It was all done so quickly it was hard for the eye to follow, but a mighty cheer went up from the house. "Two to one on the little fellow," called the banjo-voice. Suddenly Locasto rose to his feet. He was shamed, angered beyond expression. Heaving and panting, he lurched to his corner, and in his eyes there was a look that boded ill for his adversary.

Time again. With the lightness of a panther the Jam-wagon sprang into the centre of the ring. More than halfway he met Locasto, and now his intention seemed to be to draw his man on rather than to avoid him. I watched his every movement with a sense of thrilling fascination. He had resumed his serpentine methods, advancing and retreating with shadow-like quickness, feinting, side-stepping, pawing the air till he had his man baffled and bewildered. Yet he never struck a blow.

All this seemed to be getting on Locasto's nerves. He was going steadily enough, trying by every means in his power to get the other man to "mix it up." He shouted the foulest abuse at

him. "Stand up like a man and fight." The smile left the Jam-wagon's lips, and he settled down to business.

I saw him edging up to Locasto. He feinted wildly, then, stepping in closely, he swung a right and left to Black Jack's

left, full-weight, crash on Locasto's mouth.

At that fierce triumphant blow the crowd scrooched with excitement. In a wild whirlwind of fury Locasto hurled himself on the Jam-wagon, his arms going like windmills. Any one of these blows,



I TRIED TO FORCE MY WAY IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. THE SKEUTE HURLED ME OUT . . . I WAS STILL WEAK.

face. A moment later he was six feet away, with a bitter smile on his lips.

With a fierce bellow of rage Locasto, forgetting all his caution, charged him. He swung his heavy right with all its might for the other's face, but, quick as the quiver of a bow-string, the Jam-wagon side-stepped and the blow missed. Then the Jam-wagon shifted and brought his

delivered in a vital spot, would have meant death, but his opponent was equal to this blind assault. Dodging, ducking, side-stepping, blocking, he foiled the other at every turn, and, just before the round ended, drove his left into the pit of the big man's stomach, with a thwack that resounded throughout the building.

Once more time was called. The Jam-

wagon was bleeding about the knuckles. Several of Locasto's teeth had been loosened, and he spat blood frequently. Otherwise he looked as fit as ever. He pursued his man with savage determination, and seemed resolved to get in a deadly body-blow that would end the fight.

It was pretty to see the Jani-wagon work. He was sprightly as a ballet dancer, as, weaving in and out, he dodged the other's blows. His arms swung at his sides, and he threw his head about in a manner insultingly mocking and tantalizing. Then he took to landing light body-blows on the other, that grew more frequent till he seemed to be beating a regular tattoo on Locasto's ribs. He was sprightly as a panther, elusive as an eel. As for Locasto, his face was sober now, strained, anxious, and he seemed to be waiting with menacing eyes to get in that vital snarl that meant the end.

The Jani-wagon began to put more force into his arms. He drove in a short-arm left to the stomach, then brought his right up to the other's chin. Locasto swung a deadly knock-out blow at the Jani-wagon, which just grazed his jaw, and the Jani-wagon recoiled with two lightning rights and a nervous left, all on the big man's face.

Then he sprang back, for he was excited now. In and out he wore. Once more he landed a hard left on Locasto's heaving stomach, and then, rushing in, he raised blow after blow on his antagonist. It was a furious mix-up, a whirling storm of blows, brutal, savage and murderous. No two men could keep up such a gait. They came into a clinch, but this time the Jani-wagon broke away, giving the deadly kidney blow as they parted. When time was called both men were panting hard, bruised and covered with blood.

How the house howled with delight! All the primordial brute in these men was glowing in their faces. Nothing but blood could appease it. Their throats were parched, their eyes wild.

Round six. Locasto sprang into the centre of the ring. His face was hideously disfigured. Only in that battered, blood-stained mask could I recognize the black eyes gleaming deadly hatred. Rushing for the Jani-wagon, he hurled him across the ring. Again charging, he overbore him to the floor, but failed to hold him.

Then in the Jani-wagon there awoke the ancient spirit of the Berserker. He cared no more for punishment. He was insensible to pain. He was the sea-prite again, mad with the lust of battle. Like a fiend he tore himself loose, and went after his man, rushing him with a swift, battering ball of blows around the ring. Like a tiger he was, and the violent lunges of Locasto only infuriated him the more.

Now they were in a furious mix-up, and suddenly Locasto, seizing him savagely, tried to whip him smashing to the floor. Then the wonderful agility of the Englishman was displayed. In a distance of less than a two-foot drop he turned completely like a cat. Leaping up, he was free, and, getting a waist-hold with a Cornish heave, he bore Locasto to the floor. Quickly he changed to a crotch-lock, and, lustily, holding Locasto's legs, he brought him to a bridge and worked his weight up on his body.

Black Jack, with a mighty heave, broke away and again regained his feet. This seemed to enrage the Jani-wagon the more, for he tore after his man like a maddened bull. Getting a hold with incredible strength, he lifted him straight up in the air and hurled him to the ground with sickening force.

Locasto lay there. His eyes were closed. He did not move. Several rushed forward. "He's all right," said a medical-looking man, "just stunned. I guess you can call the fight over."

The Jani-wagon slowly put on his clothes. Once more, in the person of Locasto, he had successfully grappled with "Old Man Boone." He was badly bruised about the body, but not seriously hurt in any way. Shudderingly I looked down at Locasto's face, beaten to a pulp, his body livid from head to foot. And there, as they bore him off to the hospital, I realized I was revenged.

"Did you know that man Swinehart was charging a dollar for admission?" queried the Prodigal.

"No!"

"That's right. That darned little Jew netted nearly a thousand dollars."

## CHAPTER VI

"Let me introduce you," said the Prodigal, "to my friend the 'Pote.'"

"Glad to meet you," said the Pote cheerfully, extending a damp hand. "Just

been having a dishwashing bee. Excuse my dishybeel."

He wore a pale-blue undershirt, white flannel trousers girt round the waist with a red silk handkerchief, very gaudy moccasins, and a rakish Panama hat with a band of chocolate and gold.

"Take a seat, won't you." Through his gold-rimmed spectacles his eyes shone benevolently as he indicated an easy-looking chair. I took it. It promptly collapsed under me.

"Ah, excuse me," he said; "you're not onto the combination of that chair. I'll fix it."

He performed some operation on it which made it less unstable, and I sat down gingerly.

I was in a little log-cabin on the hill overlooking the town. Through the bottle window the light came dimly. The walls showed the bark of logs and tufts of interesting moss. In the corner was a bunk over which lay a bearskin robe, and on the little oblong stove a pot of beans was simmering.

The Pote finished his dish-washing and joined us, pulling on an old Tuxedo jacket.

"Where! Glad that job's over. You know, I guess I'm fastidious, but I can't bear to use a plate for more than three meals without passing a wet rag over it. That's the worst of having refined ideas, they make life so complex. However, I mustn't complain. There's a monastic simplicity about this joint that endears it to me. And now, having immolated myself on the altar of cleanliness, I will soothe my soul with a little music."

He took down a banjo from the wall, and, striking a few chords, began to sing. His songs seemed to be original, even improvisations, and he sang them with a certain quaintness and point that made them very piquant. I remember one of the choruses. It went like this:

"In the land of pale blue snow

Where it's ninety-nine below,

And the polar bears are dancing on the plain,

In the shadow of the pole,

Oh, my Heart, my Life, my Soul,

I will meet thee when the ice-worms nest again."

Every now and then he would pause to make some lively comment.

"You've never heard of the blue snow, Cheechako? The rabbits have blue fur, and the ptarmigan's feathers are a bright azure. You've never had an ice-worm cocktail? We must remedy that. Great dops. Nothing like ice-worm oil for salads. Oh, I forgot, didn't give you my card."

I took it. It was engraved thus:

OLLIE GASOODLER  
Poetic Expert.

Turning it over, I read:

Graduate of the University of Hard  
Rocks.  
All kinds of verse made to order with  
efficiency and dispatch.  
Satisfaction guaranteed or money  
returned.  
A trial solicited.  
In Memoriam Odes a specialty.  
Ballads Rodeaux and Sonnets at modest  
prices.  
Try our lines of Love Lyrics  
Leave orders at the Corner Saloon.

I stared at him curiously. He was smoking a cigarette and watching me with shrewd, observant eyes. He was a blond, blue-eyed, cherubic youth, with a whimsical mouth that seemed to alternate between seriousness and fun.

He laughed merrily at my look of dismay.

"Oh, you think it's a joke, but it's not. I've been a 'ghost' ever since I could push a pen. You know Will Wilderbrush, the famous novelist? Well, Bill died six years ago from over-assiduous cultivation of John Barleycorn, and they hushed it up. But every year there's a new novel come from his pen. It's 'ghosts.' I was Bill, number three. Isn't it a joke?"

I expressed my surprise.

"Yes, it's a great joke this book-faking. Wouldn't Thackeray have lambasted the best sellers? A fancy picture of a girl on the cover, something doing all the time, and a happy ending—that's a recipe for a best seller. Or else be as voluptuous as velvet. Wait till my novel, 'Three Minutes,' comes out. Order in advance."

"Indeed I will," I said.

He suddenly became grave.

"If I only could take the literary game seriously I might make good. But I'm too much of a 'farceur.' Well, one day we'll see. Maybe the North will inspire me. Maybe I'll yet become the Spokesman of the Frozen Silence, the Avenger of the Great White Land."

He strutted up and down, inflating his chest.

"Have you framed up any dope lately?" asked the Prodigal.

"Why, yes; only this morning, while I was eating my beans and bacon, I dashed off a few lines. I always write best when I'm eating. Want to hear them?"

He drew from his pocket an old envelope.

"They were written to the order of Stillwater Willie. He wants to present them to one of the LaBelle Sisters. You know—that fat lymphatic blonde, Birdie LaBelle. It is short and erect. He wants to have it engraved on a gold-backed hand-mirror he's giving her.

"I see within my true love's eyes  
The wide blue spaces of the skies;  
I see within my true love's face  
The ice and lily live in grace;  
I hear within my true love's voice  
The songsters of the Spring rejoice.  
Oh, why need I seek Nature's  
charms—

I hold my true love in my arms."

"How'll that hit her. There's such a lot of natural beauty about Birdie."

"Do you get much work?" I asked.

"No, it's dull. Poetry's rather a drag on the market up here. It's just a sideline. For a living I clean shoes at the 'Eighty Barbershop—I, who have lingered on the sunny slopes of Parnassus, and quenched my soul-thirst at the Heliconian spring—gents' tans a specialty."

"Did you ever publish a book?" I asked.

"Sure! Did you never read my 'Rhymes of a Rustler'?" One reviewer would say I was the clear dope, the genuine eighteen-cunt, jelled-moment article; the next would aver I was the rankest dub that ever came down the pike. They said I'd invited people, people I'd

never read, people I'd never heard of, people I never dreamt of existed. I was accused of imitating over twenty different writers. Then the pedants got after me, said I didn't conform to academic formula, advised me to steep myself in tradition. They talked about form, about classic style and so on. As if it matters so long as you get down the thing itself so that folks can see it, and feel it go right home to their hearts. I can write in all the artificial verse forms, but they're mauling with age, back numbers. Forget them. Quit studying that old Greek dope; study life, modern life, palpitating with color, crying for expression, Life! Life! The sunshine of it was in my heart, and I just naturally tried to be its singer."

"I say," said the Prodigal from the bunk where he was lounging, in a haze of cigarette smoke, "read us that thing you did the other day, 'The Last Supper.'"

The Pote's eyes twinkled with pleasure. "All right," he said. Then, in a clear voice, he repeated the following lines:

#### "THE LAST SUPPER."

Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips,  
And the mouth so mocking gay;  
A wanton you to the finger tips,  
That break men's hearts in play;  
A thing of dust I have striven for,  
Honor and Manhood given for,  
Heddlng for ruin driven for—  
And this is the last, you say:  
*Drinking your wine with dainty sips,  
Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips.*

Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips,  
Long have you held your sway;  
I have laughed at your merry quips,  
Now is my time to pay.  
What we sow we must reap again;  
When we laugh we must weep again;  
So to-night we will sleep again,  
Nor wake till the Judgment Day.

*'Tis a prison wine that your palate sips,  
Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips.*

Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips,  
Down on your knees and pray;  
Pray your last ere the moment slips,  
Pray ere the dark and the terror grips,  
And the bright world fades away:

Pray for the good unguessed of us,  
Pray for the peace and rest of us.  
Here comes the Shape in quest of us,  
Now must we go away—

*You and I in the grave's eclipse,  
Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips.*

Just as he finished there came a knock at the door, and a short, fat, heavy-jowled young man entered. He had the broad smiling face of a comedian, and the bulgy forehead of a Baptist missionary. The "Pote" introduced him to me.

"The Yukon Yurick."

"Hello," chuckled the newcomer, how's the bunch? Don't let me stampede you. How d'ye do, Horace! Glad to meet you." (He called everybody Horace.) "Just come away from a meeting of my creditors. What's that? Have a slab of booze? Hardly that, old fellow, hardly that. Don't tempt me, Horace, don't tempt me. Remember I'm only a poor working-girl."

He seemed brimming over with jovial acceptance of life in all its phases. He lit a cigar.

"Say, boys, you know old Dingbats the Supervisor. He, yes. Well, met him on Front Street just now. Says I: 'Supervisor, that was a pretty nifty spiel you gave us on morality last night at the Church Social. He looked at me all tickled up the spine. Ha, yes. He was pleased as Punch. 'Say, Supervisor,' I says, 'I've got, but I won't give you away. I'm got a book in my room with every word of that speech in it.' He looked flabbergasted. So I have—ha, yes, the dictionary."

He rolled his cigar unctuously in his mouth, with many chuckles and a histrionic eye.

"No, don't tempt me, Horace. Remember, I'm only a poor working-girl. Thanks, I'll just sit down on this scabbard. Knew a man once, Jobcroft was his name, Charles Alfred Jobcroft, sat down on a custard pie at a pink tea; was so embarrassed he wouldn't get up. Just sat on till everybody else was gone. Every one was wondering why he wouldn't budge: just sat tight."

"I guess he cussed hard," ventured the Prodigal.

"Oh, Horace, spare me that! Remember, I'm only a poor working-girl. Hard-

ly that, old fellow. Say, hit me with a slab of booze quick. Meets things sparkle, boys, make things sparkle."

He drank urbanely of the diluted alcohol that passed for whiskey.

"Hit me easy, boys, hit me easy," he said, as they refilled his glass. "I can't hold my hooch so well as I could a few summers ago—and many hard Fells. Talking about holding your 'booch,' the best I ever saw was a man called Podstreak, Arthur Frederick Podstreak. You couldn't get that man going. The way he could lap up the booze was a caution. He would drink one bunch of boys under the table, then leave them and go on to another. He would start in early in the morning and keep on going till the last thing at night. And he never got hilarious even; it didn't seem to phase him; he was as sober after the twentieth drink as when he started. Gee! but he was a wonder."

The others nodded their heads appreciatively.

"He was a fine, healthy-looking chap, too; the booze didn't seem to hurt him. Never saw such a constitution. I often wished him, for I suspected him of 'stuf-fing' but no! He always had a bigger drink than every one else, always drank whisky, always drank it neat, and always had a chaser of water after. I said to myself: 'What's your system?' and I got to studying him hard: Then, one day, I found him out."

"What was it?"

"Well, one day I noticed something I noticed he always held his glass in a particular way when he drank, and at the same time he pressed his stomach in the region of the 'solar plexus.' So that night I took him aside.

"Look here, Jobstreak," I said, "I'm next to you. I really wasn't but the bluff worked. He grew white.

"For God's sake, don't give me away," he said; the boys'll lynch me."

"All right, I said; if you'll promise to quit."

"Then he made a full confession, and showed me how he did it. He had an elastic rubber bag under his shirt, and a tube gone up his arm and down his sleeve, ending in a white nozzle inside his cuff. When he went to empty his glass of whisky he simply pressed some air out of

the rubber bag, put the nozzle in the glass, and let it suck up all the whisky. At night he used to empty all the liquor out of the bag and sell it to a saloon-keeper. Oh, he was a plucky piece of work.

"I've been a total abstainer (in private) for seven years," he told me. "Yes," I said, "and you'll become one in public for another seven." And he did."

Several men had dropped in to swell this Bohemian circle. Some had brought bottles. There was a painter who had been "hung," a Mus. Bar, an ex-champion amateur pugilist, a silver-tongued orator, a man who had "siped" for Mansfield, and half a dozen others. The little cabin was crowded, the air hazy with smoke, the conversation animated. But mostly it was a monologue by the inimitable Yorick. He was a soloist in the key of "I."

Suddenly the conversation turned to the immortality of the town.

"Now, I have a theory," said the "Pete," "that the regeneration of Dawson is at hand. You know God is the daughter of Evil, Virtue the offspring of Vice. You know how virtuous a man feels after a jag. You've got to sin to feel really good. Consequently, Sin must be good to be the means of good, to be the raw material of good, to be in virtue in the making, mustn't it? The dance-halls are a good foil to the gospel-halls. If we were all virtuous, there would be no virtue in virtue, and if we were all bad no one would be bad. And because there's so much bad in this old burg of ours, it makes the good seem unattainably good."

The Pete had the floor.

"A friend of mine had a beautiful pond of water-lilies. They painted the water exultantly and were a triumphant challenge to the soul. Folks came from far and near to see them. Then, one winter, my friend thought he would clean out his pond, so he had all the nasty, slimy mud scraped away till you could see the silver gravel glimmering on the bottom. But the lilies, with all their haunting loveliness, never came back."

"Well, what are you driving at, you old dreamer?"

"Oh, just this: in the nasty mud and slime of Dawson I saw a lily-girl. She lives in a cabin by the slide along with a Jewish couple. I only caught a glimpse of her twice. They are unspeakable, but

she is fair and sweet and pure. I would stake my life on her goodness. She looks like a young Madonna."

He was interrupted by a shout of cynical laughter.

"Oh, get off your foot! A Madonna in Dawson—Ra! Ra!"

He shut up abashed, but I had my clue. I waited until the last noisy roisterer had gone.

"In the cabin by the slide?" I asked.

He started, looked at me searchingly: "You know her?"

"She means a good deal to me."

"Oh, I understand. Yes, that long, queer cabin highest up the hill."

"Thanks, old chap."

"All right, good luck." He accompanied me to the door, staring at the marvel of the glamorous northern midnight.

"Oh, for a medium to express it all! Your pedantic poetry isn't big enough; prose isn't big enough. What we want is something between the two, something that will interpret life, and stir the great heart of the people. Good-night."

## CHAPTER VII

Very softly I approached the cabin, for a fear of encountering her guardians was in my heart. It was in rather a lonely place, perched at the base of that vast mountain abrasion they call the Slide, a long, low cabin, quiet and dark, and surrounded by rugged boulders. Carefully I reconnoitered, and soon, to my infinite joy, I saw the Jewish couple come forth and make their way towardward. The girl was alone.

How madly beat my heart! It was a glooming kind of a night, and the cabin looked woefully bleak and solitary. No light came through the windows, no sound through the moss-chinked walls. I drew near.

Why this wild commotion of my being? What was it? Anxiety, joy, fear? I was poised on the pinnacle of hope that overhangs the abyss of despair. Fearfully I paused. My whole spiritual nature contracted to a knot of terror. I was racked with suspense, conscious of a longing so poignant that the thought of disappointment became insufferable pain. So violent was my emotion that a feeling almost of nausea overcame me.

I knew now that I cared for the girl more than I had ever thought to care for woman. I knew that she was dearer to me than all the world else; I knew that my love for her would live as long as life is long.

I knocked at the door. No answer.

"Berns," I cried in a faltering whisper.

Came the reply: "Who is there?"

"Love, love, dear; love is waiting."

Then, at my words, the door was opened, and the girl was before me. I think she had been lying down, for her soft hair was a little ruffled, but her eyes were far too bright for sleep. She stood gazing at me, and a little fluttering hand went up to her heart as if to still its beating.

"Oh, my dear, I knew you were coming."

A great radiance of joy seemed to descend on her.

"You know?"

"I knew, yes, I knew. Something told me you were come at last. And I've waited—how I've waited! I've dreamed, but it's not a dream now, is it, dear; it's you!"

"Yes, it's me. I've tried so hard to find you. O my dear, my dear!"

I seized the sweet, soft hand and covered it with kisses. At that moment I could have kissed the shadow of that little hand; I could have fallen before her in speechless adoration; I could have made my heart a footstool for her feet; I could have given her, O, so gladly, my paltry life to save her from a moment's sorrow—I loved her so, I loved her so!

"High and low I've sought you, beloved. Morning, noon and night you've been in my brain, my heart, my soul. I've loved you every moment of my life. It's been desire feeding despair, and O, the agony of it. Thank God, I've found you dear! Thank God! Thank God!"

O Love, look down on us and cheer your harmonies! Transported was I, speaking with whirling words of sweetest madness, tremulous, uplifting with rapture, scarce conscious of my wild, impassioned metaphors. It was she, most precious of all creation; she, my beloved. And there, in the doorway, she poised, white as a lily, lustrous-eyed, and with hair soft as sunlit foam. O Divinity of Love, look down on us thy children; fold us in thy dove-soft wings; illumine us in thy white radiance;

touch us with thy celestial hands. Bless us, Love!

How vastly aught were the grey eyes! How infinitely tender the sweet lips! A faint glow had come into her cheeks.

"O, it's you, really, really you at last," she cried again, and there was a tremor, the surface ripple of a sob in that clear voice. She fetched a deep sigh; "And I thought I'd lost you forever. Wait a moment. I'll come out."

Endlessly long the moment seemed, yet wondrously irradate. The shadow had lifted from the world; the skies were alight with gladness; my heart was heaven-aspiring in its ecstasy. Then, at last, she came.

She had thrown a shawl around her shoulders, and coaxed her hair into charming waves and ripples.

"Come, let us go up the trail a little distance. They won't be back for nearly an hour."

She led the way along that narrow path, looking over her shoulder with a glorious smile, sometimes extending her hand back to me as one would with a child.

Along the brow of the bluff the way wound dically, while far below the river swept in a giant eddy. For a long time we spoke no word. 'Twas as if our hearts were too full for utterance, our happiness too vast for expression. Yet, O, the sweetness of that silence. The darkling gloom had silvered into lustrous light, the birds were beginning again their mad midnight melodies. Then, suddenly turning a bend in the narrow trail, a blaze of glory leapt upon our sight.

"Look, Berns," I cried.

The swelling river was a lake of saffron fire; the hills a throne of rosy garnet; the sky a dazzling canopy of rubies, girdled with flames of gold. We almost cringed, so gorgeous was its glow, so fierce its splendour.

Then, when we had seated ourselves on the hillside, facing the configuration, she turned to me.

"And so you found me, dear. I knew you would, somehow. In my heart I knew you would not fail me. So I waited and waited. The time seemed pitilessly long. I only thought of you once, and that was always. It was cruel we left so suddenly, not even time to say good-bye. I can't tell you how bad I felt about it,

but I could not help myself. They dragged me away. They began to be afraid of you, and he bade them leave at once. So in the early morning we started."

"I see, I see." I looked into the pools of her eyes; I breathed her white hands in my brown ones, thrilling greatly at the contact of them.

"Tell me about it, child. Has he bothered you?"

"Oh, not so much. He thinks he has me safe enough, trapped, awaiting his pleasure. But he's taken up with some woman of the town just now. By and bye he'll turn his attention to me."

"Terrible! Terrible! Berna, you wring my heart. How can you talk of such things in that matter-of-fact way—it maddens me."

Au odd, hard look ridged the corners of her mouth.

"I don't know. Sometimes I'm surprised at myself how philosophical I'm getting."

"But, Berna, surely nothing in this world would ever make you yield? O, it's horrible! horrible!"

She leaned to me tenderly. She put my arms around her neck; she looked at me till I saw my face mirrored in her eyes.

"Nothing in the world, dear, so long as I have you to love me and help me. If ever you fail me, well, then it wouldn't matter much what became of me."

"Even then," I said, "it would be too awful for words. I would rather drag your body from that river than see you yield to him. He's a monster. His very touch is profanation. He could not look on the Virgin Mary without cynical lust in his heart."

"I know, my boy. I know. Believe me and trust me. I would rather throw myself from the bluff here than let him put a hand on me. And so long as I have your love, dear, I'm safe enough. Don't fear. O, it's been terrible not seeing you. I've craved for you ceaselessly. I've never been out, since we came here. They wouldn't let me. They kept in themselves. He bade them. He has them both under his thumb. But now, for some reason, he has relaxed. They're going to open a restaurant down town, and I'm to wait on table."

"No, you're not!" I cried, "not if I have anything to say in the matter. Berna, I can't bear to think of you in that garbage-heap of corruption down there. You must marry me—now!"

"Now," she echoed, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes, right away, dear. There's nothing to prevent us. O, Berna, I love you, I want you, I need you. I'm just distracted, dear. I never know a moment's peace. I cannot take an interest in anything. When I speak to others I'm thinking of you, you all the time. O, I can't bear it, dearest; have pity on me: marry me now."

In an agony of suspense I waited for her answer. For a long time she sat there, thoughtful and quiet, her eyes cast down. At last she raised them to me.

"You said one year."

"Yes, but I was sorry afterwards. I want you now. I can't wait."

She looked at me gravely. Her voice was very soft, very tender.

"I think it better we should wait, dear. This is a blind, sudden desire on your part. I mustn't take advantage of it. You pity me, fear for me, and you have known so few other girls. It's generosity, chivalry, not love for poor little me. O, we mustn't, we mustn't. And then—you might change."

"Change! I'll never, never change," I pleaded. "I'll always be yours, absolutely, wholly yours, little girl; body and soul, to make or to mar, for ever and ever and ever."

"Well, it seems so sudden, so burning, so intense, your love, dear. I'm afraid. I'm afraid. Maybe it's not the kind that lasts. Maybe you'll tire. I'm not worth it, dear, indeed, I'm not. I'm only a poor ignorant girl. If there were others near, you would never think of me."

"Berna," I said, "if you were among a thousand, and they were the most adorable in all the world, I would pass over them all and turn with joy and gratitude to you. Then, if I were an Emperor on a throne, and you the humblest in all that throng, I would raise you up beside me on the throne and call you 'Queen.'"

"Ah, no," she said sadly, "you were wise once. I saw it afterwards. Better wait one year."

"Oh, my dearest," I reproached her, "once you offered yourself to me under any conditions. Why have you changed?"

"I don't know. I'm bitterly ashamed of that. Never speak of it again."

She went on very quietly, full of gentle pences.

"You know, I've been thinking a great deal since then. In the long, long days and longer nights, when I waited here in misery, hoping always you would come to me, I had time to reflect, to weight your words. I remember them all: 'love that means life and death, that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell.' You have awakened the woman in me; I must have a love like that."

"You have, my precious; you have, indeed."

"Well, then, let me have time to test it. This is June. Next June, if you have not made up your mind you were foolish, blind, hasty, I will give myself to you with all the love in the world."

"Perhaps you will change."

She smiled a peculiar little smile.

"Never, never fear that. I will be waiting for you, longing for you, loving you more and more every day."

I was bitterly cast down, crestfallen, numbed with the blow of her refusal.

"Just now," she said, "I would only be a drag on you. I believe in you. I have faith in you. I want to see you go out and mix in the battle of life. I know you will win. For my sake, dear, win. I would handicap you just now. There are all kinds of chances. Let us wait, boy, just a year."

I saw the pathetic wisdom of her words.

"I know you fear something will happen to me. No! I think I will be quite safe. I can withstand him. After a while he will leave me alone. And if it should come to the worst I can call on you. You mustn't go too far away. I will die rather than let him lay a hand on me. Till next June, dear, not a day longer. We will both be the better for the wait."

I bowed my head. "Very well," I said busily; "and what will I do in the meantime?"

"Do! Do what you would have done otherwise. Do not let a woman divert the current of your life; let her swim with

it. Go out on the creeks. Work. It will be better for you to go away. It will make it easier for me. Here we will both torture each other. I, too, will work and live quietly, and long for you. The time will pass quickly. You will come and see me sometimes?"

"Yes," I answered. My voice choked with emotion.

"Now we must go home," she said; "I'm afraid they will be back."

She rose and I followed her down the narrow trail. Once or twice she turned and gave me a bright, tender look. I worshipped her more than ever. Was there ever maid more sweet, more gentle, more quick with anxious love? "Bless her, O bless her," I sighed. "Whatever comes, may she be happy." I adored her, but a great sadness filled my heart, and never a word I spoke.

We reached the cabin, and on the threshold she paused. The others had not yet returned. Both hands she held out to me, and her eyes were glittering with tears.

"Be brave, my dearest; it's all for my sake—if you love me."

"I love you, my darling; anything for your sake. I'll go to-morrow."

"We're betrothed now, aren't we, dearest?"

"We're betrothed, my love."

She swayed to me and seemed to fit into my arms as a sword fits into its sheath. My lips lay on hers, and I kissed her with a passionate joy. She took my face between her hands and gazed at me long and earnestly.

"I love you, I love you," she murmured; "next June, my darling, next June."

Then she gently slipped away from me, and I was gazing blankly at the closed door.

"Next June," I heard a voice echo; and there looking at me with a smile, was Locasta.

## CHAPTER VIII

It comes like a violent ray to be awakened so rudely from a trance of love, to turn suddenly from the one you care for most in all the world, and behold the one you have best reason to hate. Nevertheless, it is not in human nature to descend rocket-wise from the ethereal heights of love. I was still in an exalted state of mind when

I turned and confronted Locasto. Hate was far from my heart, and when I saw the man himself was regarding me with no particular unfriendliness, I was disposed to put aside for the moment all feelings of enmity. The generosity of the victor glowed within me.

As he advanced to me his manner was almost urbane in its gentility.

"You must forgive me," he said, not without dignity, "for overhearing you; but by chance I was passing and dropped upon you before I realized it."

He extended his hand frankly.

"I trust my congratulations on your good luck will not be entirely obnoxious. I know that my conduct in this affair cannot have impressed you in a very favorable light; but I am a badly beaten man. Can't you be generous and let hy-gones be hy-gones? Won't you?"

I had not yet come down to earth. I was still soaring in the rarefied heights of love, and inclined to a general amnesty towards my enemies.

As he stood there, quiet and compelling, there was an assumption of frankness and honesty about this man that it was hard to withstand. For the nonce I was persuaded of his sincerity, and weakly I surrendered my hand. His grip made me wince.

"Yes, again I congratulate you. I know and admire her. They don't make them any better. She's pure gold. She's a little queen, and the man she cares for ought to be proud and happy. Now, I'm a man of the world, I'm cynical about women as a rule. I respect my mother and my sisters—beyond that—"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"But this girl's different. I always felt in her presence as I used to feel twenty-five years ago when I was a young man with all my ideals untarnished, my heart pure, and woman holy in my sight."

He sighed.

"You know, young man, I've never told it to a soul before, but I'd give all I'm worth—a clear million—to have those days back. I've never been happy since."

He drew back quickly from the verge of sentiment.

"Well, young man, you mustn't mind me taking an interest in your sweetheart.

I'm old enough to be her father, you know, and she touches me strangely. Now, don't distrust me. I want to be a friend to you both. Locasto's not such a bad lot, as you'll find when you know me. Is there anything I can do for you? What are you going to do in this country?"

"I don't quite know yet," I said. "I hope to stake a good claim when the chance comes. Meantime I'm going to get work on the creeks."

"You are?" he said thoughtfully; "do you know anyone?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you what: I've got laymen working on my Eldorado claim; I'll give you a note to them if you like."

I thanked him.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm sorry I played such a mean part in the past, and I'll do anything in my power to straighten things out. Believe me, I mean it. Your English friend gave me the worst drubbing of my life, but three days after I went round and shook hands with him. Fine fellow that. We opened a case of wine to celebrate the victory. Oh, we're good friends now. I always own up when I'm beaten, and I never bear ill-will. If I can help you in any way and beseech your marriage to that little girl there, well, you can just bank on Jack Locasto: that's all."

I must say the man could be most conciliating when he chose. There was a gravity in his manner, a suave courtesy in his tone, the heritage of his Spaniard forefathers, that convinced one almost in spite of their better judgment. No doubt he was magnetic, dominating, a master of men. I thought: there are two Locastos, the primordial one, the Indian, who had assaulted me; and the dignified gentile one, the Spaniard, who was willing to own defeat and make amends. Why should I not take him as I found him?

So, as he talked entertainingly to me, my fears were dissipated, my suspicious lulled. And when we parted we shook hands cordially.

"Don't forget," he said; "if you want help bank on me. I mean it now, I mean it."

(To be continued.)

# THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES



## THE BLACK PLAGUE

WHENEVER there is a great war, or an exciting event such as the siege of the anarchists in London, there are always enterprising photographers who will venture into most ticklish positions to obtain pictures of the event. Subsequently these pictures are reproduced in the various papers throughout the world.

But it is safe to say that very few pictures are being printed to-day that show the progress of the Black Plague in the East. Photographers are less intrepid when it comes to facing an enemy that cannot be seen, and that creeps into one's system, unseen, until it seizes the very seat of life and chokes one to death. There are some pictures, to be sure. Some of these we reproduce from various papers that have been dealing with the subject. But on the whole the material is scanty, and it is doubtful, even if plenty of photographs were available, whether the average editor would be keen on handling anything that might have come from the plague districts of the world.

So keen has become the apprehension throughout Europe at the unprecedented development of the plague epidemic in the far East, says *Current Literature*, that French dailies discussed last month a project for international action against the advancing peril. The spectacular tour of the German Crown Prince was brought

to a sudden close in India, while the coming visit of King George to the greatest of all the British dependencies may be put off indefinitely. Many grim stories of the epidemic in Manchuria are related in the advices of the Paris Temps from Harbin. "Some of them are almost too terrible for repetition. Many seem less ghastly only because of the heroism they reveal on the part of Europeans fighting the scourge." Doctor Mesnier, the distinguished Paris specialist, met his death while doing his utmost to stay the epidemic. Refugees from Chinese cities now in Harbin say that not only do the Chinese throw corpses into the street, but hurl plague patients yet alive out of the windows of the houses. One correspondent—that of the London Telegraph—affirms that in a two hours' walk through a Manchurian town he counted thirty-six bodies in the streets. "Pariah dogs and birds of prey gather over every center of population." It is not unusual to encounter an entire community peopled by the dead. In some instances wild beasts have left but the skeletons of the victims. Such are the incidents of a plague epidemic, which in China, we read in the London paper, has attained "horrible dimensions." It is said to have been brought from the north by native hunters.

Had not the Chinese officials, with characteristic listlessness, watched the epidemic

in its ineptness, with no thought of therapeutic intervention, the scourge, says the Temps, might easily have been checked months ago. "The supply of medical men is not adequate to cope with an outbreak of such an extent as now threatens the celestial empire, and additional doctors were sent for as far away as St. Petersburg." The death rate at Harbin three weeks ago was two hundred a day, the French daily reports. "There are no proper means of disposing of the dead, and in many cases corpses are thrown by scores into the river, thus disseminating the evil." Traffic on railroads in northern China came to a standstill in consequence of such conditions. Voyagers between Siberia and the South are subject to rigid quarantine before being allowed to proceed to Dalay and Port Arthur. At Vladivostok the precautions of the Russian officials proved sufficiently stringent to hold the plague at bay, but in Peking several cases were notified to the diplomatic corps less than a month ago.

The spread of the epidemic in the Chinese capital was reported as "very slow" by the physician to the British legation last month. There is a possibility of exaggeration in reports from some parts of China, the Paris Debatiste hints. The weight of evidence, however, justifies the sensational inferences in London dailies. German authorities, as indicated in the Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung, take an alarmist view of the situation. Special precautions were put into effect at Kia Chai. It is deemed significant, too, that the Chinese Regent, who did not at first take the plague seriously, is at present exerting himself to stay its ravages. He has even decreed that any Chinese physician who may lose his life through the malady will be awarded posthumous honors and monetary rewards as if a state of war existed. The force of guards at the great wall was strengthened at the same time, the object being to halt the army of refugees from Manchuria. A spirited controversy seems to have divided the medical men from Europe who were sent to the scene from Russia while the Manchurians were perishing. The epidemic is of the most virulent pneumonic form, according to Doctor Christie, of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission, who is in the

forefront of the fight at Mukden. The Russian authorities seem to have formed another idea of the subject. The low temperature of the region affected at this season seems to the Scotch expert favorable to the bacillus.

Then there is the following in the London Magazine, by E. S. Grew:

Not more than a stone's throw from the spot where the London Magazine is printed was a plague-pit in which the bodies of those who died from the Great Plague of London in 1666 were tumbled from carts at night. When the excavations were made near Aldwych the navies found some of the old plague-pipes which the burial men used to smoke while at their dreadful task, throwing the pipes into the burial pits when they covered up the bodies.

But it is impossible (people hastily add, when summoning these recollections) that plague should ever revisit England. Its visitations belong to bygone centuries when the Black Death was a menace to Europe, devastating the ports and spreading from Genoa and Venice to the hill towns of Italy; and finding its way by water from Constantinople to London and Vienna and Amsterdam.

Is it impossible? Plague is not far away. Seven millions of people have died from it in India in the last fourteen years. Think of it. Plague has swept away the entire population of a Greater London from India since 1896, and—the plague never sleeps. It dies down and revives. It returns and returns. In one year, and that is only seven years ago (1904), plague killed more than a million people in India. It can be fought and the deaths reduced. Its devastation can be lessened. But fighting it is like fighting an underground fire. Its spread cannot be distinctly followed. While, above-ground and within sight, the plague is being fought, it may be in full blast beneath the earth, in the drains and sewers, in the useless corners and hollows of walls and roofs and galleries of houses. In a word, while the human community is slowly recovering with a gasp from the epidemic which has swept it, plague is amouling among rats of the city or the village and is gathering forces for a renewed onslaught on man.



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "THE OPEN CEMETERY OF THE CHINESE COFFINS MESSY LAID ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE."

Throughout the greater part of China, says the Teller, from which this drawing is reproduced, it is the custom not to bury the dead, but to place them in their coffins on ground specially reserved for the purpose near the town or village. When night falls, these coffins are taken at even more gruesome aspect than they do during the day. There can be little doubt that such methods as these have helped the plague which is at present raging to attain its terrible dimensions.



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "THE FEAR OF THE DEADLY CONTAGION OF THE PLAGUE PORTENTOUS"  
BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

This painting, by the Hon. John Collier (entitled "The Plague") marks the distance we have travelled in matters of hygiene since the days of "the Black Death" and similar scourges. So deadly were some of these outbreaks that the least contact with a stricken person meant almost certain death to oneself.—Spence.

"Remember," said one of the Plague Commissioners, appointed by the Indian Government, to the writer, "in considering the onset of plague, it is plague among rats that you must keep in view." It is plague among rats which causes plague among men. The occurrence of plague among rats in India is followed in a fortnight by human plague. As the deaths from plague rise higher and higher among the rats, so, almost as if they were traced by the same terrible finger, will the deaths among men and women and children rise higher and higher a week or a fortnight later. Plague is a rat disease. Man could avoid it with ease were it not for the rat. It is the association of rats with men which is the direct cause of epidemic plague.

One cannot too often repeat that assertion in its varying forms. Where plague

came from in the first instance it is impossible to say. It has existed as long as there are any historic records; and without doubt it is the disease among the Philistines mentioned in the First Book of Samuel. There are several great foci where it always exists. One is in China in the Yunnan province, another at the foot of the Himalayas, another is in Central Africa (Uganda), and yet another in Arabia; and why and how it perpetually maintains itself there is not clear. But it is clear how plague is maintained in India, and how it is spread. There are certain seasons of the year when plague is not very widespread among human beings. It is called the off-plague season, and falls towards the middle and end of summer. Even the non-epidemic season of plague in India would be alarming anywhere else. There are always human plague cases oc-

curing every week in some district or other. The smallest number recorded in one month in the Punjab is 129. Just as there is an off-plague season among human beings, so there is an off-plague season among rats. But there is this important distinction; while among human beings the number of cases falls so low that the plague epidemic may be said to have subsided, there is always plague among rats. It may fall in the hot weather because the conditions for infection become unfavorable. But plague is always there, awaiting the suitable moment when it may spread into renewed virulence from rat to rat and from rat to man. There can be no extermination of the plague without extermination of the rat.

Let us be quite clear on this point. People have a confused idea of how plague spreads. With pictures in their minds of Defoe's account of the Great Plague in London, they imagine whole families catching plague from one another. They see husbands shrinking away from wives, mothers from their children, when the dreaded plague-spots appear; they see the passer-by drawing away with a shudder from houses marked with a cross to show that plague is there; they hear the cry of the men with the carts at night: "Bring out your dead!"

That is no doubt what happened in London. But usually plague is not "catching" in that way. There is one form of plague which is contagious. It is the only really contagious form—plague-pneumonia. Plague-pneumonia is comparatively a rare disease. There was an undoubted case in England some eighteen months ago. The victim, who was a young and brilliant investigator in the cause of science, did not at first suspect the nature of his seizure. The onset begins with a high temperature and pains in the head, and so may be (and was) taken for influenza. But at an early stage in plague-pneumonia the germs of plague seize on the lungs. The patient becomes delirious; he is anxious to move about and it is difficult to restrain him. He coughs and spits incessantly, and the germs of plague are thus constantly distributed among those who are near him. In the case of which we are speaking, the patient was devotedly nursed by two of his colleagues; and to minimize the dan-

ger of contagion to themselves they wore masks of cotton-wool throughout the illness, and no one but themselves was allowed to approach the patient. He died, a martyr to science.

What is truly alarming at the present juncture is that the four cases of plague which resulted in the deaths of those affected at Preston, near Shotley, in Suffolk, during last year, were cases of plague-pneumonia. This disease is so infectious that a healthy person who, unprotected by a mask or other precaution, entered a room where a sufferer from plague-pneumonia was coughing or sneezing, would



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "LOWERING A CHILD FROM A PLAGUE-STRICKEN HOUSE."

In 305. From the painting by F. W. W. Taylor.—Spence.

be liable to contract the disease—if merely a droplet of the patient's sputum fell on his face. The victims at Preston all died very quickly, and one undoubtedly contracted the disease from another. There have been during the last three years a mysterious number of pneumonia cases in the neighborhood. Some are now suspected to have been plague-pneumonia.

It seems likely from historical records that in the instances of the Great Plague



of London there was a good deal of plague-pneumonia (the scourge fell in the winter months), and consequently the affliction spread from person to person. People died like flies—or like rats. The mortality in plague-pneumonia is 95 per cent. Not one person in ten survives it.

But ordinarily plague requires a carrier. What are the carriers of plague? The carriers of plague are in the first place rats. But how do rats convey plague from one to another? Not, as was at first supposed, by contact with one another, or even by eating one another. Plague is conveyed from rat to rat by the rat flea. It is conveyed in the same way from rat to man. A rat has plague. Its body is infested with plague bacilli. In every drop of its blood there may be innumerable bacteria.

A flea bites the sick rat, and with the rat's blood swallows plague bacilli. If the rat has plague badly the flea may swallow as many as 5,000 plague bacilli. However slightly the rat has plague the flea will swallow some germs, and these germs will multiply in its stomach. The flea, when its victim dies, or before, hastens to other rats and inoculates them with the bacilli of plague—the bacilli finding their way in through the stab that the flea has made. When the rats are killed off by the disease, the flea, from hunger, takes to man—bites him, inoculates him, kills him with plague. It is a nasty subject, full of nasty details. It is not nastier than the rat.

Let us now consider the rat, which is the first cause of plague. There are many different kinds of rats, but we may divide them for convenience into field-rats and house-rats. This is not a very accurate division, because some field-rats enter houses, and some house-rats are occasionally found in the fields. It is the house-frequenting rats which are of prime importance so far as plague in man is concerned.

There are, in India, four kinds of rats which frequent houses, though two of them, familiarly known as bandicoots, the large bandicoot and the lesser bandicoot, do not appear to play an important part in spreading plague now. They almost disappeared from Bombay when plague was introduced there.

That leaves two other kinds of rats on which plague depends for its perpetuation. One is the sewer-rat. It is the well-known grey rat, the scientific name of which is *Mus decumanus*, and which has spread to all countries. It is the commonest rat in England, and is said to have been imported from Norway, and so is often called the Norwegian rat. It is also called the Hanoverian rat, and there is reason for believing that it came to England from Persia in 1727. Before its importation into England the commonest rat in this country was the black rat, sometimes called the Alexandrine rat (*Mus rattus*). The big grey sewer-rat, stronger and fiercer, drove the black rat out; and it is sometimes said that the disappearance of plague in England coincided with the disappearance of the black rat. That is a very doubtful statement.

In the first place there is nothing to show that the disappearance of plague coincided with the diminution of the black rat, which must have been very gradual. In the second place, the black rat has not disappeared. Black rats occur in London warehouses, and are abundant in Great Yarmouth and other localities. In Liverpool they are increasing in number. In the third place, plague occurs among sewer-rats as well as among black rats. Black rats spread plague among human beings to the greater extent because of their habits.

The grey Norwegian rat, or sewer-rat, despite his strength and fierceness and a certain power of survival which has enabled it to spread all over the world so that it is now a pest in Australia, where it has travelled up country by way of the rivers and streams, and is growing to an enormous size as well as greatly increasing in numbers; this rat is, nevertheless, shy and timid of manner. It shuns the society of man, but lives on the garbage he leaves. It lives chiefly in burrows and drains constructed for the most part outside human habitations, but it enters houses for food. It is a dirty rat, with greyish or brownish fur and a hairy tail.

The black rat is easily distinguished from the sewer-rat by its long tail and its large ears. It is a neat, clean-living creature; and in India one can call it a very domesticated animal, for it is constantly associated with man, as represented by the



THE BLACK PLAGUE.—"MARKED THAT THEY MAY NOT BREATHE IN BACILLI: RAILWAY OFFICIALS IN A PLAGUE-RIDDEN DISTRICT."

"Naturally enough, many precautions are now being taken to prevent the spread of the plague. For instance, the regulations imposed on the latest passenger-offices in Marseilles provide for the fumigation of mail-bags, and so on, with formalin vapor, in which they are exposed for somewhere about an hour at a temperature of 90 degrees Fahrenheit; best, it is said, being the only disinfectant that can be relied upon in the case of the pneumonic plague bacillus. Doctors, railway officials, sanitary officials indeed, those whose duty it is to work in the affected areas—take every precaution possible: witness these railway officials who, like members of the military service, wear white, ultrahygie garments, and here their faces covered with white masks to protect them."—The Tablet.

Indian native. The native does not much mind the rat. In one dwelling which was investigated by the Plague Commissioners, and which was about the size of a large bathing-machine, more than three hundred black rats were found.

The black rat lives and breeds in such dwellings; in the mud walls; among the roof-beams and in the hollow roof; in cupboards, beneath boxes, or among any sort of lumber. It finds in the squalid native villages ideal conditions for existence. Thus intimately associated with man, it readily finds shelter on ships and trains among the materials placed on board for transport.

Some figures are available respecting the comparative populations of the sewer-rats and the black rats. In the whole Bombay district there are probably three sewer-rats to every seven house-rats. The proportions, of course, are not the same in the Punjab villages, where there are more rats than people, but where all the rats are black rats. A Punjab village may be looked on as being honey-combed with rat-burrows, which ramify in all directions. But every habit of the native encourages the rat.

A white man, finding rats in his bungalow, would quickly make up his mind that he would not have rats there; he would take the most vigorous steps to exterminate them. Not so the native. The native suffers the presence of the rat even as he suffers the presence of vermin; or as he encourages the presence of goats and fowls in his living-room. The rat, encouraged by this indifference of the other domestic animals, repays his host by furnishing him with a supply of the germs of the plague.

In India the proportion of white people who are infected with plague is small. That is, of course, because from their habit, and because of the condition of their houses, they are not often brought within the influence of plague. The white people recover from plague better than the natives. That must not be taken to imply that the white man is less susceptible to plague than the Asiatic. His recovery is due partly to better nursing and partly to the fact that he has not the feeling of despairing fatality of the native. The sick Asiatic seldom makes a fight for life.

Let us now consider the transference of plague from the rat to man, for the bacilli of plague exist in the first place inside the rat, and there must be some means by which man is inoculated with them. Some agent is necessitated. After much patient investigation and experiment, the rat-flea has been proved to play this part. Most people know very little about fleas, and in England especially, polite persons do not even care to mention them save with hatred and breath. But as Captain Glen Liston, of the Plague Commission, observes, the subject of infection cannot be made clear without saying a word or two on the habits of fleas. There are some six kinds of fleas which have been found on rats.

Now fleas are parasites; and like parasites, they have preferences. Some fleas will bite one kind of animal only. The human flea (*Pulex irritans*), for example, is seldom found on any other animal than man. Then there is a rat-flea found in some parts of Europe (and called *Xyphopeltis musæus*) which will hardly bite anything but a rat. As a matter of fact this is a very reassuring circumstance about this flea because it has been distinctly shown to be a flea which can and does transfer plague from rat to rat. This rat-flea, though common enough in rats in some parts of Europe, is not the commonest of the European rat-fleas. That distinction is held by *Ceratophyllus fasciatus*. The one redeeming feature about this flea is that it does not readily bite man. It will bite him, however, when starved for two or three days.

The last of the fleas, *Pulex cheopis*, is the flea which is found on the plague rats of India. This flea has been proved without the vestige of a doubt to be a carrier of plague from rat to rat and from rat to man. It prefers the rat, but it will readily bite man. A human arm plunged into a laboratory jar where these fleas are preserved becomes at once attacked by them.

The varying appetite of the rat-fleas in different parts of the world for human blood may be an important factor in the prevalence of plague among human beings. But the foundations of security are rather slender when they seem to depend on such a slightly varying cause.

A flea which has fully gorged itself on the blood of a plague-infected rat does not entirely rid itself of the plague bacilli

which it has swallowed for nearly three weeks. If in that time it does not find a rat to feed on it will certainly be hungry enough to feed on anything. The *Pulex cheopis*, which does not live in England, bites man readily. The *Ceratophyllus fasciatus*, which does live in England, is not eager to bite man. But it has been shown that it will take to man in Australia, and therefore it may become a carrier of plague. It is not impossible for parasites to change their food habits under pressure of hunger. If there were a continuous rat plague in England as there is a continuous rat plague in India; and if under pressure of hunger the European rat-flea acquired the habit of feeding on human beings, then there would be a perpetual danger of small outbreaks of bubonic plague in all places where rats approached human habitations, whether in the slums of harbour towns and ports, or about farms and villages.

There is one other consideration to be mentioned. Rat-fleas are not great pedestrians. The rat-flea of India would regard thirty yards as rather a long journey. Its longer journeys are undertaken on the back of the rat. The rat is not itself much of a traveller, but at times rats are carried for long distances in trains and in ships, concealed among various articles of commerce, especially grain and rags. In this way the plague-infected flea may be transported from place to place with the rats. It is possible that fleas containing the germ of plague may thus have been carried to Suffolk by ships which pass Shotley Point on their way up the Stour or the Orwell. The numbers of rats in that neighborhood on both sides of the estuary are very great. It has been clearly shown that an epidemic of plague is either smouldering or raging among them. That being the case, there is no reason why the fleas which infest the rats should not find their way ultimately to the domestic animals and the ground game of neighboring Suffolk. An instance similar to this is now occurring in California, where plague is believed to be spreading or to have spread from San Francisco out country by means of the California rabbit or ground squirrel. The number of fleas on rats is very great; thirty is no uncommon number, and the numbers increase as the rat falls a prey to the disease. A hun-

dred flea has been found on a plague rat. We have spoken of the transference of these fleas to other animals. Guinea-pigs placed in plague-houses have been found to attract as many as thirty-plague-infected fleas to themselves. The guinea-pigs died of plague. Wherever, then, the plague-rat exists the danger is ever-present that the disease may spread from the rat to other animals or to man.

In the security of his own home, where a rat is as seldom seen as a burglar, the Englishman is apt to imagine that such a thing as plague could never happen to him. Fenced about by sanitary authorities, protected by hygienic measures and restrictions, he cannot conceive that plague should ever again sweep London as it devastated the city two hundred years ago, and as it is devastating the towns and villages of India to-day. But he forgets that in the restaurants where he eats, or in the billiard-rooms where he has a quiet game of pool, rats are lurking beneath the flooring, or perhaps are peering at the diners from the skirting-boards. There is a justly celebrated restaurant in the Strand from which the rats have now been evicted. But a few years ago late customers would often be startled by seeing a rat scamper across the floor, and an hour after the doors had been closed the floor was black with rats. Two hundred rats have been taken by the waiters as one night's bag. The rat population of underground London is as great as that of human beings above ground. What would happen if plague, brought from some of the black rats of the grain-ships, broke out among the London rats?

It would spread among them, especially in winter, till plague was within striking distance of every home in London that has drains. And if plague once thrust its head up from the sewers to some of the slums in East London, or South London—then a plague of Greater London might change the face of history.

Let us now consider what this means, or what it may mean. If by some series of disastrous coincidences plague were to spring up in half a dozen places at once among human beings; and if the disease were to assume that frightful pneumonia form which has characterized the five or six certain cases of plague occurring in England during the last twelve months then

there are few medical authorities in this country who could set a limit to the devastation which might ensue. We do not live in the times of the Great Plague of London, and probably our modern hygienic precautions would prevent

circumstances should not a disease so terribly infectious as pneumonic plague spread too?

But even if it were arrested before it had gone far, does anyone realize what an outbreak of plague, numbering thirty,



A LOWER-CLASS FAMILY IN CHINA



THE PUBLIC PLACE FOR THE POOR AND DYING, CANTON



AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY IN JAPAN  
A Japanese girl before the Tenshoabe Shrine, Japan.

the infection from sweeping the country like a furnace fire. But after all, in spite of all our science, epidemics of other diseases have spread, and do spread. Why in exceptional cir-

forty or fifty cases in London or Liverpool or Glasgow would imply? Even a solitary case of plague has to be notified to all foreign Governments. A definite outbreak of patently infectious plague in the

London Docks would result in the placing of every ship from the Port of London in quarantine when it reached a foreign port. That would be merely the beginning; and if the epidemic assumed a grave aspect, the trade of the Port of London would be paralyzed.

We need not dwell on further possibili-

ties of horror if plague developed in England as it has in Asia.

While the rat lives it is a threat to the lives and health of human beings. We have enjoyed immunity so long that we refuse to believe in the possibility. But the possibility is always there; and the only chance of abolishing it is the abolition of the rat.

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### WHAT ABOUT ENGLAND'S ARMY?

CECIL BATTINE is a war-like gentleman, whose soul vibrates to the tread of armies. But he has little use for navies, and precious little use for the present government of England. In fact, he ascribes short-sightedness, ignorance and stupidity to the Administration. Writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, he argues that England should look more to her army and less to her navy. He writes informally, and bitterly at times. The following condensation is an interesting comment on the European situation. He says:

By reason of its unique position on the Bosphorus, and by the prestige of its long reign as metropolis of the Eastern Roman Empire, Constantinople still maintains a reputation for political and strategical value which actual conditions of war and policy do not really confer. Even in the grip of a progressive and solvent military Power the shores of the Sea of Marmora would no longer possess the overwhelming importance popularly attributed to them as the key of the Near East. Disraeli, in one of his last speeches, declared that the key to India was in London, and this statement conveyed an important truth. Not localities, but the men who control them, fix the fate of nations.

The statesmen of Europe are well aware of its reduced importance from a military point of view, and even among the amateur parliamentary politicians of our own country it would now be impossible to work up the feverish excitement which impelled them to embark upon the Crimean War, and which nearly involved Britain in another war with Russia in 1878.

The Turkish army has been to a great

extent remodelled and reformed by the German instructors who have been lent to the Sultan under General von der Goltz, and it has on its muster-roll half a million of hardy and fairly well-trained soldiers. The officers are, however, far below the general standard of European armies, and the administration and general resources for mobilising and concentrating the army on a war footing are known to be in a parlous condition. It is probable, however, that Turkey could in two months put nine army corps actually in the field; that is, an army of about 330,000 men. Bulgaria could move about 150,000, and Roumania nearly as many. The forces of the Balkan States are therefore by no means negligible, even in comparison with the great European armies of today, nor is it difficult to understand the pains which are taken to cultivate their alliance so as to be sure of, at any rate, an equilibrium of forces in the Near East in case the fate of western Europe once more hangs upon the event of war. An attack upon Egypt by Turkish troops overlaid would strain the resources of the British Empire if it was also menaced with invasion of the United Kingdom, but such action on the part of Turkey would only be possible if the safety of her dominions in Europe were guaranteed, a state of things not easy to arrange.

The motives which underlie the action of German diplomacy in the Balkans, and towards the Turkish Empire generally, are twofold. The German Government can never lose sight of the fact that the industrial population of the Empire is increasing with amazing rapidity. The rulers of Germany,

whose situations do not depend on an ephemeral majority in Parliament, are capable of looking far ahead. They have so far succeeded in satisfying the needs of the German proletariat, and although social and political discontent makes itself heard in Germany as elsewhere, it is well known by all intelligent Germans that the policy of the Empire has been remarkably successful in obtaining material advantages for the people, and that no other Government could probably have done better, or even as well. Nevertheless, the increase of population and the ascending standard of comfort in the great centres of industry, leave no doubt that fresh fields must be found in the near future for German enterprise and German industry, and probably fresh territory for the overflow of people when the resources of the Fatherland to support the millions of German toilers have been exploited to their utmost limit. In framing their policy towards Continental Europe, as well as towards the rest of the world, the rulers of Germany must ever keep this eventuality in their minds. The same necessity which brought the swarms of Teutonic settlers into the heart of Europe and to the shores of Britain fifteen centuries ago, may once again impel the most home-loving and least enterprising nation to embark on a career of foreign conquest and expansion. So far as that expansion can be done by peaceful methods it will probably be effected without bloodshed. There are already abundant examples of the progress of the German in peaceful penetration in Holland, in the Western provinces of Russia, in British Colonies, South America, and even on the territory of France itself. The Turkish Empire with its vast undeveloped territory certainly offers opportunities for the increase of German wealth, and for swelling the foreign trade by which the swarming inhabitants of Saxony and Westphalia can be kept busy and comparatively contented.

Turkey, however, infringes on German policy from a military standpoint, and we should remember that in Germany periods of peace are for the warlike machinery of the Empire merely periods of truce during which adequate preparations are made for the next war. Now if Germany alone, or with allies, finds herself at war with Britain, it becomes a very important ques-

tion for her whether the British Government can or cannot make any use of the 220,000 troops of the Indian Army, British and Native. These troops include the best-trained and equipped of our Empire, and are led by the ablest and most professional officers. If even fifty thousand of these troops could be used in Europe the balance of military power would be sensibly affected.

If the Turkish Empire were hostile to the Triple Alliance, and if the contending forces were approximately evenly matched in the Balkan Peninsula, the Indian contingent could be used to turn the scale in those provinces, or it might even be used west of Malta. Italy might not be sorry for an excuse to refrain from overt action, so long as the result of the war remained in doubt, and the threat of attack from Egypt and Malta might well suffice to keep her army corps south of the Alps. It is easy to forecast other purposes which the Indian Army might serve if a passage through Egypt were secure, and if the hostility of the Porte had not to be reckoned with. If, on the other hand, Turkey joined the Triple Alliance in a struggle with the Western Powers, even with Russia hostile to Germany, the situation would be entirely changed. In Persia, and in Egypt itself, the action of Turkish troops, assisted and advised by German staff officers, would seriously threaten the power of Britain in the East, and would effectually prevent her from making use of her magnificent Indian Army at the central and decisive point of the contest. It is, therefore, evident that whether peace is indefinitely postponed, or whether war overtakes Europe in the next decade, the relations of the Germans to the Turkish people and Government are of great and increasing importance. Finally, the German Empire is straining every nerve to foster and extend its commerce and fleet. Although the Sea of Marmora is certainly not now, if it ever was, the most important naval post between Gibraltar and Port Said, yet its retention by a friendly Power is not without importance. If Austria carries out her projected naval schemes, and if Italy remains true to the Triple Alliance, then, even in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean, the Central Powers may reasonably expect to hold their own, and the

friendship or hostility of Turkey in a struggle for naval supremacy may have considerably importance. British battleships will inevitably be attracted to the locality of decisive action, and Turkish ports are capable of providing excellent bases for destroyers, small swift cruisers, and for the weapons which the development of mechanical science seems likely to furnish in the future.

The recent negotiations for a Turkish loan have revealed the extent to which German influence has progressed in Turkish affairs. The Turkish army has received its reforms from German instructors; Turkey purchases German obsolete warships, and borrows the money to do so from German financiers on terms satisfactory to Berlin; Constantinople and other towns of the Empire swarm with German bankers, merchants, clerks, and with Hebrew adventurers of all sorts who claim to be German subjects. Wherever the combined armies of Germany and Austria can march without exposing their own capitals to attack, the overshadowing influence of German policy is felt, nor is any opportunity let slide of reaping the contingent advantages. It is not difficult to foresee that the military ascendancy of the combined Empires must ere long control the international affairs of western Europe, unless that superiority is successfully disputed in arms. German interests demand an opening for expanding trade. It is hardly to be hoped that the Jews of Germany will rally to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem and repopulate the plains of Palestine, but although the Turkish Empire contains no territory suitable for a German population to colonize as a community, yet it affords opportunities for the investment of capital, and for the employment of an army of Teutonic youths who might find it difficult or precarious to earn a good salary in the fatherland. Banks, railways, ships, and irrigation, with the accompanying trade, will open up the Turkish domains in the not distant future. It is not difficult to foresee that under the protection of the German and Austrian legions, the development of the Near East will be accomplished principally by German agents. The prospect does not at present cause uneasiness to the Turks. Of all the infidel States with which Islam is in contact, Germany and

Austria, for the time being at any rate, excite least distrust; while Britain, with its democratic enthusiasms, vacillating policy, and feeble army, inspires cordial dislike and suspicion. Young Turks, as might have been foreseen, have proved themselves remarkably like their predecessors in authority; they accept with philosophical resignation what cannot be mended; and are mainly concerned in trying to retain those provinces which have not yet been torn from the Sultan's rule. That schemes should be entertained by any party in Turkey of an offensive movement to drive the British out of Egypt, is an instructive sidelight on our prestige in the world, for many years have elapsed since the Turks contemplated the possibility of attacking even the feeblest of their neighbors.

When Admiral Mahan wrote his charming book on the night of Sea Power, the theory conveyed was greedily seized upon by the politicians and strategists of the House of Commons. "Our Navy must be supreme," they said, "That stands to reason," they added, as if not quite easy in their minds about the corollary of their policy, which has been to neglect the Land Forces of the Empire. Gradually these Forces have sunk into being a mere nucleus, a sort of gendarmierie, formidable indeed for Colonial wars, but ludicrously insufficient whether compared in numbers, organization, training, or leadership for a struggle with the Germans or the Russians on land. Not the least serious result of this policy in our country has been the gradual disappearance of men capable of leading armies under modern conditions. At any rate, the war in South Africa showed how few such men had risen above the rank of regimental officer.

Eloquence had not eliminated the influence of force from the affairs of men, and if we aspire to maintain a great Empire in the teeth of certain rivals and possible enemies we must be prepared to have recourse to it, and we must possess leaders as intelligent, brave, and devoted as the opposing Powers, or else we shall certainly succumb in any struggle which is forced upon us. In sharp contrast with the supine policy of leading our Navy with the sole responsibility for our national safety is the other policy, adopted by all

Imperial Powers on their ascent to supremacy, of maintaining Forces by Land and Sea (and now perhaps in the Air as well) which are symmetrical and in due proportion to one another. Every great State which has committed its safety to a Navy unsupported by proportional land power has been destroyed, and there is no reason to suppose Britain will be the exception. Indeed, we do not really think so ourselves, for we spend as much on Land Forces as any of the Military Empires, if the Indian forces are included, but so little is modern strategy and modern military science understood by our rulers and by their expert advisers that these forces are impotently scattered about the globe, and at no single point, not even in the counties around London, can the British Government place a modern army of respectable dimensions in the field.

Since 1896, when the Kaiser conveyed his useful warning to the British people by his Kruger telegram, it has been more or less recognized that the British Government has to face another military problem besides the defence of India. It is recognized that the waters which wash our naval bases, and even the estuary of the Thames itself, may not be safe from hostile warships. A great concentration of naval force round the coast of England has been the precaution adopted to meet the case. So far, however, no serious attempt has been made to bring the Land Forces up to the standard required by the

doctrine of Symmetry and Proportion, though Germany and Japan are daily giving us object lessons of the truth of its application. Parliament, it is true, repeatedly reforms the Army, and great politicians continue to earn fame by "clear thinking" and "scientific" treatment of the subject. No one, however, out of England is deluded by these sham reforms. The four or five weak divisions at the disposal of the War Office, insufficiently horsed and led by commanders who, in the majority of cases, are notoriously innocent of modern military science, do not command the confidence either of the Belgians or Turks. Whether the passage of the Meuse or the passage of the Dardanelles, the fate of Holland, or the sovereignty of Crete is next in dispute, it will not be sufficient to support our allies merely by Naval Power. To keep the peace, and to keep our allies, which is the same thing, we must have adequate Land Forces. No strategist out of London would dream of disputing this statement, and our own diplomats must constantly have felt the force of it during the last ten years.

In our present situation a cautious, modest and consistent foreign policy is essential. Such orgies of national excitement as the anti-Austrian crusade, which has possibly doubled the forces of our enemy in the next war, are especially to be avoided, and no time should be lost in raising the Land Forces required by the general situation.

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### A WONDERFUL THEATRE'S WONDERFUL STAGE.

HOW often, says Wendell Phillips Dodge, in the *Technical World Magazine*, have we stood by, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, at the sight of a big locomotive being turned around on a turn-table platform near the round-house in a railroad yard, feeling a sense of intimacy at being behind the scenes, as it were, in the theatre of the four-wheeled drama? And how simply this engine-turning was done.

It is not surprising, then, that with so many railroad men among the directors of

the New Theatre, New York, during the building of which were being constructed two of the greatest railroad terminals in the world in New York, that the turn-table idea should be taken into consideration for the stage of this up-to-date playhouse. True, the New Theatre is not the first to have a turn-table stage, there being one or two theatres in Germany with this form of stage. In fact, according to Claude L. Hagen, who invented the device at the New Theatre, and who was the technical director at the Central Park West

playhouse when it opened, the first revolving stage was in use during the sixteenth century by the Japanese. But, the revolving stage at the New Theatre is probably the most intricate and yet, in its operation, the most simple device of its kind in the world.

When "Strife," the capital and labor play, was produced at the New Theatre a real flat freight car was used in one of the scenes. It was placed on actual railroad tracks and was turned around during the change of scenes on a turn-table considerably larger and of more perfect mechanism than is to be found in any railroad yard in the world. This revolving stage is the most simple device of its kind in existence, although it is sixty-four feet in diameter and weighs 56,000 pounds. There are more than one million pounds of steel in the stage machinery alone and it requires 700 horse-power to put it in full operation. The cost of the stage machinery alone was over \$250,000.

In the case of "Strife" the four scenes were set complete beforehand, each scene taking up approximately one-quarter of the stage. In "The School for Scandal" six changes of scene were made in six minutes. These scenes were so heavy that they had to be moved on trucks. "Don" and "Liz" were produced with no intermission between them. "Liz" a one-act play, was set complete with the scenes of "Don" on the turn-table stage, and the stage revolved from "Liz" to the first act of the longer play immediately, the intermission taking place between the first and second acts of "Don."

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### THE PRICE OF PRUDERY.

THERE is an uneasy feeling spreading over the whole country and the United States. It concerns an unmentionable disease, a disease that is worse than the Bubonic Plague because the plague does not claim the unborn generations. This disease flourishes because men and women are too "modest" to discuss means of checking it. It comes from

In "Antony and Cleopatra," the initial production at the New Theatre, the palace scene was so large that the stage could not be revolved, but a scene has to be gigantic, indeed, to put the turn-table stage out of commission.

One great advantage of having more than one scene set on the stage at one time is that the audience can look through the doorway from one scene to another, thereby giving a more natural and comprehensive view of the setting of the play. In "Strife," for instance, the audience could see beyond the room forming the scene in action into another room in which a meeting of capitalists was being held, the meeting being the subject of conversation in the first room. There is no end to the possibilities for naturalness in presenting a given action on the turn-table stage.

The New Theatre turn-table stage as it will be when completed for next season will be so constructed that any section of it can be raised or lowered, separately or in conjunction with the other sections. In fact, it was so constructed in the beginning, but in its complete form it was not in working order. When completed it will be possible to build a scene on the first seven sections, for example, present it and then lower it into the cellar to a sufficient depth so that the eighth section, on which a scene has been set, may be driven forward sixty feet a minute to the front of the stage. Or, scenes can be set on any number of sections, according to the scene desired, and changed in the same manner.

—"prudery;" and we feel that it is aiding a good cause when we reprint Dr. C. W. Saleeby's article in the *March Forum*.

Addressing a meeting of clergymen some time ago, he says, the present writer endeavored to trace back to the beginning the main cause of infant mortality, and endeavored to show that that lay in the natural ignorance of the human mother.

In the discussion which followed, an elderly clergyman insisted that the causes had not been traced far enough back, maternal ignorance being itself permitted in consequence of our national prudery.

Ever since that day one has come to see more and more clearly that the criticism was just. Maternal ignorance is a natural fact of human kind, and destroys infant life everywhere, though prudery be or be not a local phenomenon. But where vast organizations exist for the remedying of ignorance, prudery indeed is responsible for the neglect of ignorance on the most important of all subjects. Let it not be supposed for a moment that in this protest one desires, even for the highest ends, to impart such knowledge as would involve sullying the bloom of youth. It is not necessary to destroy the charm of innocence in order to remedy certain kinds of ignorance; nor are prudery and modesty identical. Whatever prudery may be when analyzed, it seems perfectly fair to charge it as the substantial cause of the ignorance in which the young generation grows up, as to matters which vitally concern its health and that of future generations. Let us now observe in brief the price of prudery thus arraigned.

There is, first, that large proportion of infant mortality which is due to maternal ignorance. The nation has had the young mother at school for many years; much devotion and money have been spent upon her. Yet it is necessary to pass an Act ensuring, if possible, that when she is confronted with the great business of her life—which is the care of a baby—within thirty-six hours the fact shall be made known to some one who, racing for life against time, may haply reach her soon enough to remedy the ignorance which would otherwise very likely bury her baby. Prudery has decreed that while at school she should learn nothing of such matters. For the matter of that she may even have attended a three-year course in science or technology, and be a miracle of information on the keeping of accounts, the testing of drains, and the principles of child psychology; but it has not been thought suitable to discuss with her the care of a baby. How could any nice-minded teacher care to put such ideas into a girl's head? Never having noticed a child with a doll, we have somehow failed to realize that

Nature, her Ancient Mother and ours, is not above putting into her head, when she can scarcely toddle, the ideas at which we pretend to blush. Prudery on this topic, and with such consequences, is not much less than blasphemy against life and the most splendid purposes towards which the individual, "but a wave of the wild sea," can be consecrated.

This question of the care of babies offers us much less excuse for its neglect than do questions concerned with the circumstances antecedent to the babies' appearance. Yet we are blameworthy, and disastrously so, here also. Prudery insists that boys and girls shall be left to learn anyhow. That is not what it says, but that is what it does. It feebly supposes not merely that ignorance and innocence are identical, but that, failing the parent, the doctor, the teacher, and the clergyman—and probably all these do fail—ignorance will remain ignorant. There are others, however, who always lie in wait, whether by word of mouth or the printed word, and since youth will in any case learn—except in the case of a few rare and pure souls—we have to ask ourselves whether we prefer that these matters shall be associated in its mind with the cad round the corner or the groom or the chauffeur who instructs the boy, the domestic servant who instructs the girl, and with all these notions of guilty secrecy and of misplaced levity which are entailed; or with the idea that it is right and wise to understand these matters in due measure because their concerns are the greatest in human life.

After puberty, and during early adolescence, when a certain amount of knowledge has been acquired, we leave youth free to learn lies from advertisements, carefully calculated to foster the tendency to hypochondria, which is often associated with such matters.

It is the ignorance conditioned by prudery that is responsible later on for many criminal marriages; contracted, it may be, with the blind blessing of Church and State, which, however, the laws of heredity and infection rudely ignore. Parents cannot bring themselves to inquire into matters which profoundly concern the welfare of the daughter for whom they propose to make what appears to be a good marriage. They desire, of course, that their children shall be healthy and whole-minded;

they do not desire that marriage should be for her the beginning of disease, from the disastrous effects of which she may never recover. But these are delicate matters, and prudery forbids that they should be inquired into; yet every father who permits his daughter to marry without having satisfied himself on these points is guilty, at the least, of grave delinquency of duty, and may, in effect, be conniving at disasters and desolations of which he will not live to see the end.

Society, from the highest to the lowest of its strata, is afflicted with certain forms of understood and eminently preventable disease, any public mention of which by mouth or pen involves serious risk of various kinds. Prudery, again, is largely responsible for the continuance of these evils at a time when we have so much precise knowledge regarding their nature and the possibility of their prevention. Medical science cannot make distinctions between one disease and another, nor between one sin and another, as prudery does. Prudery says that such and such is vice, that its consequences in the form of disease are the penalties imposed by its inexorable god upon the guilty and the innocent, the living and the unborn alike, and that therefore our ordinary attitude towards disease cannot here be maintained. Physiological science, however, knowing what it knows regarding food and alcohol, and air and exercise and diet, can readily demonstrate that the gout from which Mrs. Grundy suffers is also a penalty for sin; none the less because it is not so hideously disproportionate, in its measure and in its incidence, to the gravity of the offence. These moral distinctions between one disease and another have little or no meaning for medical science, and are more often than not immoral.

It would be none too easy to show that the medical profession in any country has yet used its tremendous power in this direction. Professions, of course, do not move as a whole, and we must not expect the universal laws of institutions to find an exception here. But though they do not move, they can be moved. It is when the public has been educated in the elements of these matters, and has been taught to see what the consequences of prudery are, that the necessary forces will be brought into action. Meanwhile, what

we call the social evil is almost entirely left to the efforts made in Rescue Homes and the like. It is much more than doubtful whether Rescue Homes—the only method which Mrs. Grundy will tolerate—are the best way of dealing with the problem, even if the people who worked in them had the right kind of outlook upon the matter, and even if their numbers were indefinitely multiplied. Everyone who has devoted a moment's thought to the question knows perfectly well that this is merely beginning at the end, and therefore all but futile. I mention the matter here to make the point that the one measure which prudery permits is just the most useless, ill-devised, and literally preposterous with which this tremendous problem can be mocked.

The two forms of disease to which we must refer are appalling in their consequences, both for the individual and the future. In technical language they are called contagious; meaning that the infection is conveyed not through the air as, say, in the case of measles or small-pox, but by means of contact with some infected surface—it may be a lip in the act of kissing, a cup in drinking, a towel in washing, and so forth. Of both these terrible diseases this is true. They, therefore, rank like leprosy, as amongst the most eminently preventable diseases. Leprosy has in consequence been completely exterminated in Anglo-Saxon countries, but though venereal disease—the name of the two contagions considered together—diminishes, it is still abundant everywhere and in all classes of society. I declare with all the force of which I am capable that, many and daily as are the abominations for which posterity will hold us up to execration, there is none more abominable in its immediate and remote consequences, none less capable of apology than the daily destruction of healthy and happy womanhood, whether in marriage or outside it, by means of these diseases. At all times this is horrible, and it is more especially horrible when the helpless victim is destroyed with the blessing of the Church and the State, parents and friends; everyone of whom should ever after go in sackcloth and ashes for being privy to such a deed.

The present writer, for one, being a private individual, the servant of the pub-

lie, and responsible to nobody smaller than the public, has long declined and will continue to decline to join the hateful conspiracy of silence, in virtue of which these daily horrors lie at the door of the most honored and respected individuals and professions in the community. More especially at the doors of the Church and the medical profession there lies the burden of shame that, as great organized bodies having vast power, they should concern themselves, as they daily do, with their own interests and honor, without realizing that where things like these are permitted by their silence, their honor is smirched beyond repair in whatever Eyes there be that regard.

I propose, therefore, to say that which at the least cannot but have the effect of saving at any rate a few girls somewhere throughout the English-speaking world from one or other of both of these diseases, and their consequences. Let these only who have ever saved a single human being from such horrors dare to utter a word against the plain speaking which may save one woman now.

Something is known by the general public of the individual consequences of the first disease. It is known by many, also, that there are babies being born alive but rotted through for life. Further, it is not at all generally known, though the fact is established, that of the comparatively few survivors to adult life from amongst such babies, some may transmit the disease even to the third generation. There is a school of so-called moralists who regard all this as the legitimate and providential punishment for vice, even though ten innocent be destroyed for one guilty. Such moralists, more foolish than the disease itself, may be left in the gathering gloom to the company of their ghastly creed.

The public knowledge of the first of these diseases, though far short of the truth, is not nearly so inadequate as that of the second. "No worse than a bad cold" is the kind of lie with which such youth is fooled. The disease may sometimes be little worse than a bad cold in men, though very often it is far more serious; it may kill, may cause lasting damage to the coverings of the heart and the joints, and often may prevent all possibility of future fatherhood.

These evils sink almost into insignificance when compared with the far graver consequences in women. Our knowledge of this subject is comparatively recent, being necessarily based upon the discovery of the microbe that causes the disease. Now that it can be identified, we learn that a vast proportion of the illnesses and disorders peculiar to women have this cause, and it constantly leads to the operations, now daily carried out in all parts of the world, which involve opening the body, and all that that may entail. Curable in its early stages in men, it is scarcely curable in women except by means of a grave abdominal operation, involving much risk to life and only to be undertaken after much suffering has failed to be met by less drastic means. The various consequences in other parts of the body may and do occur in women as in men. Perhaps the most characteristic consequence of the disease in both sexes is sterility; this being much more conspicuously the case in women, and being the more cruel in their case.

Of course large numbers of women are infected with these diseases before marriage and apart from it, but one or both of them constitute the most important of the bridegroom's wedding presents, in countless cases every year, all over the world. The unfortunate bride falls ill after marriage; she may be speedily cured; very often she is ill for life, though major surgery may relieve her; and in a large number of cases she goes forever without children. One need scarcely refer to the remoter consequences to the nervous system, including such diseases as locomotor ataxia, and general paralysis of the insane; the latter of which is known to be increasing amongst women. Even in these few words, which convey to the layman no idea whatever of the pains and horrors, the shocking erosion of beauty, the deformities, the insanities, incurable blindness of infants, and so forth, that follow these diseases, enough will yet have been said to indicate the supreme importance of publicity.

There is no need to horrify or scandalize or disgust young womanhood, but it is perfectly possible in the right way and at the right time to give instruction as to certain facts, and whilst quite admitting that there are hosts of other things which we

must desire to teach, I maintain that this also must we do and not leave the others undone. It is untrue that it is necessary to excite morbid curiosity, that there is the slightest occasion to give nauseous or suggestive details, or that the most scrupulous reticence in handling the matter is incompatible with complete efficiency. Such assertions will certainly be made by those who have done nothing, never will do anything, and desire that nothing shall be done; they are nothing, let them be treated as nothing.

It is supposed by some that instruction in these matters must be useless because, in point of fact, imperious instincts will have their way. It is nonsense. Here, as in so many other cases, the words of Burke are true—Fear is the mother of safety. It is always the tempter's business to suggest to his victim that there is no danger. Often and often, if convinced there is danger, and danger of another kind than say he refers to, she will be saved. This may be less true of young men. In them the racial instinct is stronger, and perhaps a smaller number will be protected by fear, but no one can seriously doubt that the fear born of knowledge would certainly protect many young women.

There is also the possible criticism, made by a school of moralists for whom I have nothing but contempt so entire that I will not attempt to disguise it, who maintain that these are unworthy motives to which to appeal, and that the good set or the refraining from an evil one, effected by means of fear, is of no value to God. In the same breath, however, these moralists will preach the doctrine of hell. We reply that we merely substitute for their doctrine of hell—which used to be somewhere under the earth, but is now who knows where—the doctrine of a hell upon the earth, which we wish youth of both sexes to fear; and that if the life of this world, both present and to come, be thereby served, we bow the knee to no deity whom that service does not please.

How then, should we proceed?

It seems to me that instruction in this matter may well be delayed until the danger is near at hand. This is not really education for parenthood in the more general sense. That, on sane eugenic principles, can scarcely begin too soon; it is, further, something vastly more than mere

instruction, though instruction is one of its instruments. But here what we require is simply definite instruction to a definite end and in relation to a definite danger. At some stage or other, before emerging into danger, youth of both sexes must learn the elements of the physiology of sex, and must be made acquainted with the existence and the possible results of venereal disease. A father or a teacher may very likely find it almost impossible to speak to a boy; even though he has screwed his courage up almost to the sticking place, the boy's bright and innocent eyes disarm him. Unfortunately boys are often less innocent than they look. There exists far more information among youth of both sexes than we suppose; only it is all colored by pernicious and dangerous elements, the fruit of our cowardice and neglect. Let us confine ourselves to the case of the girl.

Before a girl of the more fortunate classes goes out into society, she must be protected in some way or another. If she be, for instance, convent bred, or if she come from an ideal home, it may very well be and often is that she needs no instruction whatever, because she is, in fact, already unapproachable by the tempter. Fortunate indeed is such a girl. But those forming this well-guarded class are few, and parents and guardians may often be deceived and assume more than they are entitled to. At any rate, for the vast majority of girls some positive instruction is necessary. It is the mother who must undertake this responsible and difficult task before she admits the girl to the perils of the world. Further, by some means or other, instruction must be afforded for the ever-increasing army of girls who go out to business. It is to me a never ceasing marvel that loving parents, devoted to their daughter's welfare, should fail in this cardinal and critical point of duty, so constantly as they do.

This paper may be read not by the girl who is contemplating marriage, but by one or both of her parents. If the reader be such a one I here charge him or her with the solemn responsibility which is theirs whether they realize it or not. You desire your daughter's welfare; you wish her to be healthy and happy in her married life; perhaps your heart rejoices at the thought of grand-children; you con-

earn yourself with your prospective son-in-law's character, with his income and prospects; you wish him to be steady and sober; you would rather that he came of a family not conspicuous for morbid tendencies. All this is well and as it should be; yet there is that to be considered which, whilst it is only negative, and should not have to be considered at all, yet takes precedence of all these other questions. No combination of advantages is worth the dust in the balance when weighed against either of these diseases in a prospective son-in-law: infection is not a matter of chance, but a certainty, or little short of it. Everything may seem fair and full of promise, yet there may be that in the case which will wreck all.

It follows, therefore, that parents or guardians are guilty of a grave dereliction of duty if they neglect to satisfy themselves in time on this point. Doubtless, in the great majority of cases no harm will be done. But in the rest irreparable harm is often done, and the innocent, ignorant

girl who has been betrayed by father and mother and husband alike, may turn upon you all, perhaps on her death-bed, perhaps with the blasted future in her arms, and say, "This is your doing: behold your deed."

It is just because public opinion is so potent, and, like all other powers, so potent either for good or for evil, that its present disastrous workings are the more deplorable. The power is there, and it means well, though it does disastrously ill. Public opinion ought to be decided upon these matters; it ought to be powerful and effective. We shall never come out into the daylight until it is; we shall not be saved by laws, nor by medical knowledge, nor by the admonitions of the churches. Our salvation lies only in a healthy public opinion, not less effective and not more well-meaning than public opinion is at present, but informed where it is now ignorant, and profoundly impressed with the importance of realities as it now is with the importance of appearances.



### THE LITTLE CHINESE DOWAGER.

IN their efforts to penetrate the mystery in which the identity of the real ruler of China is now involved, the great dailies of Europe find themselves obliged to pay more heed to the personality of the baffling Empress Dowager, says *Current Literature*. That inscrutable lady contemplated, according to a recent despatch in the London Times, nothing less drastic than the deposition of the Regent himself. Obscure as are the dynastic codes of the royal clan, there seems little doubt that they favor the pretensions of her Majesty Lung Yu to the actual sovereignty of the empire. The western world has been altogether misled, insists the London daily, regarding the claims of the little boy who now ranks as the son of Heaven. There is no doubt, we read in our contemporary, that what may be called the legitimist (or orthodox succession) party in the forbidden city at Peking favors the idea of putting Yu Keng—the son of our old friend Pu Lun—on the throne. The immediate purpose of the

Empress Dowager—she is a wonderful a wizard in her way as was ever the terrible aunt whose power she wields—would be subverted by her own assumption of the supreme power. This step, with the support of the imperial clansmen, seems to present little difficulty. The Regent had at last accounts lost all moral authority. He is completely at the mercy of the widow of the late Kwang-Su.

No one beholding the masterful Princess Lung Yu in the lifetime of her vacillating and obliterated husband—she was then known merely by her clan name of Yehonala—would recognize the blooming matron of to-day in the faded creature of that dismal era. What she was to those about her is set forth hopelessly enough by a lady who had many an opportunity of studying the melancholy subject, Mrs. Isaac Taylor Headland. Lung Yu, in the shadow of her amazing aunt, had neither bloom nor beauty. The expression of her face was, indeed, gentle, but it was the gentleness of the caged and listless leo-

pard rather than the softness of the gazelle. A voiceless melancholy had stamped upon her typically Oriental features so faded and worn and weary an expression that he who foretold a speedy conclusion of her days would have seemed no poor physician. Chagrin and every form of humiliation that can be imposed upon a wife had wasted the Princess into a very shadow. The long, lean face was as sallow as it seemed dejected. The gait of the Princess was rendered additionally awkward by her tendency to stoop until her shoulders rose higher than her pointed chin. The seal was set upon this ugliness by the wretched state of teeth which seemed never to have known a brush and which flagrantly exposed how far they were gone in decay whenever the chin and bloodless lips of the Princess parted in her characteristically sickly smile.

A more pitiable spectacle than that of this lorn and lanky lady standing in mute misery throughout the palace audiences granted to the diplomatic corps by her terrifying aunt when the late emperor still dragged out his meaningless existence has not been seen since Niobe became a fountain. Yehonala in these dark days seemed blank, spineless, insatiable. Did she receive a greeting from an European lady, she appeared to start like one afraid, and next she dropped a timid courtesy, but spoke no word. Not once would Yehonala in the course of a palace audience venture next her aunt or her late husband. On their side they ignored her as completely as they did the air they breathed so superciliously. Yet Yehonala was at this period the Chinese Empress.

Behind the high walls of rectangular compass behind which she then dwelt immured, Lung Yu or Yehonala wandered aimlessly with her servants in pursuit of what to her was recreation. She displayed not the slightest sign of the intelligence which has since made her the most important person in all the forbidden city. Had she been a cloistered nun she could not have fared from her fellow creatures into a remoter solitude. This isolation was marked in the old days. Never did she linger until the end of a palace audience. Not only did she take her station in the least conspicuous corner of the throne room, attended only by a waiting

woman or two, but the instant she could quit the scene unobtrusively and in silence, she disappeared. She was then the fleeing fawn of the dynasty, the one self-effacing and frightened creature in a court where fortunes were built upon audacity, and favor was the reward of boldness. Ugly, ashamed and disliked, no one dreamed in the days of the Jomel of China that the heiress to all her power could be the voiceless Yehonala, since become the Empress Dowager Lung Yu.

Candrells was not transformed by the glass slipper in a manner more miraculous than that of Yehonala's metamorphosis. She seems to-day, in the light of information transmitted from Peking by the correspondent of the Paris Figaro, as serenely confident of herself and as self-assertive as an American matron in her husband's home. The yellowed and decaying teeth have been polished into whiteness and filled with gold until they gleam like pearls in a jewelled setting. The erect shoulders show no trace of the droop that spoiled a figure which to-day can make pretensions to trimness. The Yehonala of old, having become the Empress Dowager Lung Yu of the despatches, pays even more attention to the adornment of her head and the shape of her feet than did ever her deceased aunt to her poems and her finger nails. The masterful Lung Yu who has disclosed her real nature to an astonished court circle never possessed the unnatural smallness of feet which in China passes for a beauty, but they are always exquisitely shod in silk and perfumed like the rose. Her hairpins are appropriate to each month in the year and her brows are tintured with every celestial unguent. In place of the shabby waiting woman who paced stealthily in her wake as she glided unobserved from the old hall of audience, the Empress Dowager Lung Yu is followed by white retinues of habited ladies. Her passage through a room is betrayed for many minutes by the delightful odors in her train. She holds her head erect and looks even haughtily upon the biggest mandarin in the palace circle. The muteness of her observation has been succeeded by a conversational felicity so delightful that many a silvery laugh greets her least sally. It is as likely as not to be



personal, the *Pigou* mites, as the Empress Dowager manifests something very like a gout for stream.

Family pride appears to characterize the lady. She has formally placed herself at the head of the Yehonala clan to which she belongs and it does not appear that any member of that clique disputes with success this assumption of supremacy. When her weak and tuberculous husband lived she submitted meekly to every manifestation of a disdain which he never even affected to dissemble. It was once common gossip in court circles, relates Mrs. Headland, that whenever Yehonala came into the presence of her lord the contemptuous Kwang Su ostentatiously hurled his shoe at her head with a dexterous jerk of his foot. His estimate of the spouse forced upon him by his tremendous aunt was translated into uncompromising actions. The lady has perhaps been made sensitive by such slights to the least forgetfulness by those about her of the exalted position she has since attained. Woe to the luckless eunuch or attendant who forgets the etiquette prescribed by the presence of an Empress Dowager of China! That etiquette has been highly elaborated in recent months, it seems from the French daily. Her Majesty enters into such details as the hours consecrated by those about her to their slumbers and to the viands they shall digest. It is a peculiar privilege to be permitted to comb her hair. Even the parings of her finger nails are carried out of her apartments on a silver tray with every mark of homage.

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### WHAT A MODERN NAVAL BATTLE IS REALLY LIKE.

The world is forever increasing its armaments and yet it appears that there has not been a real test—that is to say a real engagement in war—of the most modern fleets with the exception of the battle of Tsushima, in the Russo-Japanese War. We excerpt this statement on the part of *London Magazine*, as a preface to an intensely interesting article which it publishes, and which we reproduce in condensed form, from the pen of Captain Vladimir Semenov, of the Russian fleet.

It is no secret within the walls of the forbidden city that all relations between this assertive lady and the Princess Chun who, as wife of the Regent and as mother of the boy Emperor, aspires to importance, have become quite strained. The Empress Dowager Lung Yu makes not the slightest effort to conceal her contempt for a female in whose veins flows no drop of the wonderful Yehonala blood.

She seems to have received the education appropriate to her rank. She can, that is, paint, sing, execute the graceful processional steps that might be called dancing if it were not a prescription of court etiquette, and perform with no little grace upon one or two Chinese musical devices. The Empress Dowager has also a rare aptitude for managing the men with whom her rank brings her into a contact remarkably free for one of her sex in her native land. There is scarcely a viceroy who, upon the occasion of a visit to Peking, is not brought into her presence more or less ceremoniously. Her demeanor is then said to be haughty, masterful and affirmative. It is a striking fact, however, that Lung Yu does not "modernize." She displays no tendency at all to emerge from the mode of life consecrated by immemorial tradition as befitting her position. China will never find in her what Sweden had in the immortal Queen Christina. She is likelier to enact the part of the haughty Miss Mac-Beide of Saxo's ballad.

be able to slip through in the fog and gain our base, Vladivostok, unnoticed by the enemy, and as to the chances of damage which we might suffer from submarines, floating mines and torpedo attacks.

At sunset the fleet closed up, and in expectation of torpedo-boat attacks half the officers were on duty at the guns, the rest sleeping by their posts. The night came on dark, the mist seemed to grow denser. On the dark deck there prevailed a strained silence; near the guns the motionless figures of their crews seemed like the dead, but all were wide awake, gazing keenly into the darkness.

Was not that the dark shadow of a torpedo-boat? We listened attentively. Surely the throb of her engines . . . must betray an invisible foe.

I went up to the bridge, where the Admiral was getting a little sleep in a chair. The Commander, wearing soft slippers, was pacing rapidly but quietly up and down the bridge. He seemed confident that we would get through to Vladivostok unobserved.

"Up to the present," he said, "we haven't been discovered; it will be day-break in a couple of hours, and even if our torpedo-boats are near us they won't be able to collect—how can they find us in weather like this? You can't even see the rear of the fleet. It's 200,000 to 1 against anyone running into us accidentally. If it's the same to-morrow we'll give them the slip, and they'll have to wait for our second coming out of Vladivostok—that'll be a different tale."

However, the Japanese got the 200,000th chance and more, for at about 5 a.m. on May 27th, a Japanese cruiser almost ran into our hospital ships, and by the changed character of their wireless messages it became apparent that our presence was known. At 6.45 another ship appeared, and at 8 o'clock four more came out of the fog, steaming almost parallel to the Russian Fleet. At about 10 a.m. four more light cruisers were sighted, and it became evident to all of us that the decisive moment could not now be long postponed.

At a signal from the flagship, battle order was taken up.

At midday the officers were having a last hurried meal in the wardroom, and the senior officer proposed a toast:

"On this the great anniversary of the

sacred coronation of their Highnesses, may God help us to serve with honor our beloved country. To the health of the Emperor—the Empress—to Russia!"

The wardroom resounded with cheers, and their last echo had scarcely died away ere the alarm was sounded on deck. Everyone rushed to their stations.

At 1.20 p.m. the Russian Fleet resumed its formation—the First Division again leading the other two—and now far ahead in the distance could be dimly seen, approaching through the mist, the Japanese main force. The twelve ships came slowly in sight.

"To your stations, gentlemen!" cried the Flag-Captain quickly, as he followed the Admiral.

I went to the after-bridge, as being the best place to note what happened during the action, and conversed with one of the officers in charge of a turret.

"Hallo! Look—what are they up to?" said R.

The Japanese ships had suddenly commenced to turn in succession—reversing their course. As this manoeuvre would take about fifteen minutes before the fleet could all have turned to the new course, and as the ships in rear would be unable to fire during the manoeuvre without hitting their own leading ships, the Russians had great hopes of being able to do material damage to these leading ships first.

At 1.40, when the manoeuvre had only been performed by the "Mikasa" (Togo's flagship, leading the line) and one other ship—the "Suvaroff" fired the first shot and the guns of the whole fleet thundered forth. The first shots which went over and those falling short were all close, but the hits could not be seen. Our shells on bursting scarcely emitted any smoke—the fuses were adjusted to burst after penetrating the target. A hit could only be detected when something fell—and nothing fell! In a couple of minutes two more ships had turned, and the enemy began to reply. The first shells flew over us, and some of the long ones turned a complete somersault; they flew over us making a sort of wail, different from the ordinary roar.

"Are those the 'portmanteaux'?" asked R.

"Yes, those are they."

"Portmanteaux" was the nickname given to the huge shells filled with a secret explosive used by the Japanese; they were a foot in diameter and nearly four feet long.

What struck me most was that these "portmanteaux" exploded the moment they touched the water's surface. Then came others—nearer and nearer; then, quite close to the foremost funnel, rose a pillar of smoke, water and flame. Japanese stretchers being carried along the fore-deck.

"Prince Tsereteli" shouted R. in reply to my silent question.

Soon smoke and fire leapt out of the officers' gangway. A shell had fallen into the Captain's cabin, and, having penetrated the deck, had burst in the officers' quarters, setting them on fire. . . . I was able to observe the stupor which seems to come over men who have never been in action before when the first shells begin to fall. . . . a stupor turning either into uncontrollable panic or unusually high spirits, depending on men's characters.

The men at the fire-boards stood as if mesmerized. . . . I went down to them from the bridge and using such commonplace words as: "Wake up—turn on the water," got them to pull themselves together and bravely to fight the fire. . . .

I looked now in the direction where the flag-officers and signalmen should have been. A shell had passed through the deck-house, bursting inside. Of the ten or twelve men, some were standing by the turret, others lying in a huddled group. Inside was a pile of something and on the top an officer's telescope.

"Is . . . that all that is left?" I wondered.

I had intended in this section to note the times and places where shells burst, but how could I make detailed notes when it seemed impossible even to count the number of projectiles striking us? I had never witnessed such a fire before and had never imagined anything like it. Shells were pouring upon us incessantly. It seemed as if these were mines, not shells. . . .

They burst as soon as they touched anything—handrails, funnel, guys were sufficient to cause a thoroughly efficient burst; steel plates and superstructures were torn to pieces, the splinters causing many casualties; iron ladders were crumpled up into rings, and guns were literally hurled from

their mountings. In addition there was the unusually high temperature and the liquid flame of the explosion spread over everything. . . . Almost non-combustible materials such as hammocks, etc., drenched with water, flared up in an instant. . . .

I went to the conning-tower and found the Admiral and Captain looking through the chink between the armour and the roof.

"Sir," said the latter, energetically gestulating, as was his wont, "we must shorten the distance, they're all being killed—they are on fire."

"Wait a bit, aren't we all being killed also?" replied the Admiral.

Close to the wheel. . . . lay two bodies in officers' tunics, face downwards.

On going out of the conning-tower I saw that the enemy had finished turning. His twelve ships were in perfect order, steaming parallel to us but gradually forging ahead, and apparently uninjured.

But with us! I looked round. What havoc! Burning bridges, smouldering debris, piles of dead bodies. Signalling stations, gun-directing positions, all destroyed, and stern the "Alexander" and "Borodino" also enveloped in smoke.

It was now 2.5 p.m.

The enemy commenced to turn so as to "cross the T" of the advancing Russian battleship line. The latter also turned towards the same direction, thus bringing them on the beam again.

A man came to report what had taken place in the after 12-inch turret. I went to look. Part of the shield had been torn off and was bent upwards, but the turret was still working and keeping up a hot fire. The officer in command of the fire-parties had both legs blown off. Men fell faster and faster; the dead were left to lie where they had fallen—there were not enough men to look after the wounded! There are no spare men on board a warship, and a reserve does not exist.

It was now 2.30 p.m.

Firing was impossible from the after guns on one side. The men were suffocated with heat and smoke. In the conning-tower there were now five or six dazed instead of two. The enemy were still endeavoring to cut across the Russian line, and the latter were closing on them as

their guns could now only fire at close range owing to wrecked range-finding appliances, etc.

All this time the destruction continued, appalling and almost unchecked as it was in the Russian flagship. A man reported that the after-turret had been blown up, and almost simultaneously something large and heavy fell with a crash. The boats were smashed to bits, and we were enveloped in an impenetrable smoke. It was the foremost funnel which had fallen. It was now 2.30 p.m.

I tried to get to the after-turret but communication on deck was impossible, and I passed through the Admiral's quarters, now burning furiously. I met the Flag-Lieutenant, who told me the fearful news that the rudder was disabled, thus making the ship practically useless as a unit in the fleet. In a little over half an hour from the first shot the flagship was forced to leave the line.

"That is all that is wanting," I thought to myself, rushing up on deck.

Our fleet was steaming past, bearing on an opposite course. The disabled rudder had caused the ship to turn a complete circle. I looked for the torpedo-boats which were to take the Admiral and his Staff to an uninjured ship in the event of the "Suvoroff" having to leave the line, but none were to be seen. All means of signalling had long since been destroyed.

Meanwhile shells poured upon us—a veritable whirlwind of fire and iron.

A Japanese eye-witness wrote:

"On leaving the line, the flagship, though burning badly, still steamed after the fleet. She was so battered that none could have taken her for a ship."

On the mess-deck, the wounded were standing, sitting, or lying. Here it was that they first began to feel. The dreadful noise of deep sighs and half-stifled groans was audible in the close air. Ahead somewhere, in white coats stained with red splashes, busy figures moved about, and towards them all these piles of flesh, clothes and bones turned, and in their agony dragged themselves. It seemed as if a cry—voiceless, but intelligible—a cry which reached to one's very soul—a request for help—for relief from suffering, though at the price of a speedy death—rose up on all sides.

The ship was now being handled from a lower fighting position as the conning-tower was untenable, and everyone in it, including the Admiral—who bore himself most cheerfully—was wounded. Although the damage to the rudder was repaired for the time, steering was most erratic from this place. It meant turning round in circles rather than going ahead.

The Admiral looked for a position on deck from which to watch the fight; he was here again badly wounded, and carried into a turret, where he remained—unable to be moved. Meanwhile, as the flagship was seen to be not under control, the "Alexander" led what was left of the Russian Fleet, and endeavored to steer so as to prevent the Japanese Fleet crossing the "T" of her line, which they eventually succeeded in doing, owing to superior speed, thus forcing the "Alexander" and ships astern, to the south.

It was now 2.50 p.m.

We all waited. . . . Watching the Japanese fire. . . . concentrated on the "Alexander." At times, she seemed enveloped in flames and brown smoke, while round her the sea literally boiled, throwing up great pillars of water. Nearer and nearer she came, till the distance was scarcely 2,000 yards (from the Japanese). Then, one after another, we saw a whole series of shells strike her fore-bridge and port 6-inch turret, and, turning sharply to starboard, the steamed away, having almost reversed her course, while after her went the "Borodino" and others.

About this time also the "Oolyabya" was sunk under the concentrated fire of six ships. There was not much order left among the Russian Fleet. The turn was hastily made. The line-ahead formation was not maintained, and the ships were turned back towards their stricken flagship. The awful reality that we had suffered defeat now forced itself upon me. I made a note in my pocket-book.

3.25 p.m.

A heavy list to port and a bad fire in the upper battery. . . . Why is it that we hide things from ourselves? Why did I not dare write even in my own notebook the cheerless word "Defeat?"

The Japanese in following the retiring enemy poured in a heavy fire as they passed the helpless "Suvoroff"—still fighting



I saw him was you. I'm shocked, I did not imagine he would dare to take such a picture."  
"Nor did I, ma. In fact, I bet him he dared!"  
—Lalme.



Spectator: Why don't you stop some of 'em, Erbert?  
'Erbert is nervous! Lummel: 'Ava you seen any of 'em pass me?—Eliot



Drawn by FRANK WALKER.

The Head: Have you anything to say below I admire the color!  
Brown Minister: Has it been properly starfished?  
—Bates and White



Another's: Or, the Equipment's Revenge  
—Bates and White

desperately with the one 12-inch turret left, and they now disabled even that. A shell penetrated the armored deck and water poured into the hole and into the mess-deck, which was most dangerous.

An effort was made to stop it, and the Commander, though badly wounded, rallied a few men round him to try and extinguish a fire. A chance shot struck the hatchway, and when the smoke had cleared away, neither ladder, nor Commander, nor men were in existence!

It was now 4.20 p.m.

Torpedo-boats came up astern to give the "Suvoroff" the coup de grace, but there was one 12-pounder available for use, and this, fought by wounded men, showed the enemy that this battered vessel could still show their teeth, and the boats steamed away to await a more favorable opportunity.

The ship was now such a scene of havoc and devastation that things appeared so fearful as not to be in the least terrible. To everyone it was perfectly clear that all was over.

It was now 5 p.m.

The Japanese Fleet had split up, one part steaming south and attacking the

transports in rear, the other engaging what was left of the Russian main force, which, after having described a huge circle, was steering to the north, and again passed the "Suvoroff" in disorder. The "Alexander," badly battered and with a heavy list, so low in the water that the seas almost came into the lower battery portholes, was still fighting with a few serviceable guns.

Soon after this, a torpedo-boat was seen approaching, which turned out to be the Russian "Buiuy," which had come to take the Admiral and his staff as prearranged.

Admiral Rodzhjstvensky was partly unconscious from his many wounds, and at first refused to leave; he had not allowed them to take him to a dressing-station, but remained sitting on a box in the turret. At times, he would look up to ask how the battle was progressing, and then would sit again silently.

However, he gave orders to "collect the Staff." . . . Only two could be found—all below was in darkness (the electric light had gone out) and full of suffocating smoke. We called them by name but received no answer. The silence of the dead reigned in that smoky darkness, and it is probable that all below, where the ventila-

tors took smoke instead of air, had been suffocated. The engines had ceased to work; of the 800 composing the complement of the "Suvoroff" at this time there only remained alive those few in the lower battery and on the windward embrasure.

The Captain of the "Buiuy," with great skill, actually brought his boat alongside, though this was fraught with great danger to herself owing to the heavy seas and the projections on the wrecked battleship's side. They had immense difficulty in getting the Admiral on board. I went to him and said:

"Come out, sir, F. is here."

He gazed at us, shaking his head.

"I don't want. No!"

This was no time for ceremony, and the Admiral was being bodily carried out when he groaned and completely lost consciousness. It was the best thing that could have happened.

With great difficulty he was carried to the side and lowered down, almost thrown on board the torpedo-boat at a moment when she rose on a wave, and swung towards us. The "Buiuy" managed safely to clear the ship's side, and I accompanied the Admiral on board. How I, with my

wounded legs, boarded her, I don't remember. I looked back at the "Suvoroff."

Who could have recognized the once formidable battleship in this crippled mass, enveloped in smoke, her mainmast cut in half, foremast and both funnels completely carried away, her high bridges and galleries, shapeless piles of distorted iron heaped upon the deck? She had a heavy list and we could see the hull under the water-line reddening the surface of the water. We rapidly steamed away, followed by a brisk fire from such of the enemy's ships as had observed us.

It was now 5.30 p.m.

The Admiral's wounds were now examined by a doctor on board. His life was in danger from a fractured skull, a portion of which had entered his brain. It would be impossible to transfer him to another ship. He was unable to stand. However, they felt bound to ask him if he felt able to continue the command and what ship he would board. He turned to me with an effort and said: "No—where am I? You can see—command 'Nehogatoff.'" Then with a sudden burst of energy added: "Keep on—Vladivostok—conce, N. 23 degrees E." and again relapsed into a stupor. . . .



## ENGLAND AND THE RECIPROCITY PACT.

The whole thing is enclosed in an airtight little glass box about three inches long and less than an inch deep, the quartz fibre hanging down through a brass tube set on this box. Not even the slightest air current can affect it.

Then this much of the apparatus is placed on a vibrationless pier of concrete which runs down into the earth through the floor of the laboratory so as to be absolutely free from the vibration of the building. Even then the passing of a wagon on a near-by street affects it slightly. Therefore the actual observations of Mr. Wetzel had to be carried on stealthily in the dead of night between the time when the last joy-riders had rolled homeward and the first milkman went his rounds.

The rest of the apparatus consists of two large balls of lead, uniform in density, very carefully cast in Germany, where all the essential parts of the apparatus were made to order. In fact, in cash, it cost just about one hundred dollars to weigh the earth, though the labor and care involved would increase that outlay considerably if they could be reduced to dollars and cents. They are not estimated.

These balls of lead are placed on a wooden table built around the pier, but not touching it at any point, and they are arranged so that they can be moved back and forth on horizontal bars. The centres of the big lead balls and little silver balls are exactly in the same plane.

Now, Newton's law is that masses attract each other directly in proportion to their mass and inversely in proportion to the square of the distance between them. The problem was first to find out how great was the attraction of the lead balls for the silver balls. This was done by placing the two lead balls in a certain position and noting the position of the silver balls suspended by the quartz fibre.

"When the lead balls stand as they are," said Mr. Wetzel, "the silver balls remain stationary, the opposite attractions counterbalancing each other. Now I begin to push one lead ball in one direction and pull the other lead ball in the other direction, and that little dumb-bell in there begins to twist on its thread of quartz, each silver ball getting a little bit closer to the lead ball nearest to it. When we have pulled the silver balls thus as close to the

lead balls as possible, the degree of the twist of the quartz thread will be the measure of the attraction exerted upon the silver balls. But how can we measure the twist of a thread which we can hardly see?"

This is done by means of a very little mirror fixed on the quartz fibre. A beam of light is shot in on this mirror, and is reflected back by it on a long, graduated scale placed several feet away. Its position on the scale is noted. Then the lead balls are moved.

The silver balls, as we have seen, then move through a very minute arc, the quartz fibre is twisted ever so little, the mirror reflects the beam of light at an almost imperceptibly different angle, and the difference, magnified by the distance at which the graduated scale is placed, is read by Mr. Wetzel by carefully noting the new position on which falls the beam of reflected light. The angle turns out to be about 1.7 degrees. This method is the same as that used in the finest galvanometer in measuring electric currents also.

Over and over again this process was repeated, night after night, until at last, after many observations, an average was struck of them all, on the theory that it would be more nearly accurate than any single observation.

The purpose of all this was to determine what is known as the "constant of gravitation," denominated "G." This was the first section of the experiment. The second was to apply the result to the earth.

The application involves some mathematical operations so formidable that they may well be touched lightly. It is all in the famous C. G. S. system—the "centimeter-gram-second system," which you perhaps recall from your sophomore mechanics. In these equations  $M$  prime represents the weight of the world, and the mathematician reduces it to 6,030,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 grams.

So the mass of the earth is determined—mass rather than weight, for weight really is the attraction of the earth for another mass, and it can hardly be properly said that the earth has "weight"—that is, attraction for itself. Expressed in words, this result may possibly be read as six billions and thirty millions of billions of billions of grams.

IN an editorial article in *Current Literature* one finds a very comprehensive summing up of the various views which have been expressed on the Reciprocity transactions between this country and the United States. The article quotes the American papers, pro and contra; it quotes the Canadian papers in the same way; but in addition it affords a review of the various opinions which are held by the leading English papers.

Canada, it says, afforded a sensational subject to London dailies when they had officially to announce in one issue, first the late King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, had accepted the post of Governor-General of the Dominion, and, second, that a reciprocity pact had been concluded between Ottawa and Washington. The last announcement drove the other completely from the London editorial mind. There was an instant clamor in the great conservative and anti-ministerial papers to the effect that the British Empire had lost the greatest of its daughter nations. Had the Canadians drafted and signed the declaration of independence at Ottawa there could scarcely have ensued in such anti-ministerial dailies as the *London Mail* and the *London Post* a panic more patriotic. The first despatches from Washington and Ottawa led London to infer that the entire tariff wall from Maine out to Vancouver would be wiped out of existence. Revised summaries of what was in the reciprocity pact encouraged ministerial dailies like the *London News* and the *London Westminster Gazette* to affirm that an exchange of food commodities, lumber and raw materials between Canadians and Americans, without a levy at the customs house, by no means entails such a treat to Britain as the growth of the German navy. "The Canadian people," to quote the daily last named, "must not be put in a position in which they are asked to sacrifice large material advantages for their attachment to the mother country." Even the *London Times*, champion of the policy that would place a tariff wall around the whole British Empire, agreed that "there has probably never been a time when Canada would have rejected such terms as have now been offered."

When the history of the negotiations between the United States and Canada is written, says the conservative *London Mail*, it will be seen that the delegates of the Dominion had no choice but to accept the offer of trade reciprocity. "For the first time the United States came to Canada as a suitor prepared to agree to any conditions. In 1896 the United States put an end to the reciprocity treaty which she had made with Canada in 1854, and Canada, with the aid of British capital, started on her career of independent development." What has happened in the interval to change the attitude of the United States towards reciprocity with her neighbor? "The population of the United States towards reciprocity with her neighbor?" "The population of the United States," replies the *London organ* of preferential tariff pacts between British colonies and the mother country, "has grown to nearly one hundred millions and the limits of agricultural development under the present system have been reached. The United States has need of wheat to feed its people and of raw material to supply its factories." This is the governing factor, it concludes, so far as Washington is concerned. "And over the northern border is a land of plenty."

All British dailies which uphold the idea of closer union between the component elements of the empire upon which the sun never sets see in reciprocity between Ottawa and Washington a severe reverse to the preferential tariff policy. Gloomy as is the view of the *London Mail* that of the *London Post* is, from this standpoint, gloomier still. "Look at it as we will," to quote the former, "the agreement negotiated between Canada and the United States is a tremendous blow to the cause of imperial unity, and therefore to our Empire." More pessimistic still is the comment of the other organ of imperialism. The free traders of England, according to the *London Post*, "have sold the soul of the nation." The *London Telegraph* was thrown by the first reports of the pact into a state bordering upon panic. It saw Canada entering the American union through a tariff door. Subsequent reflection and fuller details modified its fears, but it remains pessimistic. In Canada, it tells its

readers, Britain has "always labored under a geographical handicap and we must continue to carry it. Canada is divided only by an imaginary line from another nation of ninety millions." The inevitable is happening.

Having recovered somewhat from the first alarms into which they were plunged by the prospect of closer union between Canada and the United States, conservative London dailies tend now to find flaws in the bargain the Dominion made. "A remarkable change is evidently taking place in Canadian feeling about the reciprocity agreement with the United States," to quote the London Times, which does not like the part at all. Barely six weeks ago, none the less, its Toronto correspondent reported "general interest and much anxiety in Canada as regards the negotiations going on in Washington." He said then that the Canadian press was either silent or opposed to a reciprocity agreement and that outside the organized farmers it was difficult to find any feeling favorable to a reduction of duties. Shortly afterwards the negotiations terminated with an abruptness that took the London Times by surprise and it confessed the fact editorially. The first assumption in London as well as in Ottawa was that President Taft had been so anxious to get an agreement of some kind that he had accepted a very one-sided measure.

When the terms of the pact projected between the Dominion and ourselves were made known in London and in Ottawa it appeared that the Britons generally had been under some misapprehensions. President Taft, as the London Times had at first surmised, was really offering terms so tempting on the face of them that the Canadian Government gave its consent to an agreement of far wider sweep than it had ever contemplated. "When the Canadian public were told that the United States would remit duties amounting to five million dollars, while Canada's remission would amount only to two million dollars; that the United States would put on the free list articles to the value of nearly forty million dollars, while Canada would sacrifice duties upon only twenty million dollars; and that the present American duties would remain in force upon only nine per cent. of imports from Canada, while Canadian duties would

remain in force upon sixty-four per cent. of American articles, the agreement appeared far too favorable for Canada to reject." There was a general movement of jubilation throughout the Dominion. In no long time rejoicing began to be sickled over with a pale cast of thought.

At this moment, if we may accept revised London press comment, based upon direct advices from Toronto and Ottawa, "opinion is rising in unexpected volume and vigor against the reciprocity agreement." In fact, the Canadian correspondent of the London Times sees reason to think that in the cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier there is uneasiness with regard to "the revolutionary reversal of Canadian policy which the bargain is now seen to involve." Few things are more deceptive, we are reminded by our British contemporary, than percentages looked at without constant reference to the substantial facts with which they profess to deal. "When the alluring figures come to be checked, it becomes evident that the United States is offering no such generously one-sided arrangement as the percentage method appears to suggest. The favor with which the agreement is regarded in the United States—where no class is at all ready to sacrifice any tariff advantages—would by itself justify a doubt as to the reality of the advantages apparently offered to Canada." In short, the pact is not to the London Times a move in the direction of free trade at all.

Flatly contradicting this inference in the anti-ministerial London Times, the radical London Chronicle asserts that "the reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States is the greatest single step towards free trade that has been taken in our generation." It rejoices at the prospect and it doubts not that ratification in Ottawa and Washington will be a matter of course when a few modifications of detail have been made. "British trade can not possibly suffer. By this we mean that if under the new arrangement Canada reduces or abolishes the duties on articles of American production, there is reason to look for a corresponding reduction or abolition of duties on competitive articles of British manufacture. Otherwise Canada would be discriminating against British and in favor of American

goods, an attitude which would be repugnant to every Canadian statesman." The impression that the pact between Ottawa and Washington will increase the price of bread in England, propagated by the London Post, is scoffed at by the London Chronicle. Wheat and corn will be as abundant as ever.

Staggering as is the blow to the unity of the British Empire which a reciprocity pact between Ottawa and Washington embodies to opposition, London dailies like the London Post, Telegraph and Times, Liberal and radical organs such as the London News, Chronicle and Westminster Gazette hail the agreement as a triumph of sound policy. "One might really suppose," observes the last named Liberal paper, "that there had been some overwhelming national catastrophe altering the position of lakes and mountains and the courses of rivers. The catastrophe, however, which has actually happened has been to a policy which from the beginning set itself against natural facts and inevitable tendencies. It was proposed to base imperial unity on a policy which would have taxed the prime necessities of life in this country and cut the Canadian trade off from his nearest and most lucrative market." In the same spirit the Manchester Guardian, ministerial to the core, predicts that the only opposition in England will emanate from the "ruthless protectionists" who want to build a tariff wall around the whole British Empire "against the dictates of geography and common sense."

In Canada the only discordant note in the chorus of approval of the agreement between Ottawa and Washington seems to be the Manchester Guardian to come from the French element, while in the United States the only objections will be those of the farmers. "The proposed reductions are mainly in the duties on food stuffs and raw materials, not on manufactured goods. In other words, in the United States the agreement will effect a reduction of the tariff in favor of the manufacturing interests and against the agricultural, produce and fishing interests." On this fact the London Telegraph seems to be basing some hope of the rejection of the measure by the United States Senate. Not only does the Manchester organ of Liberalism dissent from the inference of the London

organ of conservatism on this point, but it suggests a fresh idea. "In two ways can Canada render greater service to England as a power negotiating separate treaties with the United States than she could as a member of a British Empire Customs Union. She can draw closer the bonds between England and America." Hence reciprocity is a factor in promoting the world's peace:

"Very wisely, therefore, Conservative as well as Liberal opinion in England has come round to approval of reciprocity between Canada and the United States. It does not involve any weakening of the ties between Canada and England. Of course not, as the Governor Generalship of the Duke of Connaught will have many opportunities of proving. The whole policy of Mr. Bryce, the most successful British Ambassador at Washington in our generation, has been—if we may speak of an Ambassador's policy—directed towards drawing closer the bonds between Canada and the United States. He has been called the first Canadian Ambassador at Washington, and his policy has been in the best interests of Canada. But it has been governed primarily by British interests. Canada, in British world-policy, is a gauge of friendship between England and America. England gains a friend by every net that brings Canada into closer relations with the United States. There is no rivalry between England and the United States for the affections of Canada. She will best serve our policy by broadening the basis of her own prosperity and by a cordial policy of friendship with the United States."

Already the first effect of the news has been what the pessimistic London Mail styles a shock to the wheat market in Liverpool. Apart from the commercial and economic aspects of fusing the Canadian and American market, it adds, will be the political effect of the new agreement. "The western provinces of Canada will be drawn closer to the United States. Looking to the south, across that artificial line which runs for two thousand miles, for their chief market, their sympathies and ties will tend to become American. The process of permeation is at work even now, and it will be greatly reinforced by the new agreement." Henceforth the west of Canada will turn to Washington rather

them to London. "Britain is losing her hold on Canadian affection." That is a notion which finds no support in the Canadian press generally, as the Toronto Globe is at pains to point out. "It goes on basis in any development of reciprocity ideas for the dread expressed by the London Mail. 'There is not in history,' avers the Canadian organ, 'a single illustration of a nation giving up its identity as the result of increasing trade relations with an adjoining people.'

Canadian opinion has been affronted by certain London insinuations that reciprocity with the United States constitutes an impairment of the Dominion's loyalty to the British Crown. "If anything could mar the satisfaction of Canadians in the prospect of having a Prince to reign over us," says the Montreal Witness, in allusion to the appointment of the Duke of Oseaught as Governor-General, "it is to be found in the nauseating, concerted and unremitting slanders of the chorus of the British protectionist press to the effect that Canada is on the way to forsake the imperial connection and needs the glamor of the blood royal to hold her back. Whether it is a slander or not to say that we are tending to annexation, it is a falsehood for which there is not the vestige of an excuse or a shadow of reason; if it is fair to hold interested prejudice responsible for the exercise of a faculty which it has not got. But when it comes to saying that we are to be tied to the Empire by the presence of a royal duke, we find it an insult to our national virility." Wrathful comment to the same purpose finds room in other Dominion dailies when they speak of fidelity to the British connection.

Loyalty to the British throne is not jeopardized by reciprocity with the United States, contends that influential organ of Canadian opinion, the Toronto Globe. The agreement between Canada and the United States for the free interchange of natural products and for reductions of duty on a limited number of articles not imported by Canada in any large measure from Great Britain is impossible on the material side." That is the point of view emphasized in the numerous editorials adorning the columns of the great ministerial daily. "It is a bargain that no Canadian government could afford to reject. Of the Canadian imports, totalling

altogether over forty millions, on which the duties have been removed or materially reduced, Great Britain sent us last year a little over six million dollars' worth and the United States sent us not less than thirty-two million dollars' worth. In other words, the agreement affects articles in which already our imports from the United States are in the ratio of five to one as compared with those from Great Britain, despite the fact that the duties on British goods are on an average less than on similar goods from the United States." Under the new agreement, as the Canadian daily explains it, the British preference will be maintained except as regards articles that go upon the free list. British merchants will thus still be in better position to do business than will those of the United States. "How, then, can anyone assert that the agreement affects harmfully the importation of British goods by Canada?" There is not, it replies, the remotest reason for supposing that the chief lines of British exports to Canada will be lessened one dollar's worth under reciprocity.

Arguments to the effect that the arrangement will mean a sacrifice of Canada's fiscal independence are strongly urged by opponents of reciprocity in the Dominion press. "If the reciprocity arrangement goes into force," says the Montreal Gazette, for instance, "the United States Government will have in its hands means that it may use to enforce more concessions. If, because of the arrangement, an important trade grows up between the two countries, Canada will be dependent to an extent upon what the United States Congress may do and the United States upon what the Canadian Parliament can do. The expression of a desire at Washington to include the products of other industries in the scope of the convention, and a threat that unless the proposition were accepted the present arrangement would be curtailed or stopped, would create in Canada a loud but perhaps not strong local demand that what was sought should be granted." If a weak ministry were in power at Ottawa, the chances are, this Canadian daily fears, that the demand would be heeded. "Then where would be Canada's fiscal independence?" There is, too, a strong disposition on the part of the Liberal Canadian press, which favors reciprocity, to

suggest an extension of the British tariff preference as the natural corollary to the new agreement.

Little doubt of the ratification of the agreement has as yet been expressed in the dailies of the Dominion, although plans for its modification on points of detail are made here and there. As the past new stands, it seems "too sweeping" to the Winnipeg Free Press, perhaps the most powerful supporter of Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier in western Canadian journalism. The Winnipeg Telegram does not like the prospect at all. "The preference to the British exporter," it says, "is seriously impaired to the advantage of his American competitor. The country will await Sir Wilfrid Laurier's explanation of this radical departure from what he represented to be the fundamental principle of the Canadian tariff. Reciprocity within the British Empire has received a substantial setback for the first time in half a century and the spirit of continentalism is embodied in the international compact." On the other hand, the Winnipeg Tribune insists that "the interests of the people of the West are irrevocably linked with free trade. Universal satisfaction is the outstanding feature of the removal of the American duties." Loyalty to the British flag, it adds, remains as ardent as ever.

As one goes from west to east in the Dominion, it is noticeable that enthusiasm for reciprocity is modified by alarm at other possibilities. The French Canadian dailies, for instance, do not welcome the idea of closer relations with a land inimical to the denominational school idea. The Montreal Press wonders if the supremacy of Britain on this continent may not be endangered by closer trade relation between Canada and the United

States. The Guelph Herald reflects the views of many conservative dailies in eastern Canada when it remarks that the pact will make the Dominion "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" for the American people, although another conservative and anti-ministerial sheet, the Kingston Standard, concedes that the agreement is on the whole "beneficial and satisfactory." To the conservative London (Ontario) Free Press it seems that Canada "was overwhelmed by the Washington influence." Liberal dailies in the eastern provinces are, however, disposed to welcome the outlook, the London Advertiser hailing reciprocity as "a triumph for the Canadian farmer."

Summing up Canada press opinion as a whole, it would seem that newspapers in the Dominion divide on the issue of reciprocity with America along party lines. This is especially true of the dailies in large centres like Toronto and Montreal, although in the latter city French-Canadian views are hostile. Here and there an utterance attracts notice as possessing more than significance. The Ottawa Free Press is a case in point. "Unless the Dominion Parliament," says this important organ, prone to criticize the ministry, "is prepared immediately to increase the British preferences, the step which Canada is asked to make is a very grave one indeed. Reciprocity with the United States may be an historical policy embraced by all political parties since pre-confederation days; but in the last fifteen years, largely as a result of the unfriendly exclusiveness of the United States, Canada has been making history in another direction of closer and warmer imperial ties of trade as well as of sentiment." It insists that unless the United States lets down tariff barriers against England, Canada must keep up her tariff barriers against the United States.

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#### "THE AWAKENING OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN: THE NEW SCIENCE OF MANAGEMENT."

Barely has a chance remark ceased such wide and sudden interest, says Will Irwin in the Century, as one dropped last December by Louis D. Brandeis. He was arguing the case of the shippers against

the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission. "By the application of scientific management," he said, "the railroads of this country might save a million dollars a day." That sentence—it hap-

proved to be a quotation from Harrington Emerson's work on scientific efficiency—banned over the country, bringing to a large part of the public the first information that a new principle had entered into industry. Still less did the public know that this principle is likely to accomplish a change in business comparable only to the shift from hand labor to machine production. Yet the thing is not new. Its beginnings go back thirty years; and for the last eight or ten years a corps of experts, under the leadership of Frederick W. Taylor, the Edison of scientific management, have been installing it in factory after factory.

Briefly stated, this new principle is the application of that scientific method which Darwin brought into the world, first, to the individual operations of men in industry, and, second, to their collective operations.

To understand the matter more fully, it may serve best to follow scientific management from its simple beginning up to these complex processes too involved for description in any single treatise. In the eighties, Mr. Taylor, an honor graduate of Exeter end of Stevens Institute, who had left Harvard on account of impaired eyesight, worked up from journeyman machinist at the Midvale Steel Works to be foreman of his room. In his experience at his machine he had discovered that the workmen were not doing what he considered a fair day's work. They were "soldiering on the job," wasting half their powers. Taylor tried to "speed up" the men in the regular, old, hit-or-miss way. He met with opposition all along the line. However, the management was with him. By finding ways to eliminate waste effort, by offering bonuses to those who passed a certain minimum which he set for them, he doubled the output of this machine. Somewhere along the line of this work, his great idea took form in his mind. Why not study men as well as machines? Had any one ever applied the methods of modern science to the problem of eliminating waste effort from labor?

Something like these questions has perhaps flitted through the mind of many and many a former athlete as he watched a gang of shovellers or wheelbarrow-men at work. Natural speed is only half a runner's capacity. The rest is a system,

improved by generations of trainers, for getting the most out of natural speed. The length of the stride, the method of lifting and setting down the feet, enter into the calculation of the trainer; and most potent enters the question of pace. Let a good man "sprint" the first hundred yards, and a mere tyro can beat him at the mile. For example, on such study of the application of power to motion, trainers in a generation have raised the record for the sixteen-pound hammer from less than 100 feet to more than 175 feet. Why, the former athlete has languidly asked himself, did not some laborer try to increase his efficiency by study of motion and pace? This, expressed in other terms, was Taylor's idea. Only he set out to study the problem with a scientific thoroughness of which an athletic trainer never dreamed.

He began in the shops and yards of the Midvale Steel Works, Philadelphia, with some of the simplest processes known to labor—lifting weights, pulling on winches, shoveling, etc. Employers had always proceeded on the theory that the only way to increase the work of a loading gang was to get stronger men or to work the gang to death. Taylor selected two healthy laborers of about average strength, and offered them double pay "to do any fool thing you're asked, and play square." For months, the men lifted, carried, pushed, and pulled, at the word of command from two young college men with stop-watches. These experimenters worked their subjects at various paces and with various rests, and recorded absolutely all the data. Moreover, they kept constant and scientific account of the physical condition of the men. When, after the first series of experiments, they assembled and digested the data, they found their results unsatisfactory. They tried again; and this time they discovered the puzzling factor which they had ignored before. It was a question of physiology. Fatigue produces toxins in the body. For these, the human system makes its own serums during the periods of rest. In merely mechanical labor, involving stress on the arms, the relation between the rest period and the stress period is as important as pace. From these last experiments, Taylor worked out a formula and a marvel. He raised the capacity to load pig-iron of

the average laborer from twelve and a half tons a day, the old mark, to forty-seven tons a day! In short, he multiplied each man's capacity by four, and did it without unduly taxing the man's powers. All he needed to accomplish this result in any gang of pig-iron men was a foreman trained to proper timing, and a few pace-makers accustomed to the method.

The next subject to which the knowledge gained by years of experimenting was applied, was shoveling, a grade higher in mechanical skill. At once, the problem grew more complex. It involved not only pace and rhythm, but size of load and the "throat" into the pile. Any one knows that if he is shoveling coal, it serves him best to "scoop" along the ground at the bottom of the pile, and that loose dirt gives least resistance if he thrusts in his shovel obliquely. But what, asked Taylor, was the exact rule, and what was the rule of a dozen other substances? And what load on the shovel would give the best result in a day's work? On the scientific method of the stop-watch and the equation, he worked out the laws of shoveling. For a man of average strength, the best load was twenty-one pounds. Hitherto, the laborers at the Bethlehem works had been using the same shovels for all substances. On fine coal, the load was three and one-half pounds; on iron ore, fifty pounds. The management made new shovels for every substance which they handled in their yards, each designed to carry, when full, a load of twenty-one pounds. From the tool-house they issued every day the proper shovels for the proper work. That planning-room, where all this was worked out, grew into a "labor office," from which three men handled like chess-players the 140 laborers of the Bethlehem yards. Taylor had begun by giving a bonus to such workmen as accomplished the results which he expected. Each received at the end of the day a white slip informing him of the morrow's task. A yellow slip with it meant that he had not worked well enough to earn the bonus. The deficits were taken in hand by "teachers,"—for such Taylor called his foremen,—and instructed in the right method. With a bonus of sixty per cent. to successful laborers, with an increased number of foremen, the average wage to the man was

higher, of course. But the results were fairly incredible. A hundred and forty men were doing the work of six hundred. The others had gone on to other departments, higher or lower, where the work was better suited to their powers. Formerly it had cost seven to eight cents a ton to handle material in that yard. Now it cost three and a half cents a ton. And this experiment in scientific management saved the company more than \$75,000 a year.

The principle was now established; and the group of business savants working under Taylor set themselves to carry it up into the more complex departments of industry, especially the machine processes. Here, the history of the movement grows too complex for us to follow much further in detail. Let the first great experiment, the cutting of steel, stand for the rest. Here was a fairly complicated process involving both a man and a machine. In the all-important matters of "feed" and "speed," machinists had hitherto worked by rule of thumb. The problem was how, with least wear on man, machine, and tool, to get most out of a given amount of power and labor. As a matter of pure mathematics, this problem involved twelve variants—an equation impossible of solution by mathematics alone. In their early experiments, these explorers of industry were troubled by the uneven quality of their material, which rendered experiment after experiment useless. It was necessary to make a special grade of steel, annealed like the barrel of a great gun. In years of patient experiment they turned 800,000 pounds of this expensive material into chips. First, they improved the tool. The point which steel-cutters had used since the birth of modern industry was not of the best shape. A simple curve on its edge greatly increased its efficiency. As the data from the machines came in, an expert mathematician correlated them. From his tables he made a slide rule for steel-cutting machines by which every operative may learn in less than a minute how best to set and use his machine for any and every size and quality of material. Again the magic result: according to the work in hand, the system multiplied the capacity of an operative and of a machine from two to nine times.



I wander afield for another illustrative example. Years afterward, when the apostles of scientific management were spreading the system through the business world, Frank B. Gilbreth, a New York contractor, became interested. Gilbreth began life as a bricklayer. This trade had stood still for 4,000 years. Pharaoh's workmen at Thebes and Gilbreth's workmen at New York used the same kind of bricks, the same composition of mortar, the same motions on the part of the workman. Gilbreth began to use his mind on the processes of his trade. "What is the first motion I make?" he asked himself. "I take a step to the right. Is that necessary?" To eliminate that step, he needed only to bring the pile nearer to his hand. "What is the second motion?" he inquired. "I stoop and pick up a brick. That means lowering and raising 200 pounds two feet. Need I do that?" Bring the pile up to one's hand by some mechanical means, and the workman need not stoop. "What is the next process?" he inquired again. "I look the brick over, so that I may get no chipped surface on the outside. How can I eliminate that?" The answer to this third problem was the answer to all. Gilbreth, counseled by his wife, devised first an adjustable scaffold and then a carrier for bricks. Cheaply paid helpers arranged bricks and mortar in the carrier. The materials, all inspected and sorted, came up to the workman at his waist-level. He could take up brick and mortar with one simultaneous motion of both hands. In brief, Gilbreth reduced the number of motions in laying a brick from eighteen to five or six.

While testing his improvement, Gilbreth made the first step toward adjusting the inevitable differences between scientific management and union labor. He was putting up a building in Boston. The bricklayers' union, there as elsewhere, has a "maximum scale." No member of the union may set more than a certain number of bricks each day. Gilbreth saw the leaders. "If I can't have the bricks laid my way, I'll make my building of reinforced concrete," he said. "At this rate, bricklaying promises to become a lost art. If you will waive your maximum, I will give your men \$6.50 a day instead of \$4.50, and I won't overwork them.

either." The union agreed. This was a twelve-inch wall with two kinds of bricks and "drawn joints." The best record for that class of work had been 120 bricks an hour to the man. In the last half of the job, Gilbreth's gang, working under teachers on the new method, laid 350 an hour to the man.

The work of the individual laborer has been compared to the course of a runner. A large business, and specially a manufacturing business, may be compared to a football team. Not only must the individual get the best out of his powers; but he must correlate his efforts to that of his fellows. Upward from scientific study of individual effort to scientific study of combined effort rose the experiments of these apostles of efficiency. To run the thread of practice through the web of theory in such individual processes as steel-cutting, taxed higher mathematics. To correlate all these processes, in establishments involving twenty or thirty operations, demanded every resource of scientific method. "Many of our ideas," says Taylor, "we appropriated from some one else." Business had already its systemizers and its system experts. These methods, however, proceeded largely by rule of thumb; they were the practical work of exceptional men. In taking a hint from this system expert and that, the experimenters were careful always to reduce it to law, to make it a formula, so that the ordinary mind might profit by the discoveries of the exceptional. Viewed in one light, scientific method, whether applied to business or to bacteriology, is nothing else than that. Besides evolving thousands of formulas and hundreds of laws, they evolved the principle upon which production, and perhaps distribution, must in future proceed.

That principle is expressed in no one phrase or formula; but here is a brief statement of it: the workman does the real work of industry. This sounds like a platitude, and it is; but in a matter so complex platitudes strike sometimes with the force of discoveries. In the nature of things, the actual worker, whether journeyman or machine operative, is the original part of the body industrial. He who, by his imagination and his initiative, is capable of introducing improvements into the method of doing the work, usual-

ly forces himself up from the ranks, leaving his fellows to go along in the same old way. These graduates of the trade constitute the management. Hitherto, the management has worked from above, trying to stimulate the workman by threats or incentives, but doing nothing to help him solve his problems or improve his methods. Under the new system, the management is working from below, lifting up the workman. The superior officers of the management are planning out his work, co-ordinating it with the work of others; the inferior officers are standing beside the workbench or the machine teaching him "how to do it" on scientific lines, and seeing that he obeys the teaching. Under the old system one foreman directed perhaps twenty workmen. Under this system, one "teacher" helps every four or five. Under these conditions, fewer men, on a salary-roll increased slightly, if at all, double, treble, and quadruple the output. This is not "slave-driving." A cardinal principle of scientific management is to work the man within his permanent strength. It is not cutting the wages of the workroom to increase the salaries of the office. Regular increases of wages, as a reward for applying the system, is part of the plan.

"The results," says Louis D. Brandeis, who has long applied the system to shoe factories under his receivership, "are magic." In one of these establishments,

seventy-five men and twenty teachers have replaced one hundred men and five foremen—and they have multiplied the output by two and a half. In the Tabor machine works at Philadelphia, which Taylor uses as a kind of demonstration-room, the manufacture of one highly specialized machine formerly took eight months. Now the Tabor workmen complete it in six weeks. The profits have increased enormously, the hours of labor remain the same, and the average wage is thirty-three per cent. higher. The system is highly complicated; and the demand for young engineers who understand it exceeds the supply. It has failed here and there because the men who installed it were not skilled enough. But wherever it has got a foothold, it has given the same magical result in multiplying product.

These are the essential facts, briefly stated, about a new movement in American industry—rather, in world-industry, since France is already trying the system and Germany is asking questions. Each among several aspects of scientific management is worth a separate treatise; but one has a social and political importance so great that it cannot be slighted. That is the workman's part in this new organization of industry. For if scientific management becomes the rule, labor and capital, the laborer and the capitalist, Socialism and Conservatism, must shift front and reach new adjustments of new issues.



# RANDOM COMMENT

THE EDITOR

GLEN CAMPBELL, the big, lanky westerner, who called a fellow member of Parliament "a liar" on the floor of the House of Commons last Friday, did the very thing that you would expect him to do under the circumstances. He spoke his mind, and Glen Campbell's mind is not given to mumbling.

Another M.P. had an attack of candour recently. It was the good Major Beattie, of London. It was candour within the party lines. Major Beattie was suddenly stricken with a paroxysm of disgust at the conduct of one of the Conservative members. He rose and delivered himself of his judgment against that member. That, too, was candour.

These two incidents are possibly the outcome of a state of irritation in the House. It is not possible that the tempers of the various gentlemen are getting ruffled by the harrowing of the reciprocity debate?

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SPEAKING of Mr. Campbell and the House of Commons brings to mind another interesting figure in the House—Captain Tom Wallace. It is not possible for any one who knows the House of Commons to think of Glen Campbell without thinking at the same time of Tom Wallace, nor the other way around.

Campbell is tall and thin and loosely strung together. He has dark eyes and a black moustache. "Tom" is fair "as a lily," compactly built, short for his girth and a pretty solid obstacle to run up against at any time. "Glen" is older-looking. "Tom" looks like a good-natured boy. Glen wears a Stetson jauntily—even wickily, on one corner of his head. Tom—who wears a Stetson which Glen brought down from the west for him specially this session, wears his on the back of his head. In fact, these men are the most unlike of any two men in the House

of Commons—unless, perhaps, you could count Foster and Pugsley as a close second. They have just one thing in common—good humor.

You would never take them for M.P.'s. They look more like two schoolboys drifting through the corridors of the Commons, looking for mischief. To look at them, you would say that Glen Campbell originated all the mischief—the black moustache, the "wicked" gleam in his off eye—the long, rolling gait and the swing of his hands. Tom, sort of puffing along beside him, looks the part of innocence, looks as though he wouldn't steal an apple if it was dangled under his nose and he had a shingle hitched on behind. But that's the deceit of the pair. They go chuckling down the hall, concealing all sorts of schemes, and it is Tom who thinks them up, while Glen adds the sensational features and the shooting irons, as it were.

To see the pair sitting in the back row of the Tory side of the House, leaning over towards one another and telling stories that upset the dignity of half the people on that side of the House—except Dav-ee Henderson of Halifax, who takes his jokes by the clock—you would think that the twin were a hindrance to the House and unworthy to represent the constituencies of Dauphin, Manitoba, and Centre York respectively. But every once in a while when the House goes into a Committee of Supply, Glen Campbell is on deck watching for the things that affect his riding, or Tom is poring over a blue book and thinking up questions that will make Hon. Bill Pugsley betray all his inwardness. When big questions are up they are to be seen voting consistently side by side. But when business is over and it is safe to quit, Tom nods across to Glen. Glen puts his Stetson on and Tom rolls a cigarette, and they stroll out together to plot a practical joke on Davy Henderson, or to plan how to rob the pantry of the Grand Union, where they room together.

# THE BEST BOOK

## "Marie-Claire"

WHEN you go to buy this odd little yellow-bound book—at least my copy is bound in yellow—called MARIE-CLAIRE, the bookseller will tell you that all Europe has been "raving" about it. If you borrow it from a friend he will undoubtedly tell you the same thing, and when you look on the paper wrapper of the volume you will see that for once the publisher's statements and the statements of disinterested readers are in harmony. Even the publishers cannot exaggerate the good things which are being said of this book.

This, of course, does not mean that you or I are bound to find it just as good. Sometimes it is good not to be in the fashion with the rest of the world when it comes to approving or condemning a book, as for instance in the case of "The Rosary," that most successful piece of seventeen-year-old sentimental squash that we have seen in a long time. But with "Marie-Claire" it is perfectly safe to be fashionable. One does not need to know of Arnold Bennett's approval, nor of the approval of Paris, or London or anybody else. Having read the book one feels soberly grateful to it for the refreshment it has given one and for the delicate way in which it has cleared the cobwebs away from some of the ideals we used to have when we were children, but which have been getting sadly soiled in the last few years.

A French seamstress wrote it. Her name is Marguerite Audoux. The book is simply the story of her own life from her very earliest childhood to the time when she steps on board a train to come to Paris. As Arnold Bennett says, it is "The exquisite expression of a temperament—a

divine accident." As somebody else says, it is written with the "wistful tenderness of a little child, it enthralles the imagination by the sheer force of personality and sincerity." It won a prize from the French literary high-brows as the best book of fiction published in French during the year. John Raphael has translated it into English. It is to the translation that this comment refers.

It is not a problem novel. It is not—well, it is like no other book one has ever read unless, in its simplicity, it might be said to resemble some of the Bible stories. It has the beauty of a straight line or a perfect circle, or of a drop of water falling, or snow flakes. The man who reads it and whose mind is open to see its beauty, cannot but lay the book down—almost with reverence. For it makes intelligible to the masculine mind little things about women that are not often understood. There is scarcely any "sex interest" in it at all, and yet it is not a Sir Galahad affair nor a St. Agnes Eve reverie. There is no ranting about "My strength being as the strength of ten because my heart is," etc., and no saintly repudiation of love with the usual accompaniment of tears and martyrdom. It is merely the story of a perfectly human woman—not "brainless," not "stupid," merely lovely.

It starts with a little five-year-old girl whose mother has just died. The father is a drunkard. For a time he supports the child, and her elder sister, with an old French woman, la mere Colas. La mere Colas is poor and when the father goes off and deserts the children she is compelled to send them, in the bottom of an old hay cart, to an orphanage conducted by the nuns.

At five years of age the little girl goes into the institution and is separated from her sister—not that that makes any difference, but that is the end of the sister until she turns up, for a moment in the end of the book, as a hard-faced woman, married to a market gardener.

If any but a genius were telling the story you would not give two pips to know what follows. But Marguerite Audoux has a way of telling the little things that went on in the orphanage, that is fascinating. In her dormitory was a little dwarf girl called Imerie, another child called Renand, a servant girl called something else and the presiding nun. Each one of these has her little touch of character, pathetic or funny, or both.

Sister Gabrielle has a way of mixing the salad for the children by plunging her arms into the great stone jar in which it was made. She also kept a few hirc switches for the children. Then came Sister Marie-Aimee, who was more clean and more kind. Sister Marie-Aimee took a fancy to the five-year-old and dubbed her Marie-Claire, hence the name of the book.

Sister Marie-Aimee has a real little affair with a new cure, nothing definite, but she felt very badly when the cure died. Then there was a big cripple girl "Collette," who had a wonderful voice and who wanted to be nointed in order that she might run away and find someone to marry her. The innocence of the thing is paramount. The little girl like Collette because she is a cripple and because she has a beautiful voice in which she sings to the children when they are at their regular work of cracking nuts—which, by the way, they are never allowed to eat—and with which she joins in mass in the chapel every day. Marie-Claire, with eight other little orphans, decide to pray for the recovery of Collette. They pray for nine days and during that time Collette fasts. On the ninth day, being communion, she goes to the altar, and in her faith, hands her crutch to the little girls to take away, so confident is she that when she rises from her knees she will be able to walk. But when she finally tries—you have the end of this little convent tragedy. She cannot walk.

But to try and tell these things about the book is not fair to the book. It is pre-

sumptuous on our part because it is liable to prejudice the reader against the story.

"The origins of this extraordinary book," says Mr. Arnold Bennett in his introduction to it, "are sufficiently curious and interesting to be dealt with in detail. They go back to some ten years ago, when the author, after the rustic adventures which she describes in the following pages, had definitely settled in Paris as a working sempstress. The existence of a working sempstress in Paris, as elsewhere, is very hard; it usually means eleven hours' close application a day, six full days a week, at half a crown a day. But already Marguerite Audoux's defective eyesight was causing anxiety, and upsetting the regularity of her work, so that in the evenings she was often less fatigued than a sempstress generally is. She wanted distraction, and she found it in the realization of an old desire to write. She wrote, not because she could find nothing else to do, but because at last the chance of writing had come. That she had always loved reading is plain from certain incidents in this present book; her opportunities for reading, however, had been limited. She now began, in a tentative and perhaps desultory fashion, to set down her youthful reminiscences. About this time she became acquainted, through one of its members, and by one of those hazards of destiny which too rarely diversify the dull industrial life of a city, with a circle of young literary men, of whom possibly the most important was the regretted Charles Louis Philippe, author of "Bubu de Montparnasse," and other novels which have a genuine reputation among the chosen people who know the difference between literature and its counterfeit. This circle of friends used to meet at Philippe's flat. It included a number of talented writers, among whom I should mention MM. Iehl (the author of "Canet"), Francis Jourdain, Paul Fargue, Lurbaud, Charvin, Marcel Ray, and Regis Gignoux (the literary and dramatic critic). Marguerite Audoux was not introduced as a literary prodigy. Nobody, indeed, was aware that she wrote. She came on her merits as an individuality, and she took her place beside several other women who, like herself, had no literary pretensions. I am told by one of the intimates of the fellowship that the impression she made was profound.

And the fact is indubitable that her friends are at least as enthusiastic about her individuality as about this book which she has written. She was a little over thirty, and very pretty, with an agreeable voice. The sobriety of her charm, the clear depth of her emotional faculty, and the breadth of her gentle interest in human nature handsomely conquered the entire fellowship. The working sempstress was sincerely esteemed by some of the brightest masculine intellects in Paris.

"This admiring appreciation naturally encouraged her to speak a little of herself. And one evening she confessed that she, too, had been trying to write. On another evening she brought some sheets of manuscript—the draft of the early chapters of "Marie-Claire"—and read them aloud. She read, I am told, very well. The reception was enthusiastic. One can imagine the ecstatic fervor of these young men, startled by the apparition of such a shining talent. She must continue the writing of her book, but in the meantime she must produce some short stories and sketches for the daily papers! Her gift must be presented to the public instantly! She followed the advice thus urgently offered, and several members of the circle (in particular Regis Gignoux and Marcel Ray) gave themselves up to the business of placing the stories and sketches; Marcel Ray devoted whole days to the effort, obtaining special leave from his own duties in order to do so. In the result several stories and sketches appeared in the *Marie, Paris Journal* (respectively the least and the most literary of Paris morning papers), and other organs. These stories, and sketches, by the way, were republished in a small volume, some time before "Marie-Claire," and attracted no general attention whatever.

"Meanwhile the more important work proceeded, slowly; and was at length finished. Its composition stretched over a period of six years. Marguerite Audoux never hurried or fatigued herself, and though she re-wrote many passages several times, she did not curvy this revision to the meticulous excess which is the ruin of so many ardent literary beginners in France. The trite phrase, "written with blood and tears," does not in the least apply here. A native wisdom has invariably saved Marguerite Audoux from the dan-

gerous extreme. In his preface to the original French edition, M. Octave Mirbeau apostrophically points out that Philippe and her other friends abstained from giving purely literary advice to the authoress as her book grew and was read aloud. With the insight of artists they perceived that hers was a talent which must be strictly let alone. But Parisian rumor has alleged, not merely that she was advised, but that she was actually helped in the writing by her admirers. The rumor is worse than false—it is silly. Every paragraph of the work bears the unmistakable and inimitable work of one individuality. And among the friends of Marguerite Audoux, even the most gifted, there is none who could possibly have composed any of the passages which have been singled out as being beyond the accomplishment of a working sempstress. The whole work and every part of the work is the unassisted and untutored production of its author. This statement cannot be too clearly and positively made. Doubtless the spelling was drastically corrected by the proof-readers; but to have one's spelling drastically corrected is an experience which occurs to nearly all women writers, and to a few male writers.

The book completed, the question of its proper flotation arose. I use the word "floatation" with intent. Although Marguerite Audoux had originally no thought of publishing, her friends were firmly bent not simply on publishing, but on publishing with the maximum of éclat. A great name was necessary to the success of the enterprise, a name which, while keeping the sympathy of the artists, would impose itself on the crowd. Francis Jourdain knew Octave Mirbeau. And Octave Mirbeau, by virtue of his fervid artistic and moral enthusiasm, of his acknowledged generosity, and of his enormous vogue, was obviously the heaven-appointed man. Francis Jourdain went to Octave Mirbeau and offered him the privilege of floating "Marie-Claire" on the literary market of Paris. Octave Mirbeau accepted, and he went to work on the business as he goes to work on all his business; that is to say, with flames and lightning. For some time Octave Mirbeau lived for nothing but "Marie-Claire." The result has been vastly creditable to him. "Marie-Claire" was finally launched in splendour.

Its path had been prepared with really remarkable skill in the Press and in the world, and it was an exceedingly brilliant success from the start. It ran a triumphant course as a serial in one of the "great reviews," and within a few weeks of its publication as a book thirty thousand copies had been sold. The sale continues more actively than ever. Marguerite Audoux lives precisely as she lived before. She is writing a further instalment of her pseudonymous autobiography, and there is no apparent reason why this new instalment should not be even better than the first.

"Such is the story of the book.

"My task is not to criticise the work. I will only say this. In my opinion it is highly distinguished of its kind (the second part in particular is full of marvellous beauty); but it must be accepted for what it is. It makes no sort of pretence to display those constructive and inventive artifices which are indispensable to a great masterpiece of impersonal fiction. It is not fiction. It is the exquisite expression of a temperament. It is a divine accident."

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## SMOKING ROOM STORIES

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That Nova Scotia, down by the sea, can boast of two R. L. Borden was amply demonstrated during the federal campaign of 1908. A few days before the election of that year there reached Digby on a belated train from the interior of the province a commercial man bearing the same name as the leader of His Majesty's opposition at Ottawa. He was bound for Montreal, and, owing to the delay, would not reach St. John until some time after the departure of the train for Montreal. He was very anxious to reach that city the following day. A happy thought struck him, and he sent the following telegram from Digby to the C.P.R. authorities at St. John:—"Am delayed at Prince Rupert. Very anxious to reach Montreal in the morning. Is it possible to hold train?" Thinking the telegram came from the Conservative leader the train was held, much to the annoyance of the passengers. She pulled out of the Union depot fifty minutes late, and on her was R. L. Borden, but not R. L. Borden, the leader of His Majesty's opposition at Ottawa.

Centre Bruce, not long ago. It was in the Commons dining-room at Ottawa on St. Andrew's night. The Prince Edward Island members gave an oyster supper that night. There was only one toast, but it was responded to by one man from each province. The Colonel, replying for Ontario, referred to the grace with which Scotchmen will make and take jokes levelled at themselves. "They are so sure of their position," he said, "that they can stand for jokes at their own expense."

Replying for Nova Scotia, Mr. Crosby referred to these remarks, and said, amid laughter, in which none joined more heartily than Col. Clark himself, that "a joke is about the only thing a Scotchman will stand for at his own expense."



"Oo's the lady standin' at your door, Bill?"  
 "Garn! Oo'er yer gettin' at? That's me muvver!"

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Ex-Mayor Crosby, Halifax, now M.P., with R. L. Borden as his running mate, has a quick wit, which he turned loose upon Lt.-Col. Hugh Clark, M.P.P. for